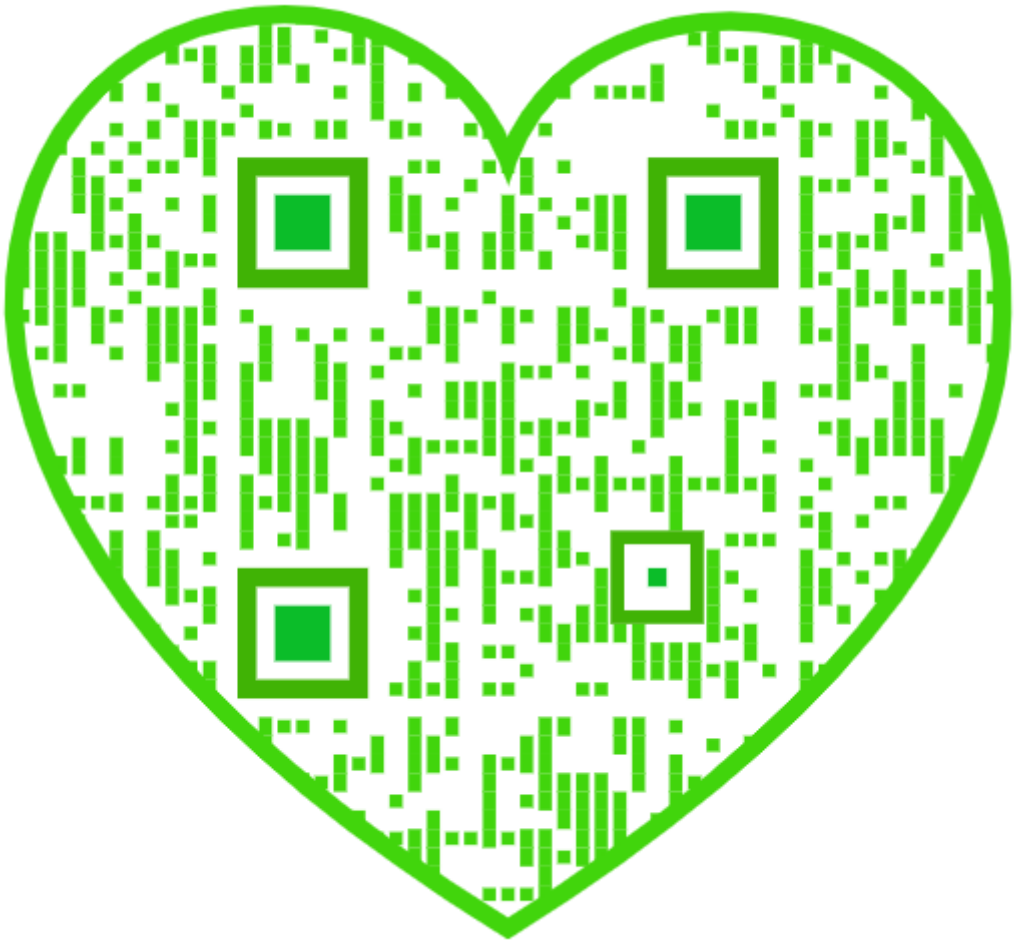

THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

VOL. XV.

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THE

BADMINTON MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

EDITED BY

ALFRED E. T. WATSON

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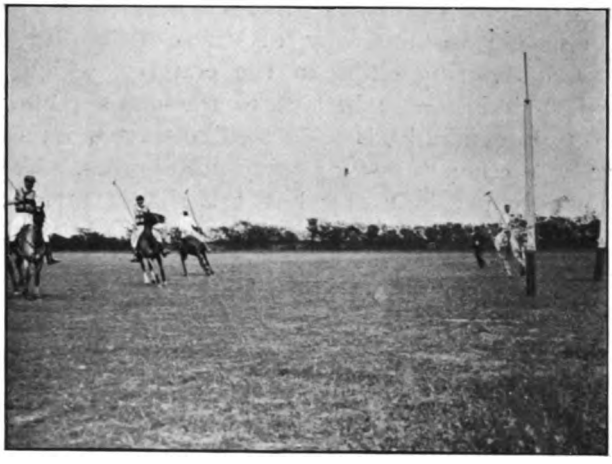


The Badminton Magazine

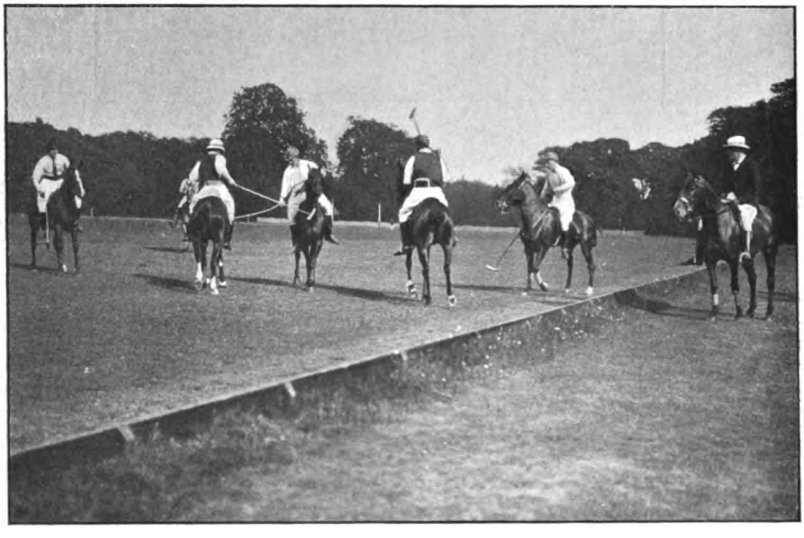
MASTERS OF THEIR ARTS

VII. POLO

BY THE HON. LIONEL LAMBART

FOR some time past it has been abundantly evident that polo in England has 'come to stay.' It is now so easy to get 'a lot' of polo as compared with 'a lot' of hunting, that although fox-hunting being a *sport* will for ever take precedence of any *game*, yet the fascinations of polo will always in future claim a mighty following. Before these lines are printed the great polo event of the season, the American contest, will be over, so the writer is spared the necessity of trying to foretell the result. But though this great match is of vast importance, the game which I think interests us country players most is the County Cup. Last year Eden Park beat Rugby in the final by 6 goals to 2, but those who saw the play will, I think, agree that the winners had really a tighter match when, in the semi-final, they just succeeded in beating Blackmore Vale 5 goals to 3. The County Polo Association is doing most

valuable work in organising the country clubs, but the greatest obstacle in the way of those delightful matches between neighbouring clubs in the country, which are productive of such immense benefit to the clubs themselves as well as to polo generally, is the exorbitant rates insisted upon by the railway companies for boxing polo ponies. These high charges utterly preclude any but the richest members from representing their club when it is a case of playing on another ground. Nothing that I know of interferes so much with the prosperity of country polo as the necessity which is thus

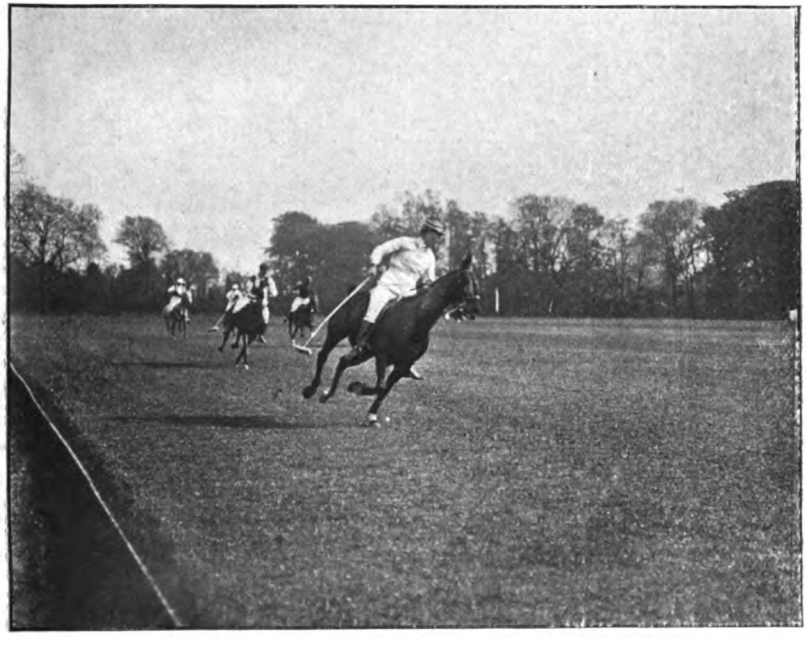


imposed upon secretaries and managers of confining their selection of the team to those only who can afford these very heavy expenses.

As secretary of a provincial polo club I am continually on the look-out for recruits to become playing members, and the first question I am met with is always, 'Where are we to get ponies?' As the recruits in question are not always men of means, in fact often the reverse, the question is not a very easy one to answer. In London the best polo ponies in the world are to be seen, and it need scarcely be said that they are by no means all of one stamp, that they are, in fact, of many shapes and sizes, and one is not surprised to learn that they spring from a variety of origins.

I venture to think that 'home-made' ponies are by far the

most satisfactory to play. Any one who has played a pony 'made' by himself will agree that the game is far more enjoyable than when mounted on an animal 'made' by somebody else. The man who is able to make his own ponies knows precisely what they will do in certain circumstances in the game; he has persuaded them to pass exactly the distance from the ball which he finds the most suitable for his reach, &c.; the pony, having had only one rider, understands intimately and instantly any movement of his rider's loins or



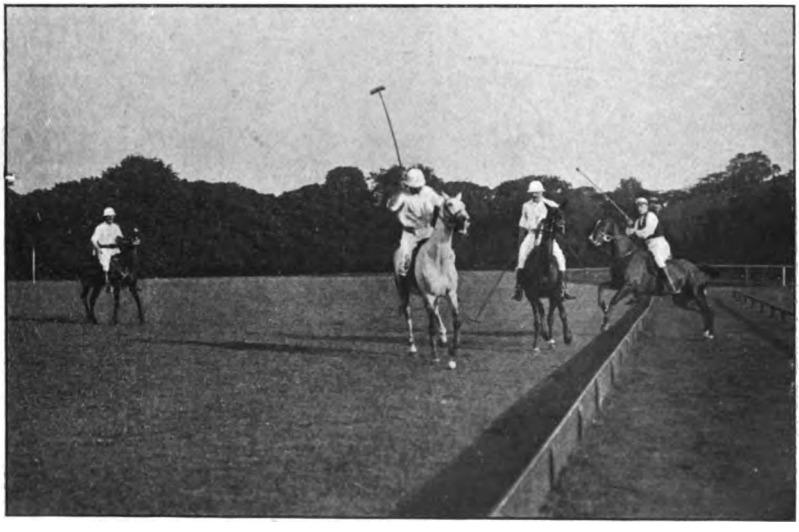
legs, the same movement very likely meaning something quite different to the pony which was schooled by some one else.

Not only are even the best ponies of widely different stamps, but they are also of all ages from five to fifteen, and even younger and older. It is by no means necessary that they should be taught young; on the contrary one finds, as a rule, far less difficulty in 'making' a temperate pony seven or eight years old than a young one of four off. So, broadly speaking, one may say there is a fairly large field to choose from, and consequently no real reason why sound good polo ponies should cost as much as they do.

Those who are determined to play polo in England, and

who are not able to wander into Tattersalls somewhere about May 1 and 'pick up a couple of good ponies,' may say it is all very well to tell us that 'home-made' ponies are the best, but how is it done?

Well, it is not so very difficult if time and attention be bestowed. Two ponies are better than one; therefore, if possible, buy two. They must have good mouths and manners, must not exceed 14 hands 2 ins. in height, and it is better that they should not be much under 14 hands 1 in.; anything between six and nine years is a good age. Let them, if possible, be good-tempered and temperate little beasts, and



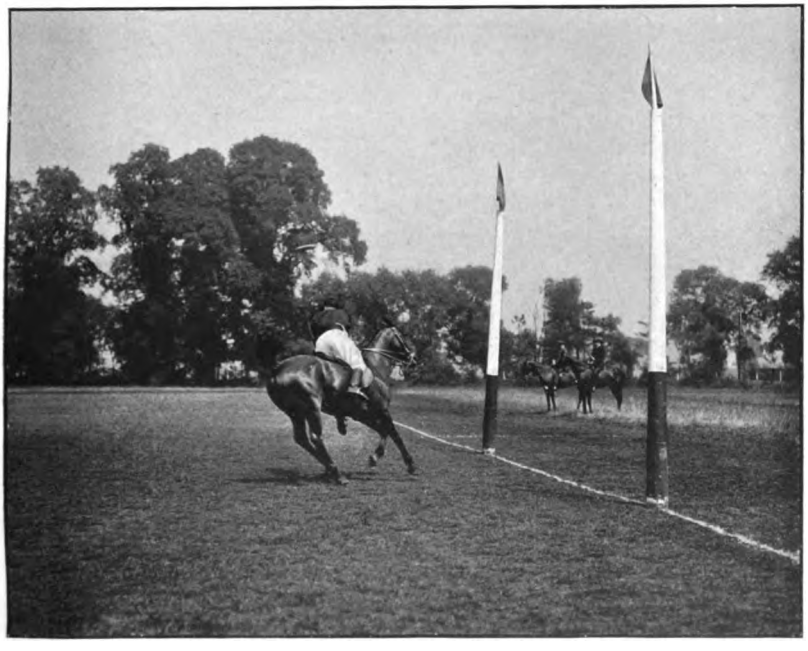
the more breeding they show the better, but get them with substance, and avoid anything weedy, harnessy, or nervous. Such ponies can be obtained for £30 to £45 each. I have bought them for this sum, and I am convinced that, with a little trouble and discrimination, it can be done.

Having secured the ponies and got them home, two or three afternoons are well spent in riding them about quietly in turn, without any stick or ball or violent gesticulation of a hunting-crop to indicate the great wonders which are hereafter to be achieved with a polo stick. Take the ponies for an ordinary quiet ride and find out their dispositions and idiosyncrasies, and, most important of all, the bit which suits them best for ordinary riding. Having made their acquaintances, we must get to work schooling, as the time is short.

Photo. Rouch.

POLO.

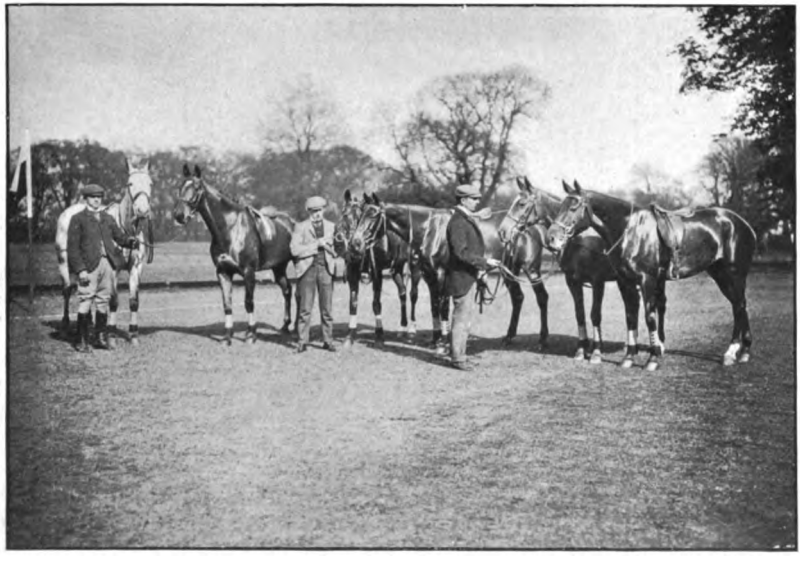
Although there is most decidedly no royal road to success in 'making' polo ponies, there are certain golden rules which have been confided to me by real experts, and for which I have been profoundly grateful. They are: First, never run before you can walk. Secondly, never begin any schooling until the pony has been settled down by ordinary exercise and lost its first freshness and boisterous spirits. Thirdly, never attempt schooling when it is raining or blowing hard. Fourthly, never hit the pony with a polo stick, nor, indeed, with any other



stick. Fifthly, interfere with his mouth as little as possible. Sixthly, never make sudden or unexpected movements with the stick, hands, or legs. And seventhly, don't sicken the pony by keeping him at it too long; at the same time try to end up the lesson by some little success or advance on the previous one.

A course of bending is the best beginning; without any stick or ball zigzag the pony in and out of about six long thin sticks stuck in the ground in a line about eight yards apart. Do this, first at a walk, then trotting, then cantering. There is no such word as galloping in the 'making' of polo ponies; it belongs only to the game. The pony must turn to the right by the pressure of the reins on the near side of its neck and by

the feeling of the rider's right leg pressed against its off side, not by being pulled to the right by the right rein. Reverse the process and he must turn to the left. When he will canter in and out of the sticks, the rider holding the reins only in the left hand and gently pressing his legs alternately, the first lesson has been accomplished. It generally takes two or three days. Next, to accustom him to the swing of the stick, go out for an ordinary ride and take a polo stick, being careful at first to have it quietly handed to you by a groom when you are in the saddle. Walk off with the pony, gently swinging the stick in the

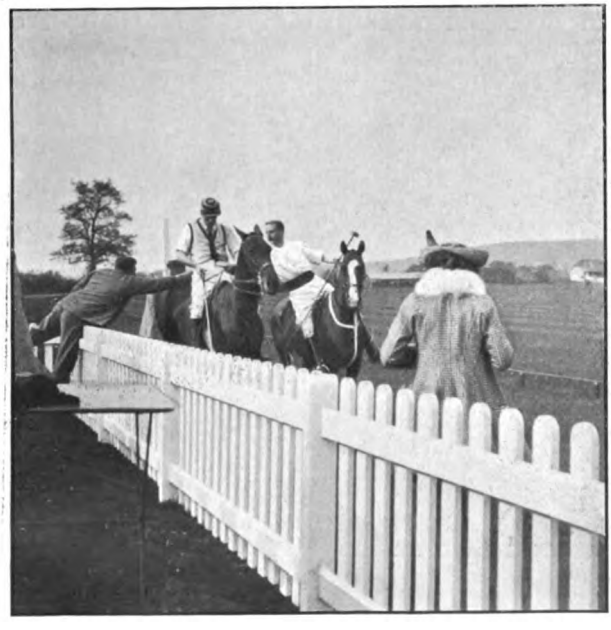


right hand to and fro, and if all goes well, presently swing it slowly round and round, still walking and being careful not to make any sudden or swishing strokes, which are certain to upset the animal at once. The thing is to swing the stick slowly so that the pony may see it clearly all the time. Repeat the process with the stick in the other hand, only be careful in changing it over not to do so hurriedly or suddenly and not to interfere with the pony's mouth.

This breaking to the stick varies considerably in different ponies; some take not the slightest notice of it, others are a long time before they grow quite used to it. You may gradually swing the stick trotting and then cantering, but on no account swing it faster and faster as the pace increases. Up to this point any fair horseman carrying out these directions

can do so without the least fear of spoiling a pony, quite irrespective of his achievements as a polo-player.

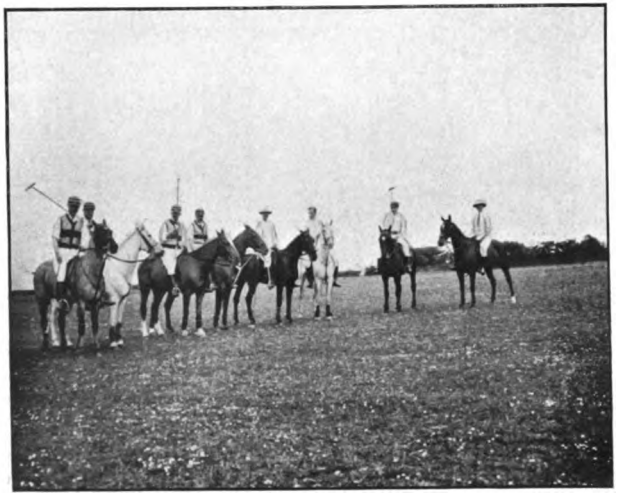
But now we come to the fifth proposition, the 'Pons Asinorum' of the whole business; that is to say, breaking the pony to the ball. For this lesson a fairly smooth piece of ground is requisite; rough ground is heartbreaking alike to pony and rider, involving as it does endless risk of spoiling the pony by the ball taking sudden and unexpected directions, bumping up and getting into holes from which it has to be



'chopped out.' So the teacher should select a common or some place where sheep have kept a nice smooth surface on which the ball will travel truly. Walk the pony up to the ball and tap it gently, if possible in a direction *away* from the pony at first and not across his path; never mind if you miss the ball, walk straight on, and on no account pull the pony back over the ball, for this is the surest way of upsetting him. Try hard to leave the reins loose on his neck when making the stroke. If the ball be missed, walk on as if nothing had happened, following the invaluable hint which Mr. Drybrough gives in his excellent book, to hum or whistle a little tune. I attach the greatest importance to this little tune, not only because it undoubtedly reassures the pony, but also

because it removes at once all temptation of calling him bad names in guttural and alarming tones when he is more than usually exasperating. If the pony is first sobered by judicious exercise, and not introduced to the ball when 'mad fresh' and just out of his stables, you should find before long no difficulty in making progress at a walk, and may presently give up the tapping and swing the stick round to make the stroke, always remembering to sit as still as possible and to interfere as little as you can with the animal's mouth.

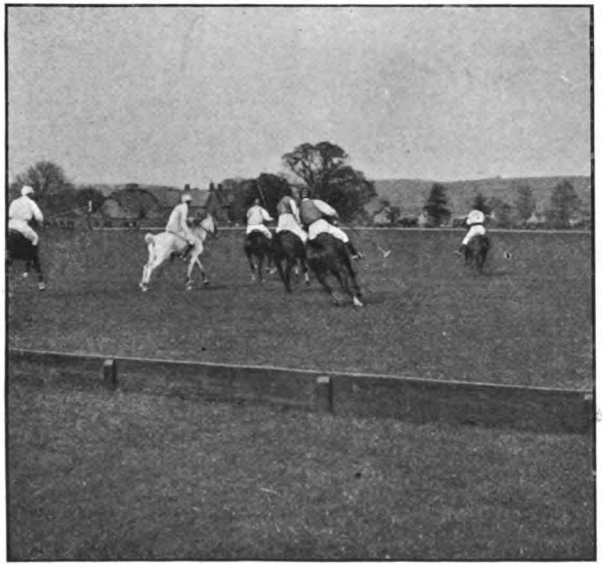
When perfectly satisfied that the pony is quite steady at a walk, and does not attempt to break into a trot or canter



because you happen to hit the ball a little harder or make the stroke a little quicker, the pace can gradually be increased; but no matter if it be weeks before you get him steady at a walk, still persevere, because it must be done before we begin cantering. It is when first cantering that ponies are most liable to begin jumping away from the ball, or 'shying off' as it is called. This tiresome habit is most annoying and requires more patience to overcome than almost any other trick. Mr. Miller recommends drawing back the *left* leg just before, or as we make, the stroke; and although from the experience gained when bending the pony in and out of sticks, this plan would seem to turn the animal away from the ball instead of coaxing him up to it, yet in actual practice I have found the hint more than useful, as it brings the pony's quarters over into line and you can thus make the stroke in the right direction. Avoid

climbing up the pony's neck to reach the ball, if it cannot be hit properly don't hit it, or hit at it at all ; simply leave it and try again.

Having got so far, the advantage of possessing *two* ponies becomes obvious, as you can accustom them to canter together without racing, and to pass each other without one trying to bite a bit out of the other's neck or out of his rider's leg. You must also teach them to 'ride off' which is a most important accomplishment, as no matter how good with stick and ball, a pony is by no means educated until he will *shove* well.

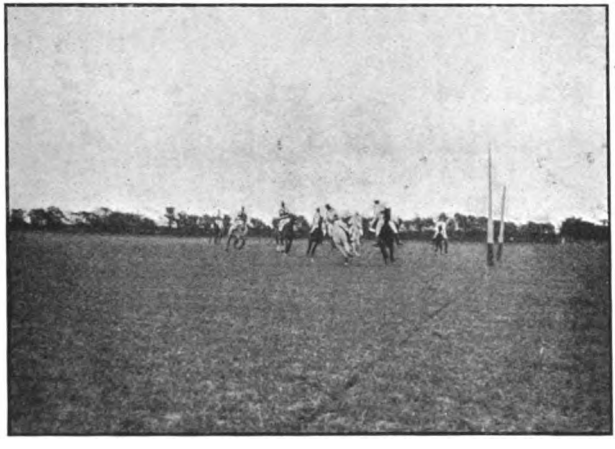


A man should think what he is going to do with his ponies when the summer is over and he is looking for hunters instead. The polo season is not very long, and ponies have a certain time to fill up before their legitimate work begins again. So some are 'put in the cart' and succeed in taking their owners twelve miles to covert in fifty minutes, some are turned away to grass, and some are sold as 'good boys' hunters'—whether they are 'hunters' for a 'good boy' or 'good hunters' for a 'boy' is not always explained. I venture to think it is not a desirable thing for all polo ponies to go in harness. There are certain animals that will pull a dog-cart out to the polo ground, then play three or four 'tens,' and drag the cart home again triumphantly. Such ponies are not infrequently the 'useful

drudges' of an establishment, but very few first-class performers at the game agree to be used in this way. One comes across ponies already a little 'harnessy,' but from a polo point of view it is not advisable to encourage them in this direction.

For complete rest there is nothing like turning them out, sheltered from the wind, with plenty of grass, and one feed of corn a day; it is practically unknown for them to catch cold, or do anything but derive considerable benefit from the change.

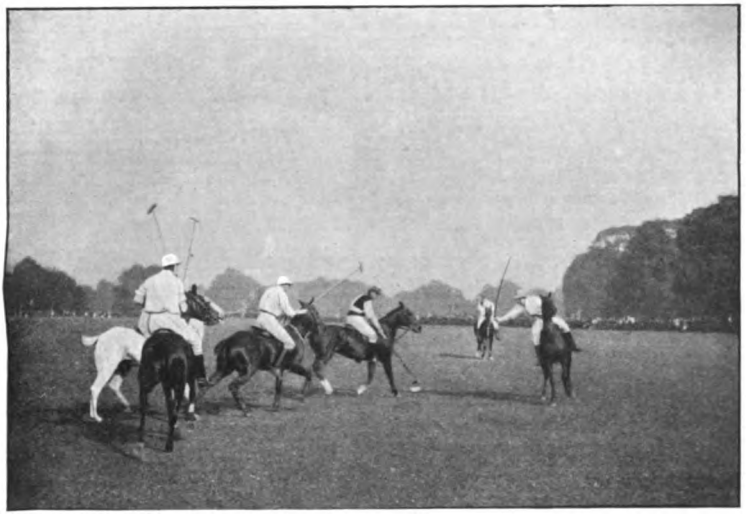
But when it comes to disposing of ponies that do not particularly require rest, I would much rather lend them to a

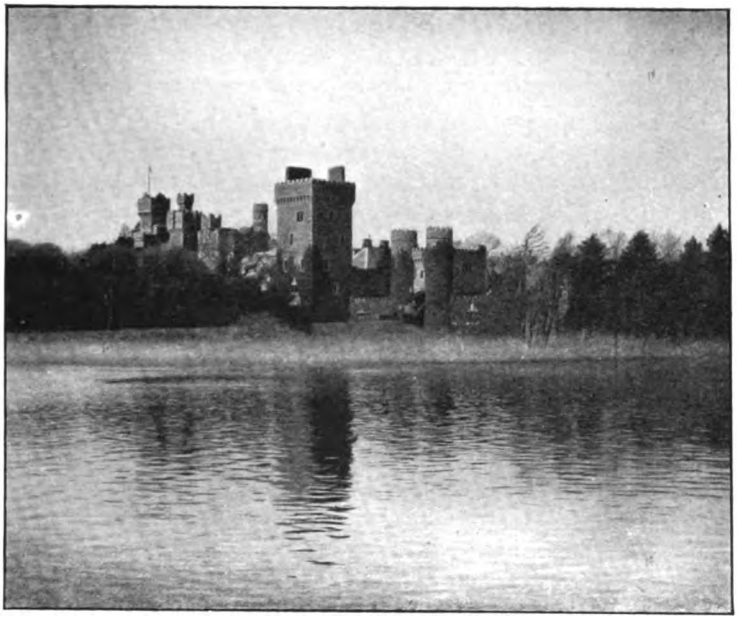


lady to hack or hunt than mount school-boys on them. Ladies, as a rule, are very careful, they are generally far better riders than the average school-boy, moreover, so far as appearance is concerned, they seldom fail to do considerable justice to a neat pony in the hunting-field.

As yet only a few dealers understand the stamp of pony required for polo, I have received many letters from dealers describing an animal as 'sure to make a first-rate polo *cob*.' This is bad, but it is equalled by the secretary of a well-known polo club who is often heard to sing out: 'Bring along your polo horses.' After all perhaps certain of the ponies are a liberal 14.2. Little has been said about the 'abuses' of polo ponies, but it is unquestionable that many good ones are spoilt every year by bad and injudicious riding. There are hundreds of good polo ponies, nearly perfection, but many of them are by no means beginners' ponies. There is no more a royal road for

the rider than is there for the pony ; for both, the game is learnt by practice, patience, and perseverance, but it is well worth it, the reward is very great, and we must neither allow ourselves to be disheartened because of our own failures to hit the ball accurately, nor because the pony fails instantly to understand that which seems to *us* so simple and so little to ask of him, but which must in reality be to him more than perplexing. All the tiresome days of schooling will be forgotten when the summer comes and when we are at play, racing off with the ball with a clear lead, the reins loose on the pony's neck, the pony himself at the height of his enjoyment, repaying us in that glorious minute a thousandfold for the time and trouble we have spent on him.





ASHFORD FROM LOUGH CORRIB

ASHFORD—THE HOME OF THE WOODCOCK

BY ARTHUR ACLAND HOOD

WHILST England may be called the home of the pheasant and the partridge, Scotland the home of the grouse, Ireland can undoubtedly claim to be the home of the woodcock and snipe, for it is to her mossy springs and warm woods of hazel, holly, and bracken that the various parties of migrating woodcock wend their way in October and November, with the object of passing a happy and comfortable winter where food is plentiful and springs are unfrozen; a wish that a very large number fail to realise, owing to the ruthless pursuit of the sportsman with his gun and the poacher with his snares.

Of all the many well-known haunts of the woodcock in Ireland, perhaps the most famous and numerously frequented is the great stretch of plantations and woods that surround Ashford—Lord Ardilaun's beautiful and sporting estate in Co. Galway.

The reason for this predilection on the part of the woodcock is not far to seek. Ashford lies on the banks of Lough Corrib, and the estate runs up to Lough Mask, bordered by high mountains on the west. The geological formation is very peculiar, this low country being entirely composed of limestone rocks, covered in many places with old hazel woods and numerous fir plantations, varying in age from a few years to quite fine trees, which have been judiciously planted partly with a view to provide shelter, and partly for ornamental purposes.

The limestone rocks are warm and dry, the shores of Lough Corrib, Lough Mask, and an endless multitude of springs, which are hardly ever frost-bound, provide the best possible feeding-grounds—added to which Lord Ardilaun keeps all his coverts undisturbed throughout the year, until the psychological moment arrives when the mountains are covered with snow, or swept by hail storms which drive the woodcocks from the bleak and open mountains to seek the warmth and shelter of 'Ballykyne' and the other woods that nestle round the shores of the Loughs, when he issues a very welcome summons to his friends to take part in what has been for many years the best 'woodcock shoot' in the British Isles.

After travelling across Ireland from Dublin, noting the endless stone walls, rocks, and bogs, and the extraordinary dreariness of the landscape, owing to the absence of trees, the scene suddenly changes on entering the gates of the demesne, and the eager sportsman realises something of the sensations that must have stirred the children of Israel when they first entered the Promised Land after their long sojourn in the wilderness.

Directly you pass through the gates of Ashford you find yourself in a well-wooded park, a large herd of red deer, whose magnificent heads speak well for the grazing on this limestone land (N.B.—They are never hand-fed except in very hard weather), stare at you with mild surprise, and you can't help thinking what a state of excitement McBean, the old stalker in the forest far away in the north of Scotland, would be in if he saw even one or two of these twelve or fourteen pointers with their splendid wild heads on his beat, how he would make use of guttural expressions in Gaelic or some unknown tongue, and tremble with excitement when handing you your rifle, at the same time greatly under-estimating their distance.

The road winds down through the park, flanked on either side by well-grown plantations, almost to the shores of Lough Corrib, and on reaching the bottom of the hill a beautiful view spreads out before you.

In the foreground a clear and rapid river ; in the immediate front across the stone bridge the towers of Ashford, almost buried in a forest of conifera and other trees; on the left Lough Corrib, dotted with wooded islets, stretches away to the far distance, beyond which you can see the mountains above Oughterard, rough and jagged in outline, from whose tops the great rollers of the Atlantic can be descried hurling themselves against the iron-bound cliffs of south-western Galway.

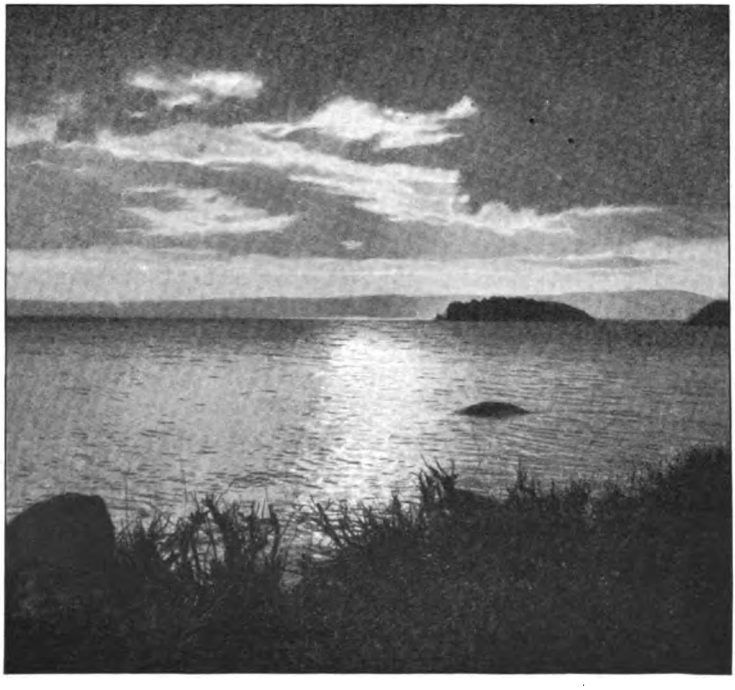
The river is swift and clear, as broad as the Thames at Windsor bridge—it is the outflow from Lough Mask, but has this peculiarity from other rivers of this country, in that by far the greater part of its course is run underground, through subterranean crevices in the limestone rocks, here and there bubbling up in great boiling 'pot-holes,' then again disappearing from sight among the rocks, and finally bursting forth just above the village of Cong in its proper character of a beautiful swift salmon river.

The local authorities say that salmon and eels manage the subterranean journey up to Lough Mask, but the salmon never return. Whether this is correct as regards the salmon I am unable to say for certain, but enormous quantities of eels come down in the autumn floods and are caught by a very ingenious eel weir of Lord Ardilaun's own invention a short distance below its reappearance from its underground journey. Salmon redds may be seen in all directions where the water is not too deep. Just above the eel weir a stone bridge crosses the river and leads to the ivy-clad ruins of the ancient abbey of Cong, part of which dates from the seventh century. The ruins cover a large extent of ground, and give a good idea of the importance of this ancient seat of ecclesiastical power. The old refectory, part of the main building, the great tower, and a few arches of the cloisters still remain in good preservation. It is said that at the height of its prosperity 600 monks lived and studied there.

The famous processional 'Cross of Cong' is preserved at the Dublin Society's museum in Kildare Street. It is a very handsome and interesting relic of the skill of the ancient Irish artificers, consisting of a gold cross set with crystals and native stones, ornamented with elaborate Runic scroll-work, with an

inscription in Irish engraved on it, saying by whom and for whom the cross was made.

The abbey is still used as a place of burial by many of the country people from far and near. It is a curious custom of the country that when a funeral procession first comes in sight of the old tower of the abbey the coffin is put down, prayers are said, a small pyramid of stones is erected often surmounted by a rough wooden cross, by the side of the road. These may be



LOUGH CORRIB LOOKING TOWARDS OUGHTERARD

seen in great numbers on the Ballinrobe-Ross-hill road, the principal avenue of approach.

The burial-ground, being limited in extent, is much crowded. The more ancient graves are covered with enormous slabs of stone, with many smaller stones piled on and around them. This was done in olden days to prevent the wolves, which were very numerous in this part of the world, from disturbing the remains of departed relatives.

The climate of Ashford is very favourable to plants and conifera. The latter grow in great profusion and luxuriance.

Rhododendrons also flourish amazingly and become great bushy trees. The flower gardens, which are under the especial care of Lady Ardilaun, who is a most enthusiastic gardener, are alone well worth the long journey to see. Violets, daffodils, and cyclamen especially seem to thrive, and flower much earlier here than in less favoured climates.

For miles along the shores of Lough Corrib there are fir woods and plantations, with here and there patches of high gorse; the latter is most popular with the woodcock in really hard weather. Now and then a little bog thrust in between two coverts affords excellent feeding-ground, and is almost a sure find for two or three couple of snipe.

As you journey inland towards Lough Mask the country seems to be composed entirely of limestone rocks of every shape and size, with deep fissures between each rock. Where there is a little soil a hazel bush, or perhaps a stunted holly, pokes up its undaunted head. It is on this ground, seemingly so uninviting and barren, that the best larch plantations have been judiciously placed.

Narrow paths have been made with great skill around and over these rocks, otherwise it would be almost impossible for any one to walk with safety with a loaded gun and, at the same time, meet with any success with the woodcock as they dash past and disappear round the nearest bush or heap of boulders.

As the local poet says:

> It isn't quite so easy as you'd think
> To hit the little beggars as they pass,
> When you find yourself unbalanced on the brink
> Of a precipice or bottomless morass.

The best woodcock beat of all is called 'Ballykyne.' It has kept up its reputation in a marvellous way for the last twenty years. The average bag (it is never shot more than once in a season) has been just about seventy couple, the two best days having been 209 cock in 1891, and 205 in 1894. The bag has never been under fifty couple for this particular beat in all these years.

I will try and give a sketch of a day at Ballykyne. The beat takes its name from the principal covert, which is surrounded by a high wall and is never disturbed; but there are several other woods and plantations included in the day's work, which is a long one, and so an early start is made. There are generally six guns, mostly old hands at the game, who can be

trusted not to fire dangerous shots at low birds. The first beat is, as a rule, an old fir wood with great patches of rock cropping up here and there, and partly covered with bracken and hazel bushes. A fairly wide carriage road runs through the centre, and two guns, one in line with the beaters, and the other well ahead, are placed here. Three guns guard the left, as birds that escape on this side will not be seen again that day.

The walking on this side is rough and difficult, and it almost invariably happens that just as one is poised on the top of a high, crumbling stone wall a woodcock dashes past, offering what would have been under ordinary circumstances a fairly easy shot. One gun guards the right, as any birds breaking out and escaping on this side should be found again later in the day.

As a rule, in woodcock-shooting, the best place is the forward gun, provided he keeps *well ahead*, and waits now and then at any open spaces he may find, for which the woodcock, when flushed by the beaters, nearly always make.

When the forward guns get near the end of the covert they head it, and that is very often almost a 'warm corner,' as birds flushed and missed earlier in the beat are pretty certain to have dashed in close under the outside fence at the end of the cover, and when they are flushed a second time they either boldly make for the open rocks and offer an easy chance, or dash back over the high trees, affording very sporting and difficult shots to whoever they may favour with their presence.

This first beat is never very prolific, from twelve to sixteen cock being the usual number secured.

We then beat some more fir-trees and almost bare rocks, where the walking is rather difficult and the shooting more so, owing to the thickness of the trees and the short sight you get of your bird. This beat, running next and parallel to the only high road in the district, is also not very prolific as a rule, from eight to twelve cock being the usual number added to the bag. After beating another much older fir wood, in which rarely more than a couple of cock and an odd pheasant or two are found, we take a wide beat over some almost bare rocks, with a few clumps of fir trees scattered about here and there. It is surprising the number of cock you sometimes find here, apparently issuing out of the bowels of the earth. They have come here for warmth and dryness, and lie all day in the crannies of the rocks until they ride out at 'cock shut' time to some favourite spring. They nearly always fly the same path, and the keeper

of the beat has told the writer that he has seen as many as sixteen all come out between two particular fir trees night after night. From fifteen to twenty cock are usually obtained here.

Then a very rough strip of cover, chiefly consisting of high fir trees, just outside Ballykyne wood proper, if you happen to be inside, affording you excellent exercise through a tangle of

VIEW ACROSS LOUGH CORRIB FROM ASHFORD

briars and over jagged rocks, perhaps the most difficult place to realise your chances we have met yet.

This brings us to Ballykyne itself, the first beat of which is certainly the best for woodcocks in the British Isles. But before starting on this beat all the birds previously killed are counted; great consultations take place as to what guns are to occupy the various paths.

I forgot to mention that in this country a retriever is almost useless, as the rocks carry very little scent, and the birds as often as not fall into the deep and narrow crevices from which no dog could possibly retrieve them, so each 'gun' is provided

with a man called a 'picker,' and wonderful fellows they are. Directly his temporary master knocks down a bird, the 'picker,' after taking one look to mark the spot, dashes in and almost invariably returns with the cock or pheasant, as the case may be, never mind how far off it may have fallen—the writer has known a 'picker' successfully gather six cock, all shot at one stand and falling into an apparently hopeless tangle of cover, far quicker than most retrievers could have found and brought the same number of dead partridges out of a turnip field after a drive.

Each 'picker' is full of *esprit de corps* for his particular gun, and it is amusing to see them strutting about showing off more or less consciously a stick full of pheasants and cock—they would far rather carry two brace of pheasants and three or four cock for an hour than be seen with an empty stick. They are also very keen that their particular 'gun' should shoot any living thing that comes near them. On one occasion when shooting a plantation near a cottage, a little kitten with a green ribbon round its neck suddenly appeared and trotted off towards the cottage, the 'picker' in great excitement touched his master on the elbow and said, 'Shoot your honour—shoot!' 'Oh, Thomas I couldn't shoot a poor little thing like that,' said the man with the gun.

'Ah, your honour, they do a terrible lot of harm, thim cats! I killed one just the same size as that one (N.B.—About two months old) last summer, and when I opened it I found *it packed tight with illigant cock pheasants.*'

But to return to Ballykyne, the beaters having formed line proceed to take the first 'cut,' which consists mainly of hazels, hollies, and a little bracken, all growing out of the warm rock; it is more than a quarter of a mile long, bounded on the right by a wall about ten feet high, on the far side of which is the old fir wood which has just been beaten.

Three guns are placed on this side, one in line with the beaters, the other two well ahead, for the woodcock seem to have learnt that on this side safety lies; the pace they dash at the top of that wall and disappear amongst the thick trees on the other side is enough to try the quickest of shots. Two guns take the middle path, and one, or if there are seven guns, two, guard the left hand path.

This one beat has before now yielded fifty-eight woodcock picked up, and one gun has been fortunate enough to secure sixteen to his own cheek.

Luncheon is the next order, after the birds have been duly counted and comparisons have been made with the bag, up to this point, in former years.

One word as to beaters: they are a fine body of men, they nearly all speak Irish, the older men wear frieze claw-hammer tail-coats, they keep a good line, are very cheery and willing, often running from one covert to another even at the end of a long and very tiring day; they don't care much about pheasants, and beat in quite different form where pheasants only are expected.

But give them a rough range of rocks, with thick larch or hazel thickets, and you will find them scrambling along at a great pace, and keeping a wonderfully accurate line with their cry of 'Sho-sheo,' and there is no doubt that they have the instincts and half the training of the best of skirmishers.

After lunch the remaining three beats of Ballykyne wood proper are taken: the first is usually the best, the remainder of the wood being rather too old and overgrown to be much loved by woodcock.

By this time in a good season the bag may be anything up to 150 cock, and it is then that you realise what sportsmen the beaters are; they fairly trot along the road for nearly two miles to 'Toberbearogue,' called 'Tober' for short, the thickest and hardest walking of the day; here again two guns each take a path. It is an ideal beat, very wide, very rocky, and very long, and you only have the shortest of glimpses of a bird now and then as it dashes over the rocks or across the different paths—the cover is young, and at the present moment almost at its best, accordingly many birds are flushed.

By the time 'Tober' is beaten it is getting rather dark, but there is just time to run through the outside of the 'Pigeon Hole' rocks, another case of desperate walking and very difficult shooting in the failing light.

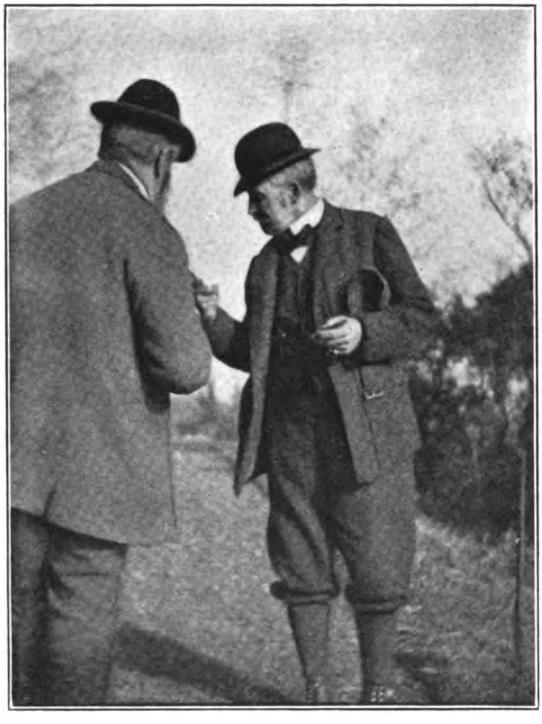
Here, too, many woodcock are found, and when we reach the end of the wood and meet outside the gate of the demesne, each stick has a good complement of birds, which are all counted up, and the result of the day, which all have been anticipating with so much interest, is known.

Perhaps the total is a comparatively small one of 120, which shows a bad year (for this part of the world), or more probably the total will be found to be something over 150, and perhaps it has reached the magic number of 100 couple.

Whatever the result, the 'guns' are certain to have had an

exceptionally sporting day, and quite enough hard walking to ensure a really good night's rest.

As regards the actual shooting, it is very curious, considering the large number of woodcock seen and killed, how very seldom a chance of a true right and left occurs; very often two or three birds are killed quickly one after the other, but the actual coming of two birds at one and the same time is very rare.



LORD ARDILAUN EXAMINING A PECULIARLY MARKED WOODCOCK

In frosty and bright weather the birds offer (in places) comparatively easy shots, but if the day be mild and dark they seem to fly much wilder and faster. As a general rule it is a case of snap-shooting, and the man who is *always* ready and on the look-out appears to get the most chances, as is the case in 'partridge' driving and other shooting. Many birds are, as usual, missed from shooting too quickly, as the woodcock, once he finds an open space, very often keeps along it for a few yards. The leading gun, who knows the game and the ground, will generally get and realise the most chances.

In this ideal woodcock country there are many other good beats, notably that of Doone, which entails a long drive of twelve miles to the far end of Lough Corrib; this is totally different ground from Ballykyne, consisting as it does of a high wooded hill on the shores of the Lough, mixed with old heather, a very favourite beat in hard weather. The woodcock, when flushed high up on the hill-side, have a disconcerting habit of darting straight down hill, at the head of any of the three guns who guard the bottom, just as you are going to pull; they seem to know your intention, and, turning sharply, fly straight for the next gun ahead of you. You dare not shoot for fear of peppering your friend in front, and can only make inarticulate cries to him; he may or may not interpret your language in time, and if he *does*, will probably get a fairly easy chance as the cock turns into the covert again preparatory to alighting.

Doone is a real wild beat, from twenty-five to thirty couple of cock and an odd pheasant or two being the usual bag. Your drive is through a very wild district known as 'Joyce's Country.' The inhabitants are perhaps the finest specimens of the fine Irish peasantry, the men being tall and well made and dark, and the women nearly as tall; all show a distinct trace of the Spanish race and carriage, due to the long trade relations between Spain and Galway.

In the town of Galway the type is marked, and to this day the old fish market goes by the name of 'the Spanish Prade' from 'Prado.' All the inhabitants of the name of Joyce, in 'Joyce's Country,' descend from a Welsh family of that name, who came from Wales in Queen Elizabeth's reign and settled here; they have a merry wit. One member of the clan was, not long ago, buying horses for the Remount Department, and on being shown one very poor specimen of the equine race, whose proud owner assured him that the said horse had only one fault, and that was that he suffered from a slight attack of *vernacular* ('navicular' being of course meant), the buyer promptly remarked:

'Indeed, is that so? the only quadruped I ever heard of before who suffered from *that* complaint was Balaam's ass!'

I think these few short notes on this part of Co. Galway will show that it has a right to the title of 'the Home of the Woodcock.'

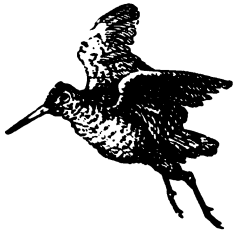
During the last few years upwards of 500 woodcock have been killed in the five days which are annually given

up to the especial pursuit of the nimble little brown bird every season, many more are killed by the keepers, but the coverts are never disturbed more than once a year.

As regards snipe or duck they are seldom molested here, except for the sake of keeping the house supplied; but on one or two occasions most excellent days have been enjoyed dodging about from one bog to another. The best bag of *recent* years to one gun was forty-seven snipe, seven duck, four teal, one widgeon, one wild goose, two woodcock, one pheasant, one plover, and a rabbit or two.

Two guns have secured sixty-four snipe, two woodcock, ten duck, teal, and widgeon.

There is excellent trout-fishing on both Lough Mask and Lough Corrib now that cross lines have been done away with, the trout rising freely to the fly and averaging about 1½ lb.—now and then some 'sockdollagers' of 12 to 16 lb. being captured.



CRICKET CHARACTERISTICS

BY HOME GORDON

THIS article is written when frozen cricketers are playing between chilly showers before handfuls of congealed spectators who shiver with more intensity than is usually witnessed at a mid-winter football match. But it is reasonable to hope that it will be read amid the more seasonable surroundings associated with mid-summer. A month after the time of writing, the calendar gives ground for believing that the thermometer on our favourite haunts will not nightly register five degrees of frost. The date of publication will also coincide with that of the Test Match at headquarters, with the anticipation of the University contest and the imminence of the annual encounter between Gentlemen and Players. The columns devoted to cricket in the daily and weekly Press will be filled with profound estimates of the comparative ability of many cricketers and with admirable reports of the most important matches. So, by way of contrast, a magazine article read under such circumstances should deal with the lighter side of the game. Player or spectator steeped in contemporary fixtures will turn with relief—so at least the writer hopes—to a desultory and garrulous paper written in a suggestive vein. Hence the present effort will discuss no controversial matter, and will have attained its object if it divert and amuse.

Those of us whose business or recreation is to be as much as possible on cricket-grounds as we watch the game,

sometimes find our attention wandering away from the business on hand to observe the lookers-on. How the men in the crowd can find time to take a holiday is a problem. The large majority must be compelled to earn their living, and it says much for the prosperity of the country that such 'big gates' are to be obtained on so many occasions. The cricket public is extremely discerning and quick to appreciate new players possessing ability. The way in which the Surrey throng cheered Mr. Carter, the young Australian wicket-keeper, reflected as much credit on their judgment as their chivalry. It was his first appearance, and the only preliminary flourish had been the virulent objections raised to his selection in place of Mr. Mackenzie. Yet, before the Press could praise his skill, and whilst they themselves were smarting under the severe defeat of their own country, the Surrey sportsmen gave the boy from New South Wales a hearty cheer. Perhaps, too, they were moved by seeing him at the moment of the Colonial victory heartily shake hands with Mr. Darling, the imperturbable but most vigilant captain.

The crowd are sometimes accused of impatience; and it may be suggested that this is pardonable. Members enjoying the comforts of the pavilion grow weary when waiting for the umpires to inspect the wicket. Those outside can only sit or stand in the raw atmosphere, and agree with everybody except the umpires that the wicket is as fit to play on now as it will be in an hour's time on a day when there is not breeze enough to cool broth. Spectators have a ready wit. Those present are not likely to forget that dreary afternoon in August 1899, when Messrs. Darling and Iredale were indulging in an exaggerated debauch of stonewalling against Middlesex. The onlookers had grown weary for two mortal hours, and then a section started whistling the 'Dead March' in *Saul*. Whether 'some of the boys' had organised the performance deponent knoweth not, but the fact remains that the familiar tune was taken up at various points on the ground, and extremely well whistled into the bargain. A one-sided crowd is not uncommon, but this is due to an exaggeration of local enthusiasm, and on the majority of grounds the victory of visitors is well received. The popular Yorkshire eleven, for example, can remember some hearty demonstrations in out-matches, and the Australians were enthusiastically cheered when they won that disastrous Test Match at Lord's on the last tour. The men who pay may be irritable in some towns and a bit rough in others, but those who tour will

speak well of the vast majority. Indeed, the only real grumble to be heard is over the indfference of the public at Liverpool and Southampton. I am convinced that the average man in the crowd knows far more about cricket than a large section of the members in the pavilion. Over the divergent characteristics of the latter let us draw a temporary veil. They may form the theme of a diverting article in years to come.

A characteristic of cricket is that the methods of professionals are more laborious than those of amateurs. Brockwell, Trott, Braund, and some others form exceptions, but the general rule may be safely laid down that the gentlemen play more attractive cricket than the paid division. Obviously to the former the game is a recreation—at all events in theory ; whereas to the latter it is a most respectable trade, by which they earn an honourable competence. Now nobody except a Mr. Cheeryble will go about his profession in the same easy fashion that he will pursue a hobby. He may be in earnest about both, but there is something hardening in the routine of a profession which clears off any superabundant enthusiasm. So the professional is a little less brilliant than the amateur. I would rather watch Mr. L. C. H. Palairet than Abel, though one of the staunchest admirers of the diminutive Guvn'r ; and I think an hour with K. S. Ranjitsinhji or Mr. F. S. Jackson at the wicket infinitely more agreeable than the same period devoted to watching Gunn and Shrewsbury. At the same time I do know an eminent member of the Foreign Office, himself once in the Eton eleven, who has solemnly assured his friends that he would rather see Arthur Shrewsbury than Mr. Gilbert Jessop in one of his exhilarating efforts. There is no accounting for taste, and possibly outside the bounds of Warwickshire some stray folk could be found who would really appreciate the opportunity of frequently gazing on the batting of Kinneir and Quaife. Still the majority prefer breezy lively cricket.

What are the characteristics of the ideal match ? The present President of the M.C.C. has defined them as 'all four totals above one hundred and under two.' Nor could they be more aptly summarised. But from the spectator's point of view the fight for runs against the clock is best of all, just as keeping up wickets to play out time forms the dullest episode of cricket. No one who saw it will ever forget that wonderful effort of Sir Timothy O'Brien against Yorkshire at Lord's, in which he turned a certain draw into one of the greatest victories in county history. Personally, I never saw Peel so punished.

The game had been a battle of giants all through, but while Mr. Stanley Scott was at the wickets it seemed as if nothing thrilling would happen on that Saturday afternoon. Then the Irishman began, and playing one of those games in which everything comes off right because the risk is so boldly taken, he scored at the rate of two and even three a minute. Well supported by Mr. G. F. Vernon he literally afforded the excited spectators but one cause for regret—that by eight runs he fell short of a century in each innings, for with increased superiority of bat over ball double centuries are far more common to-day than in 1889. Yet I think it will be many a long summer before we find a parallel to the effort of Mr. R. E. Foster in 1900, who compiled 102 not out and 136 for Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's. His batting was marvellous, but he started with such caution that he was half an hour before he made his first run. In his second display he treated Rhodes, Mead, Trott, and Gunn with an indifference and a severity of punishment only paralleled by Mr. Gilbert Jessop for the Rest of England *v.* Yorkshire last September, when he scored 233 in 140 minutes, and by Mr. D. L. A. Jephson in his hurricane display at Hastings. An old salt watching the latter scoring off every sort of attack, observed 'that ball goes just like a small craft scudding before a sou' wester.' So far as my personal recollection goes there are only two instances of a batsman damaging planks by hard hitting. Oddly enough both occurred in Hampshire. Playing in 1882 against Cambridge Past and Present, the mighty Bonnor drove repeatedly against the wooden screen behind the bowler's arm, smashing big splinters out of it. At Southampton, where some workmen had left a temporary structure, Mr. K. J. Key, playing for Surrey *v.* Hampshire in 1885, severely damaged it by repeatedly hooking round to leg balls which came with great force against the planks.

Hitting to leg has been one of the characteristics of Australian cricket. The earliest tourists, men like the elder Gregory, Messrs. Alexander, Bailey, and Groube, used unblushingly to pull round balls which were dead on their middle stump. It was a matter-of-fact persistence in this artifice which brought about their earliest downfall at Trent Bridge. Since that time they have brought over some magnificent leg hitters, but perhaps none more deft at a graceful hook in that direction than Mr. Trumper. To dilate on the lessons which the Australians gave us in fielding is to tell an old tale. But it is pleasant to note in 1902, when coming out to field, how three or four invariably race

at top speed to gain possession of the ball when thrown to them by the umpire. This bit of alertness was commented upon in 1882, and has only been lost in the more despondent terms of 1890 and 1893. Since Messrs. Moule and Alexander helped Mr. W. L. Murdoch to such purpose in the first Test Match of 1880, it has been a characteristic that no Colonial team should have a tail. When things were going all wrong at Lord's on an abominable wicket against England, plucky little Ferris, going in absolutely last, made top score, earning his runs well. Tails were more common in crack county sides twenty years ago than now. A story is told of an aged peer, now dead, who had a great prejudice against Surrey. 'The batting is Jupp with a tail wagging right down the side,' he growled.

Counties have kept their characteristics though the *personnel* of the teams change with the flight of seasons. The cosmopolitanism of Middlesex used to be genially pointed out by my old friend the late Colonel Bircham. Whether he ever succeeded in seeing Middlesex actually playing a side in which not one man had a birth qualification I do not know, but until a very few years ago there were often seven or eight who only played by residence. To-day, the captain was born in Scotland, the best bat in the West Indies, and the three professional bowlers in Yorkshire, Bucks, and Australia. I am raising no hint of objection; for it is, of course, the happy outcome of the geographical importance of the metropolis merely thus asserting itself. Sussex to-day owes much of its strength to qualifications, and Gloucestershire is rapidly strengthening its resources. As for the rejected of Surrey, they are scattered over the cricketing counties, for the following may or might have represented that county but have gone elsewhere: Messrs. C. B. Fry, A. P. Lucas, C. M. Wells, N. F. Druce, W. G. Druce, G. O. Smith, H. W. Bainbridge, E. C. Streatfeild, A. P., R. N. and J. Douglas, H. B. Chinnery, and R. P. Lewis, with Braund, Pearson, Diver, Hallam, Roberts, and Corden. Certainly no other county can record an exodus on such a scale or of such importance.

Still alluding to Surrey, it is curious how even in the palmiest days the batting was liable to sudden collapses. One of their staunchest followers once said, 'Surrey are all right when they win the toss on a plumb wicket, lose no wicket before lunch, and see 400 on the board before stumps are drawn on the first evening. But put them in on fourth hands with an up-hill game, and they do not shine,' an opinion to

which certain annual matches played at Taunton bear eloquent testimony. But the very salt of cricket lies in its uncertainty. If we could absolutely class elevens like heifers, half the charm would be lost. Possibly therein lies the attractiveness of Somersetshire. As a matter of fact, the western county has only won 11 matches in four years, and has to show 92 defeats to 42 victories. But from game to game no one knows how they will shape. Their batsmen, whether they be Messrs. Hewett, Vernon Hill, S. M. J. Woods, or Gerald Fowler have hit with delightful force. Mr. Lionel Palairet shows the most graceful batting in England, and the rest play cricket with engaging zest. So they are in theatrical parlance, 'a sure draw,' and last year, amid some indifferent performances, not only extended the champion county to a bare win by one wicket at Taunton, but gained a wonderful victory at Leeds, being the first shire to beat Yorkshire since 1899. Look how that game was won! Starting their second innings 238 to the bad, the victorious margin was 279. On the second day after Mr. Palairet and Braund had put up 222 without being separated, they scored 549 for five wickets. After the total of 630, Braund and Cranfield dismissed the champions for 113. An episode such as this raises enthusiasm about a side which always plays in the most sporting fashion to something far beyond the normal, but not beyond its merits.

Passing to personal characteristics I am warned by a certain incident which happened a dozen years ago, how susceptible are individuals to comment. An eminent amateur, one who had played cricket for a score of years, and is now as notable on the golf links, was rendered furious by reading in a staid and respectable 'daily' that he 'had made a long score in his usual awkward style. Though a great run-getter there was no doubt that his style was as awkward as possible, consequently it was difficult to restrain a smile at his prolonged wrath, and the matter became serious when he threatened to invade the Press-box and see if the reporter watched the game through glasses. A number of useful cricketers have worn spectacles in the field. Killick would certainly have been left out of the Sussex side if he had not adopted glasses, and thus given full scope to his natural powers. In club cricket a few years ago there were few men more genial or better liked than the Rev. R. T. Thornton and Rev. H. von E. Scott, who were both among the spectacle wearers though rarely if ever spectacle-mongers. So were those redoubtable scorers Messrs. D. D. Pontifex and Hamilton Ross,

Dr. G. Thornton and W. G. Grace, junior; also the best Cambridge bowler of 1894, Mr. H. Gray, donned pebbles. With the warning of the awkward style just cited, however, I will weed my list of all mannerisms but two. The first is a habit of that magnificent bat Sir Timothy O'Brien. After he has survived four or five overs he invariably steps behind the stumps to ascertain if the wickets have been properly pitched. By the way, how many people are aware that he first was tried for Middlesex as a wicket-keeper at the period when he was piling up mammoth scores for Kensington Park Club, and long before he dreamt of making the University eleven a short cut to national renown? The next mannerism is that of 'W. G.' himself, and after all it is a simple matter of utility. When he has been batting for a while, especially at a change of bowling, he will remove a bail, carefully clear out the block hole with it and then replace it. I remember Phillips as umpire at square leg once running in to see it was properly readjusted and the champion's consequent surprise.

'Round the corner' bowling is certainly a characteristic worth an allusion. Mr. C. A. Smith, cricketer, schoolmaster, and actor of no small distinction, earned the nickname, when he came up to Cambridge from Charterhouse. John Gunn comes contrariwise towards the wicket, taking the turn in the direction of the umpire; but in his case the mannerism is not so emphatic. Finally there has arrived Mr. J. V. Saunders in the present Australian team. We read of 'his motor-like journey from mid on to the wicket' and were prepared for strange revelations. But though at the Crystal Palace the umpire stood abnormally far back, which made it difficult to judge if his foot dragged across the crease, at the Oval old Phillips remedied this by assuming the usual position: 'It's not the run, but the foot and arm at the time of delivery which an umpire has to watch' was his quiet opinion.

The modern Australian cricketer has developed a characteristic not likely to be widely adopted in this country, namely, a pronounced dislike to batting gloves; and few of the newcomers care to wear them. Mr. A. N. Hornby often used to bat without them, and I saw Mr. S. M. J. Woods do so in a University match. Mr. Cyril Foley rarely wore ordinary batting gloves, but would play in the white kid gloves he had soiled at the opera or at a dance on the previous evening. Mr. McCarthy Blackham—the uncrowned king of wicket-keepers—was wont to wear gauntlets of a brown hue, which at the end of a tour

had deepened into a mellow black. The only great cricketer I have ever seen wear brown pads was Mr. T. Horan. All through that wonderful tour of 1884 he persisted in adopting what a modern journalist would probably describe as 'that strange leg-gear.' But, as all the world knows, 'Felix' has been no respecter of the opinion of other people, but pursues his own way.

A characteristic common to the Freshmen of each year at Oxford or Cambridge is an affectation of confidence in their trial fixtures. Has anything more dreary ever been invented than the Freshmen's match, except the Seniors'? The former have at least the promise of May, whilst the latter are only the gleanings after last year's harvest. Every Freshman is just merging into manhood from boyish estate. The large majority of those selected for the trial game have been demi-gods to admiring juniors at their public schools. Now on the luck of a few balls in the least propitious time of the year depends much of their cricket career. If they fail now they will have a tough fight indeed to get a trial before next year, unless they have already enjoyed the invaluable experience of participating in two or three county fixtures. So one by one they emerge and take that walk to the wicket with a feeling of self-consciousness which tends to betray itself in fumbling with one's glove or causes one to drop the bat, provoking a grin from the fieldsmen. In this match there is no playing for your side. Each man is doing his best to show superior form to the rest. Consequently the game is not only a curious one, but a severe trial for the nerves. A great cricketer once told me his first panic was when going in first wicket down in the school-match the year he got his colours. But far worse was the dreadful, because utterly unsympathetic, experience of the Freshmen's match. He failed there conspicuously; did not get into the University eleven until his third year, yet has since represented the Gentlemen and been a tower of strength to his county. He added, 'A little common sense, a little indifference, might have put me into good cricket two seasons sooner. But I felt I had to make an impression in that especial match, and I did—blob and missed two catches. Don't give my name, but use my experience in what I always think are the martyr games, as to which the general public have never had much attention drawn.'

Starting with a pledge to avoid seriousness, I must conclude with one characteristic by no means so trivial as the rest—I refer to the lack of common sense in professional bowling.

Not many weeks ago, in the pavilion at Lords, that excellent judge, Mr. C. C. Clarke, remarked of a capable man on the ground-staff representing M.C.C. in the current match, 'if he had only the sense not to bowl so dead on the wicket, he would be so much more effective.' Let county captains, and others in authority, transmit this hint. I should say a characteristic of all great bowlers has been 'the way in which they mix them up.' Every professional bowler in county cricket ought to be able to keep a good length and to bowl straight—either on the middle stump or just outside the off-stump. That is as essential as eggs to an omelette. But if an omelette is to be good, the cook must have a light hand. If the bowler is to be of real value he must use his brains as well as his arm. When you hear a batsman return to the pavilion with the remark, 'I never knew what his balls were going to do next,' then note that bowler as a trundler of importance. Sterling, respected, respectable professionals have earned honest livings and honest repute with the minimum of 'head bowling.' But those who plunk down ball after ball with the regularity of an admirable machine are not the men to get a side out under sensational circumstances, though, on the other hand, they rarely come in for drastic punishment. 'But if I were never hit I should never get them out,' once observed George Lohmann, and so let the final characteristic of great cricket, in many instances, be summed up in another attribute —the readiness to take risks when necessary.

THE BEATERS

AFTER IBEX ON THE RED SEA COAST

BY CHARLES È. ELDRED, R.N.

PLEASE to regard the above title carefully and observe before you proceed further that much forethought has been expended upon it. Nothing is said about 'shooting,' therefore one who reads further does so at his peril. But I maintain that the mere trifle of pulling a trigger in no way affects the circumstances of an expedition of this sort, of which all the experiences, efforts, and anticipations are precisely the same whether they end in trigger-pulling or not. Indeed, it would not be a hard matter to prove that there are certain points gained in having expended no ammunition except kodak-films, and those most recklessly.

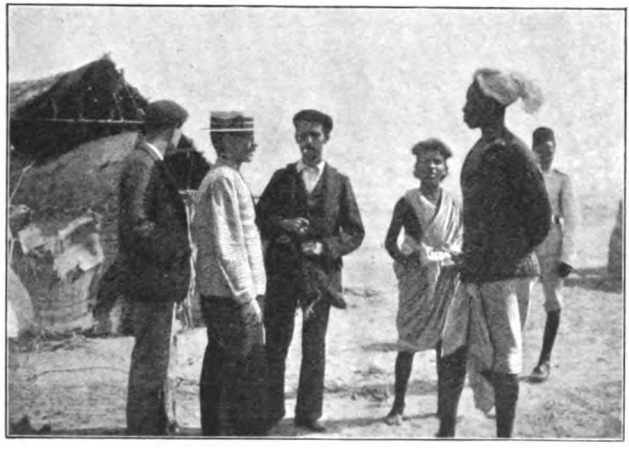
If you should happen to be a millionaire, and time as well as money should be no object to you, and you do not mind navigating a reef-fringed coast of which the latest charts confess themselves upon their titles as not to be relied upon, you might in time and with much patience attain even to an opportunity of trigger-pulling.

But if destiny has attached you to a cruiser under the White Ensign, and withheld from you the privilege of boat-cruising amongst the fringe of reefs in pursuit of slave-dealing dhows, you must while your messmates are so engaged take your consolation as best you can.

Mersa Halaib is one of four isolated spots on the ribbon of desert fringing the sea-boundary of the Soudan, where the British and Egyptian flags fly side by side from the top of a toy fort, the entrance to which is by a wooden ladder. The fort together with a few Arab huts of matting is enclosed by a zeriba of thorn twigs closely laid, it is garrisoned by a few Soudanese police and Egyptian non-commissioned officers, and armed with a few Remington rifles.

It is a mixed crowd which lands here from the ship—Maltese and English stewards and a Somali interpreter, always carried by ships cruising in the Red Sea.

While the Arabs are chasing skinny chickens round the huts



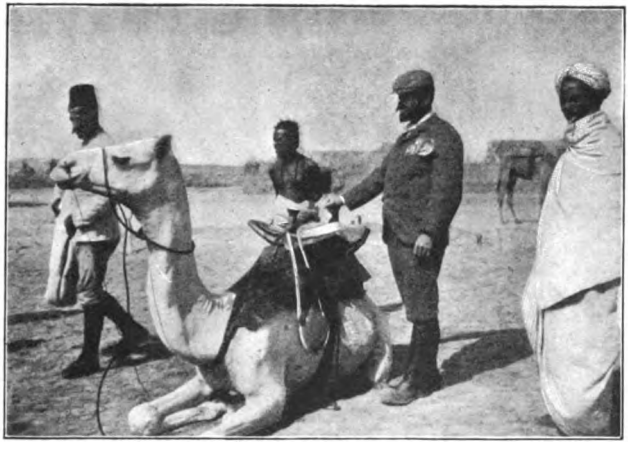
CHICKENS FOR THE STEWARDS

for the stewards, the interpreter is endeavouring first to find and then make terms for the hire of camels, a long protracted proceeding which gives us time to make a survey of the country from the top of the fort ; a not very lofty eminence, yet sufficient to show that the range of bare mountains is by no means so close, nor the intervening plain so barren, as they appear to be from the sea.

Our procession which presently sets out across this with a train of five camels is a picturesque one. There is an air of distinction about the one government camel. Besides being nearly white it wears trappings with pendant tassels which are no disgrace to the saddler's art. Its halter is of plaited leather, while the others are of hair, the nose-line is similar but more slightly made. This single thin line tied through a hole in the

animal's nostril represents the whole of the steering apparatus, and unless one has served some apprenticeship it is as well to allow one's animal to be taken in tow. When you have got used to the anxiety that the nose-line is going to be torn out of your steed's nostril as he follows with outstretched neck, leaving you absolutely rudderless, then you may give what attention you can to the scenery and surroundings.

The old sheik who has the government camel in tow is without dispute the most picturesque of the train. His peaceful looking features are somewhat contradicted by the trappings of his saddle, on one side a leathern shield, by no means free from hacks, the more serious ones repaired rudely at the rim with



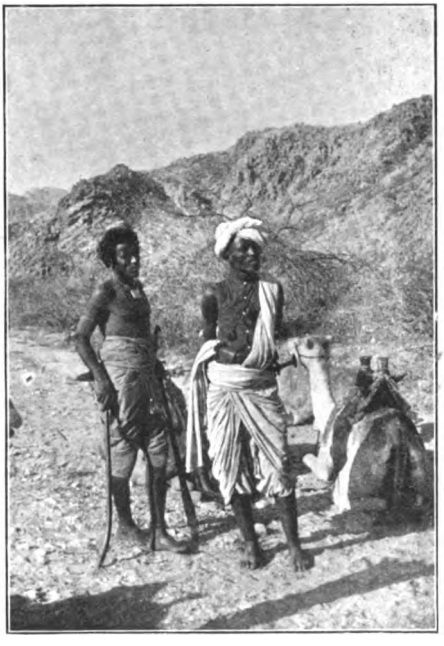
THE GOVERNMENT CAMEL

patches of brass. On the other side dangles a dangerously long sword in a leather sheath, brass-mounted, and from his waistband projects the haft of a knife. The wood frame and pommels and pads of his saddle are of ruder construction than those of the government camel, and both halter and nose-line are of plaited hair.

Our other attendant is a young and good-looking Soudanese. The stock of a Remington rifle projects from beneath the goat-skin which covers his saddle, and a roughly made belt round his bare waist carries a good stock of ammunition. He is in the police, but if he ever wears his uniform he has left it all behind except the blue serge putties. Otherwise his garments consist only of some yards of a thin sand-brown material and a turban. He is better provided with decorations, first in a set

of pearl-white teeth, then a necklace of beads, and some neatly made little leather cases containing charms to avert wounds, dangle over the scars of cauterisings on his chest.

The burden of the fifth camel is a wild grotesque. It carries two riders. The occupant of the saddle wears blue jacket's uniform with brown leggings. But his features are by far the blackest of the party. He is the *tyndal* or leading-hand of the Seedie boys on board, with two good-conduct badges on his arm, and only a year to serve for a pension of 1*s.* 6*d.* a day,

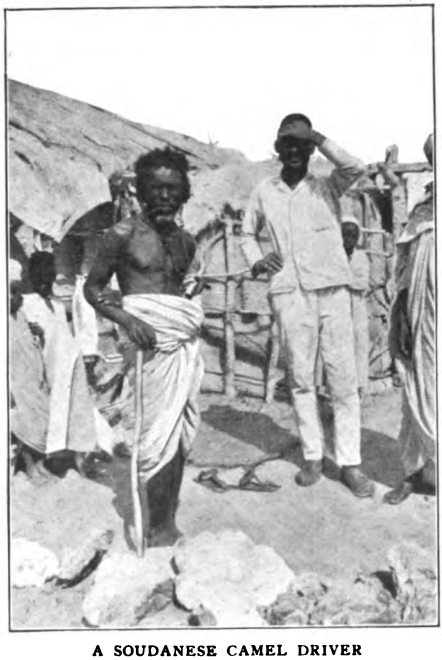


THE POLICEMAN IN PLAIN CLOTHES

on which he proposes to live royally in Muscat. His function on this expedition is to act as interpreter, for he knows most of the dialects of the various tribes. On the precarious slope behind the back pommel of the saddle there clings another Arab, occasionally astride, but more frequently monkey-fashion, squatting with his knees just by his shoulders.

That there should be traffic enough to wear a visible track across such hard ground is no less a matter for surprise than that it should support any vegetation whatever. But the vegetation is appropriate, small tufts of brittle growth, dead and colourless as the sand or stony ground. The broad plain stretches away to the foot of the Elba mountains which rise

suddenly out of it, to a skyline of sharp and jagged pinnacles of rock seamed by deep crevices, as far as one can tell, absolutely devoid of any vegetation. But upon a closer approach to the mountains we pass a large and scattered herd of goats getting what sustenance they can from a scanty growth of grass tufts sufficient to produce a faint shade of green when seen from a low level and some little distance. The Arab shepherd with his loose garment and his camel hobbled hard by is a picture doubtless as old as Egypt itself. Sometimes the



A SOUDANESE CAMEL DRIVER

camels would scatter a compact army of innumerable grasshoppers. Of two or three varieties of butterfly, all small, the most frequent bore a perfect resemblance to the familiar tortoiseshell of English lanes. Where the track existed, we travelled in single file. Where it failed, as it did frequently, we drew up in line abreast.

Nearing the hills the land became furrowed in undulations ridged with blocks of decomposing granite, flaking away with the ages. The dry sandy hollows between the ridges become watercourses in the wet months of October, November, and December. Every successive ridge appears to be the last as we approach the very loftiest point of this inaccessible looking wall

of mountains, till at length they become the unmistakable spurs from a narrowing ravine.

The valley is half a mile in width between the spurs where we enter it. Some natives with spears emerge from a few mat huts—Soudanese of the Bishari tribe. It is from amongst these that a gang of beaters has to be raised. The preliminary greetings and hand graspings are a solemn and deliberate ceremony. Then squatting upon their haunches in front of the camels, an exchange of short phrases occurs with our attendants. It appears as if negotiations were going on most satisfactorily. But after about ten minutes we gather that they

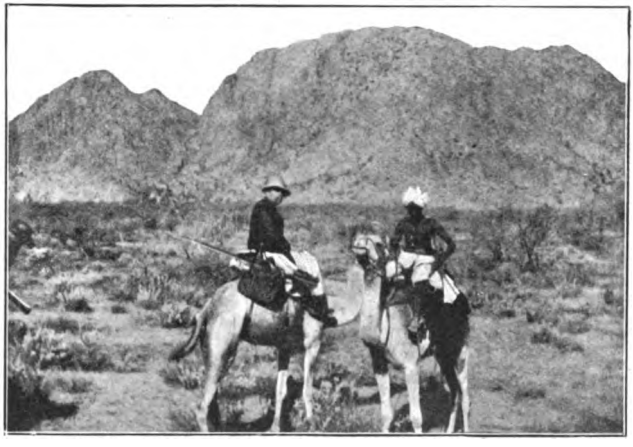
SOUDANESE OF THE BISHARI TRIBE

have got no farther than saying, 'How are you, I hope you are well.'

The valley narrows rapidly as we continue up it, the flanks rising higher and becoming themselves seamed with deep gullies. It is here a halt is made, and four of the camels are unsaddled and hobbled. The Arab who rode on the camel's hind-quarters now borrows the old sheik's long sword and rides off alone, disappearing up the still narrowing valley. The vegetations consists of almost leafless bushes, with thorns as tenacious as fish-hooks. When they die it is of senile decay. Then they collapse, and their dead branches lie radiating from the roots. A little yellow flower, like the tormentil, grows upon the sandy ground. A few small doves flutter silently amongst the thorn-bushes, and the only sound is the mournful whistle of a bird with a bright scarlet patch on its breast.

Sometimes a white falcon hovers overhead. Here we must be content to wait in patience till the morning.

Our expedition had been undertaken at such short notice that the preparations were of the simplest. A blanket each, a felt-covered water-flask and a tin of tongue and sardines, thrown into a canvas haversack with a loaf and the cartridges, completed the equipment. The bare sand is our camping-ground, and by the light of a wood fire the old sheik and the young policeman give a demonstration to illustrate the uses of the shield and knife, especially the knife, a universal weapon, the blade curved till it is the shape of a J. With correct handling these should

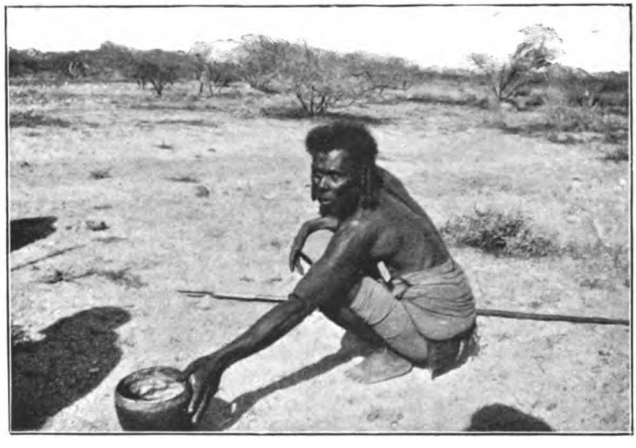


IN THE VALLEY

produce at one sweep a long cut from between the shoulder blades to the side of the neck, upon coming to close quarters with an enemy. The young policeman expresses great gratification at a cigar, but the old sheik prefers tobacco, with which he charges a queer right-angled pipe whose stem and bowl are similar. And with the tyndal's interpretation we can get hints of the fighting days in this country when Osman Digna sacked Mersa Halaib, and the inhabitants who were not killed were drowned in trying to escape. The prospects of killing an ibex on the morrow are also touched upon, the old sheik always adding piously, 'Imsh-Allah'—'God willing.' When the tyndal has enumerated all the dialects he is able to speak, then they select stones for their pillows and stretch out by the flickering logs. We extemporise our pillows with haversacks, laying out the goatskins from the camel

saddles on the ground, and, rolling up in blankets, lie down to sleep under the stars. There being no water anywhere, there is no fear of mosquitoes, and we take the word of our guides that there are no snakes.

It is always impressive to sleep beneath the stars, the more so when one has dropped almost suddenly out of a cabin with incandescent lamps, into a wilderness inhabited only by half-naked spear-bearing blacks, whose accident and life insurance policies—covering war risks—are represented by the little leather amulets they wear about them. Of these, some score or more appear in the morning from various directions.



A BISHARI

Besides the hand-grasp at greeting they lay cheek against cheek, after a moment of hesitation, in which the question, 'Is it peace?' seems to pass.

But for the absolute strangeness of the scene and its surroundings the long palavering over terms would have been very wearisome. No less than three times does a final agreement appear to have been arrived at. The malignant influence can be traced to an aquiline featured demon with a yellow stick thrust through the bushy part of his hair. The remainder of his coiffure consists of a fringe of clay rods hanging round the back and sides of his neck, produced by plastering tufts of hair with mud till they are of the thickness of pipe stems. Squatting on his heels he belabours the earth with his camel stick as he holds forth, evidently inciting the tribe to hold out for higher terms. These negotiations began about daybreak.

The sun was high when in despair we ordered the camels to be saddled and started in absolute earnestness on the return journey.

Half a mile down the valley we were overtaken by five or six of the tribe headed by the malignant influence. Twenty men should be sent to drive for four piastres each. One hour would be enough. If we saw no ibex, then no pay. Though it will mean a push to get back before dark we are prevailed upon to return. The distribution and despatching of the beaters in various directions, some with leashes of dogs, proceeds with the usual deliberation, and at last we ourselves are

BEATERS WITH DOGS

led up the narrowing valley, till it becomes a picture of the dry bed of a Dartmoor river. This gradually becomes steeper and narrower, and the tropical sun beating right into rocky cleft makes an occasional halt absolutely imperative wherever we can crouch against a rock affording a little shade. If it had been above the snow-line the climb would have been a severe one. A plentiful growth of green sorrel was found to be very refreshing, and saved our now half empty water-bottles. The desert we had come across lay unrolled far below us. An unexpected variety of flowers grew in the crevices of the rock, one like stock, another like mallow. But all the bushes, like those on the desert, were thorny and leafless.

At last, with anything but steady hands, we are stationed on a pinnacle of rock, looking down into a crater-like hollow with no visible outlet. Inaccessible rocks rise to the jagged

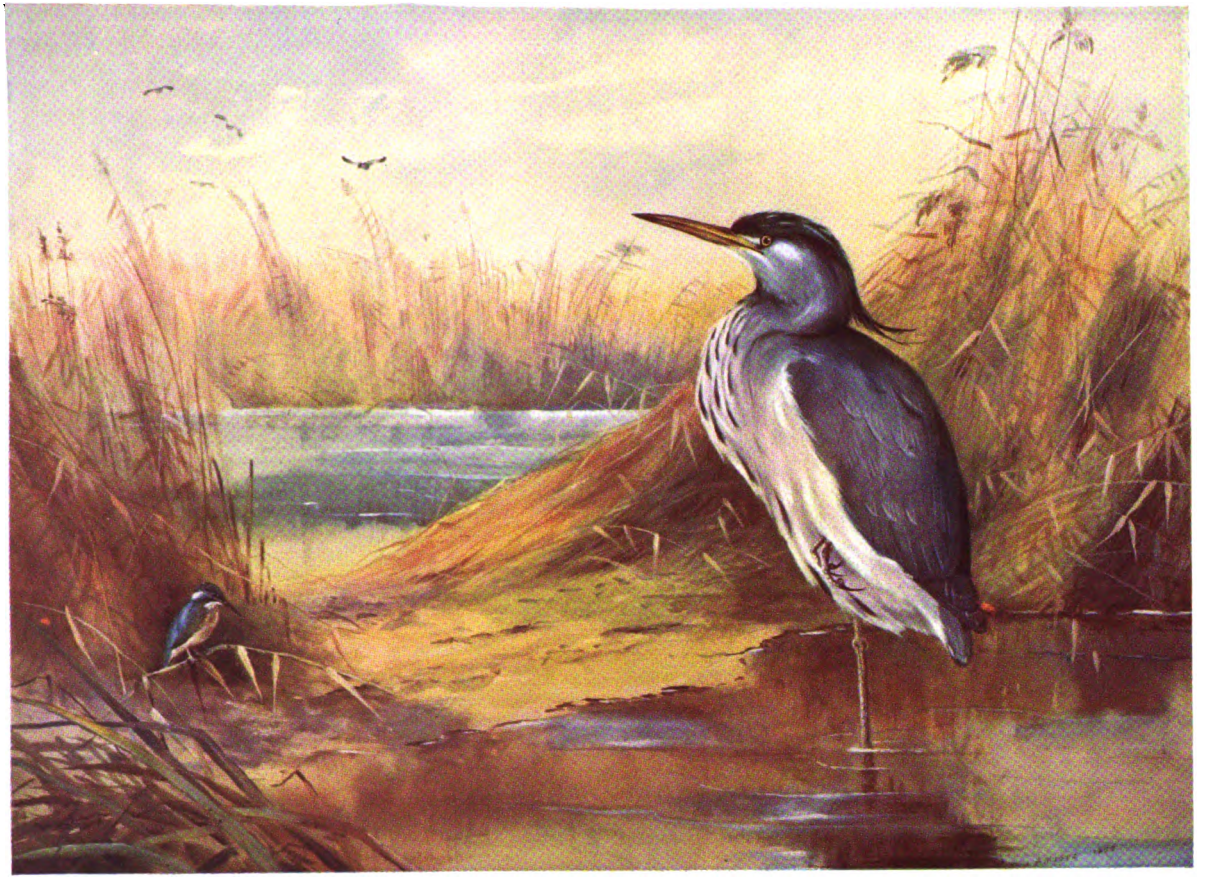
sky-line. The waiting would be easy to one not bound for time.

An hour passes before we see the figures of our beaters, like black ants, up against the sky and walking along what looks like a knife edge, the points of their spears glittering in the sun. It was the last place in the world one would have expected to see them. It seemed impossible these pinnacles could be reached without wings. The sounds of shouting told of another party coming up an invisible defile leading into the hollow below us.

But never a sign of ibex!

Time will allow of no more delay. We must return with all despatch.

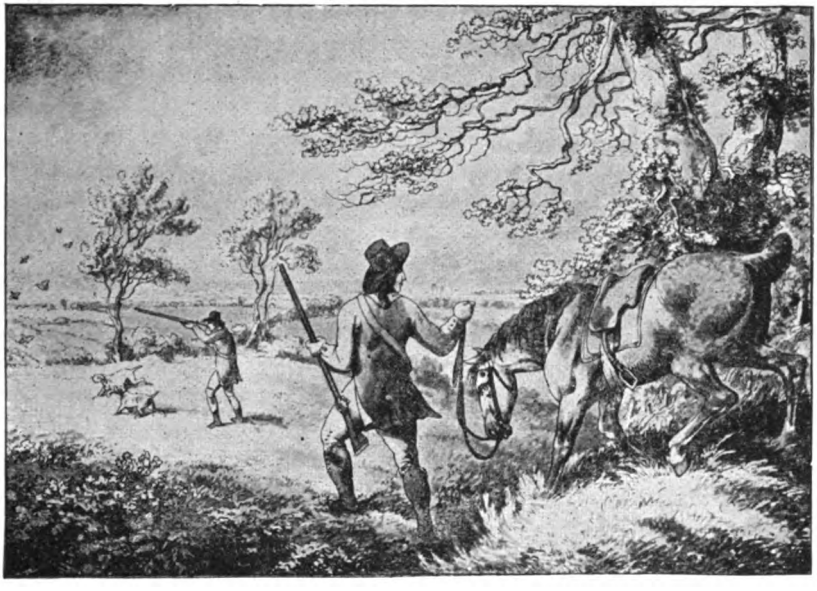
The matter of the tyndal falling off his camel upon the homeward journey was a diversion quite sufficient to make the expedition worth while. A rearing and plunging camel is a sight to be remembered. Moreover, a shot or two at gazelle suffices to save our journey from being stigmatised as an utter failure by those who did not undertake it.



THE HERON AT HOME.

From a Water Colour Sketch by E. J. Amoore.

UNIV. OF MICH.



SHOOTING-SYNDICATES

BY G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL

PROBABLY every sportsman has a mental image in reserve to be called forth by the title of this article. My mental image was once a line of shooters, not, I regret to say, walking the turnips in orthodox fashion all at the same pace, and shoulder to shoulder, with correct intervals between, but an Indian file line, each man out-walking his neighbour, the first happy, the rest cross, and the last man seated, wiping his brows and talking a language unknown to ears polite. But although my first attempt at a syndicate of shooters was unfortunate, it was not the fault of the shooters but merely of the telegraph office. I had wired to two men that their shares would be a certain figure each. The post office, with commendable accuracy, transmitted the right units, and the right tens, but they made mistakes in the hundreds. Hence those tears. There might have been serious trouble, of course, but there was not, for each man accepted the explanation and paid the extra after having accepted the lower figure. It was a good sporting act on their part, and syndicates went up at a bound in my

estimation; for there are plenty of good men ready to join others of the same sort, provided only they can be certain that sport alone is the object of the bargain proposed.

There are physical differences as well as educational and mental ones, of course, and it is well that they should not be too pronounced; but, nevertheless, I have seen a short and fat man doing most of the killing when shooting with a long and thin one who could have walked the former off his good shooting in an hour.

There has been an unfair, and perhaps unwise, prejudice against shooting-syndicates, or any form of partnerships in sport; but this prejudice has arisen from a misunderstanding. Too often the term has been applied to those partnerships which result from advertisements of 'Gun wanted—to join a gentleman who has too much shooting for his own use,' the reading between the lines being, of course, that advertiser cannot afford to give to his friends the excess of shooting which he cannot accomplish himself; but besides the obvious reading in of this inference, there is also this to consider—the advertisement may be the result of an intention to get a half, or a third, of the sport, and a full rent as well. Probably that is what such advertisements generally mean, but it does not always follow that they are to be neglected even if they do. The joint partnership of the owner of the property may, if he is a thoroughly clever man about game preserving, be equal to a couple of keepers at least in its influence for good. But that entirely depends on the man; in no case will he be able to restrain professional poachers; but he may keep the farmers on good terms, when they would be opposed to a stranger; and although farmers rarely poach game they can personally and by example do a terrible amount of damage of a kind which it is quite impossible to bring home to them. There is, often enough, no reason why they should step over a partridge's nest when they might just as easily step upon the eggs; and when there is, it is only one of many ways in which their good wishes are of service.

A man who is nothing more than a shooting tenant himself, and who takes in guns, is nearly certain to be both disliked and despised by the farmers; and they will then soon ruin the shooting as a first-class place, and injure its reputation also, which would indirectly hurt their landlord. It is very difficult for a shooting tenant, who lives on his shooting, to take in guns without giving them some house accommodation, although near

big towns this may be only for lunch; and this plan borders too much on the hotel system to be understood and appreciated by the farmers. The latter's idea that shooting is a sport, and not a business, is the true one; it should never be anything else; and if it is strained into a business then the farmer at once begins to reflect that the grass and corn eaten by the game are his, and if money is to be made of them it should be his money. The old difficulty of *two* rents out of one acre—one for the landlord, another for the parson in the shape of a tenth to the church, or its remission rent-charge, is increased into a *third* rent, in kind, for the keep of the stranger's birds, hares, and rabbits; and although in most instances farmers think little of this when game is freely distributed, and there is sport, but no commerce in it, yet they do resent it very much when money is made out of it by a stranger. It is bad enough, they say, when their landlords pocket the shooting-rent, but past bearing when a stranger increases, to excess, the game production, and makes his rent of it also. This kind of shooting-syndicate it is that has made them all unpopular; but this seems to be rather a pity, for in some cases they have answered admirably; especially is this so in the north of England, where for years it has been the custom to form syndicates. For the most part these have had for their object the taking of moorlands for grouse shooting; obviously not the most difficult on which to arrange with farmers; but they have occasionally answered very well on the manors also. The best plan is probably that where all share expenses equally, but where one only is given full control of every detail. It is hardly possible for the label on a brace of partridges to read: 'With the compts. of Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith, Mr. Tomkins,' and half a dozen other misters, and it is, therefore, necessary to have an arrangement by which one person is deputed to give away these little presents. Thus Mr. Smith gives to one, and Mr. Jones to another, and this plan is best followed after a particular farmer has walked in sport, or talked at lunch, to the shooter who is deputed to pay that particular compliment. For although a manager should have full control, and direct everything, the most useful direction he will give, if he understands his business, is that each shooter should make himself agreeable to the farmers, and offer them game personally, or by note, as they think best. Proverbially, commercial syndicates have neither bodies to kick nor souls to damn. It is also as difficult to thank a sporting syndicate or to feel grateful to it, consequently

everything that can should be made a personal matter. But as large shootings are always more easily managed than small ones, and for a less cost per head of game, the syndicate system is distinctly the right one for small incomes, and but for the honour of the thing would be so for big ones also.

A small shooting not only costs more in proportion to preserve than does a large extent, but it can never be properly cared for at all except at ruinous cost. Take a single-handed place as an example ; what chance has a game-keeper against gangs of night poachers ? The woodmen and the other extra hands that agree to help watch at half a crown each do not mean to do all the fighting. They are more useful to make a show in numbers, and inspire fear, than in the real work of dealing with a gang of determined poachers such as those which are so common in the manufacturing as well as the colliery districts. They are good assistants when there are half a dozen determined keepers to show them the way ; but sent out alone they would come back alone to a certainty, not because they are cowardly, but because half a crown occasionally earned is no pay for the risking of life and limb, and that is one of the principal reasons why small shootings are generally mere loss of time, temper, and money.

But there are other reasons nearly as important also. Vermin may swarm within half a mile of the centre of a small shoot, and the keeper will be helpless against the majority of it. He will, perhaps, manage the weasels and the stoats, because they travel in runs, but the crows, magpies, and rooks come in the sky and go back, well fed, to roost in woods the keeper cannot enter.

Then, besides, game never knows the value of a boundary fence except when you are shooting, and a small manor is absolutely at the mercy of its neighbours. Many times I have heard it said by owners of small shootings that the best way to have a good stock of partridges in the year following is to kill *all* the birds. The explanation is, doubtless, that by killing all they kill the old fighting birds, and leave the ground unoccupied for all the young birds that are driven away by the seniors from the preserved neighbourhood. Pheasants wander also, and the single-handed keeper, instead of picking up eggs in the home covert (where the birds, being too thick, will do badly, several hen pheasants often choosing the same nest, where the first that sits will spoil all the eggs she cannot properly cover, and will also receive additions every day, so that if

she did hatch there would be a week or fortnight between the periods of complete incubation) instead of collecting these eggs he gets his supply from the straying pheasants, and these are the very birds that have a really good chance of hatching a brood and rearing it. The keeper has no option in the matter, because he has but one centre for his pheasants, and every one which leaves it is nearer to the boundary than is thought to be safe. On a big shoot, on the contrary, most of the pheasants that stray from the coverts will still have woodlands on all sides of them, making it immaterial which way they lead their young. A single-handed keeper's life, like Mr. Gilbert's policeman's, is 'not a happy one.' His only chance comes when his neighbours preserve better than he does and he reaps the benefit.

Anywhere except in the eastern counties a 1000-acre shoot would generally produce no more than 200 partridges and 400 pheasants. It would cost £100 for rent, and £75 for keepering. A shooting seven times as big would be likely to produce double as many partridges per acre, with seven keepers instead of one, six of them at £50 per year instead of £75. And moreover each man would have 1000 pheasants with less trouble than the single-handed man would have 400, for pheasants will stray. It would probably cost £1000 to rent; or, by this calculation, one of seven guns would get for £198 more than double the shooting he could hope to obtain for his £175 on the small shooting.

I have said above that syndicates would be good for large incomes as well as small ones, and by this I do not mean that they need be managed quite on the same lines. When one lives in the country, and is well known, there is no need for syndicates except for the purposes of game preservation, for every manor that is not surrounded by preserves is paying constant toll to the poachers, and is doing more than its fair share in feeding the foxes, whereas if the neighbouring landowners, or shooting tenants, joined hands and bought up the shooting-rights of the unpreserved country, the depredations of foxes would not be felt almost exclusively by the few who, in some neighbourhoods, try to preserve highly with all their neighbour's vermin and the foxes as well to feed. Whoever has shootings of less than 5000 to 7000 acres must be either robbing his neighbours or being robbed by them, according to the method of preservation he adopts. I know one 3000-acre shooting where last year the tenants killed 2000 pheasants without hand-rearing a bird. I suppose they would be called

'wild bred,' but it was in a remarkably well-preserved neighbourhood, where on each side pheasants were reared in numbers running up to 10,000. I do not think this can be avoided on a 5000-acre shooting, but the larger it is the less the loss of game. Norfolk game-keepers, when they leave their county, say that they can rear more game in Norfolk by sitting still than by the hardest work elsewhere. That is because every scrap of land is highly preserved, whereas in other counties there are more divided interests; and a system of preservation by syndicate, not necessarily shooting in syndicated parties, would probably raise most counties to the degree of game preservation known in Norfolk. Where only every other estate is preserved, a keeper's ground is practically doubled, his bag is halved, and his duties quadrupled. Ground is said only to be able to carry a certain head of game, to exceed which leads to unusual straying. That is quite correct, but when every estate has this excess straying leads only to exchange.

PAPER-CHASING IN INDIA

BY DAVID FRASER

THAT the paper-chasing of our school-days was a great sport nobody who has ever joined in it can deny. In India, however, we have, I venture to think, gone one better. Our improvement, briefly stated, lies in the fact that instead of running on our own feet we play the game from the back of a horse.

It is impossible to say how early in the history of our great Eastern possession paper-chasing began to flourish. I have met lots of people in India, of both sexes, who have hunted paper on horse-back, as regularly as opportunity permitted, during the last five-and-twenty years. One reads that paper-chasing was indulged in in pre-Meeting times. But I shrewdly suspect the beginning of it might be traced to the days when the public schools of England first began to furnish John Company with soldiers and administrators. When a few of these happened to find themselves gathered together, then, we may be sure, was the first paper-chase organised.

The component parts of a paper-chase are simple enough—horses, and men to ride them, paper, and a country to lay it in. Given the men, the rest is easy, for horses are plentiful and suitable country abounds. Paper in India is a negligible quantity. Industriously torn into little pieces, a copy of the monthly report of any district official would suffice to lay a trail from Cabul to Calcutta.

A glance through the columns of the *Asian*, our premier

sporting paper, will give one some idea of the claims of paper-chasing to a high place in our list of pastimes. Calcutta, Dibrugarh, Shillong, Lucknow, Rawal Pindi, Poona, Secunderabad, Madras, are places far apart on the map, but they, in common with most stations in India, seldom fail to weigh in with a paper hunt in due season. In Calcutta, Poona, and Lucknow, however, the game is a properly organised one, and the periodical meets are fixtures as well established as the races, polo or pig-sticking. Many other stations paper-chase more or less regularly, but the three named are, I think, entitled to precedence in all that appertains to this form of sport.

It will be appropriate in this article to begin by describing the more primitive kind of paper-chasing commonly practised in up-country stations, and an account of a meet which took place in Agra not very long ago will, perhaps, serve to give the reader an idea of the fun to be got out of a gallop across country, with paper as a substitute for fox and hounds.

Walking into the club on a Thursday evening early in March one's attention is drawn to the notice board, whereon is affixed an invitation to members and their friends to join Major ——, and the officers of the ——th Battery, R.A., in a paper-chase that day week, at 5 P.M. Meet at a point six miles out of Cantonments. Finish close by, whence spectators may view the last two miles or so of the run. The announcement leads to a deal of discussion on the subject of ways and means, for, although everybody owns a stable of sorts, when it comes to a long spin over rough country, it has to be considered if certain tendons will stand the strain; whether it is safe or not to put the wife up on the Arab that stumbles, and what's to be done should men, with a limited number of nags, and illimitable district work, crock up their only means of locomotion. These matters, however, are for people themselves to decide. It is the business of the gunners to find a bit of country where their prospective guests may both gallop and jump without unduly perilling their necks. By dint of early rising and repeated reconnaissance a line is discovered which has no precipices in it or nullahs to engulf the horse and his rider. Trifling irregularities in the ground, such as wells and rat holes, are too common to be considered. These are all in the day's work when you paper-chase.

Early in the afternoon of the day fixed upon the Battery sergeants, having previously helped to find the course, ride out with bags of paper and lay the trail. They make frequent

blinds, and occasionally leave a hundred yards or so entirely blank. These variations in the line will prevent the ardent sportsman, on a racing pony, from spreadeagling his field, and will give the heavy weight Judge and Collector the chance of keeping level with lighter performers.

At four o'clock the Battery brake, drawn by four powerful blacks and tooled by an expert subaltern, starts from the gunner mess and makes the round of the neighbouring bungalows, picking up the ladies. When full it makes straight for the meet, spanking along the white roads at a good pace, the horn gaily tootling and the natives gazing, open-eyed, as the cavalcade—for the men belonging to the precious load in front have all fallen in behind in traps—dashes through village bazaars to the discomfiture of folk and dogs who sleep in the afternoon sun. Thirty minutes on a road which has mostly lain through leafy avenues brings the brake to the appointed place.

A pleasant scene is a meet, be it in England or abroad. Here, in India, it loses none of its charm. The indefinable fascination of the East hangs about the sun-hatted people, the strange vehicles, the dusky attendants of the smoking horses. Above is the everlasting blue, a fit setting for the burning light that compels the white-clad natives to seek the shade of rustling trees. A gentle caressing breeze tempers the heat of the scorching sun. Far and near stand glistening buildings set cameo-wise in the surrounding foliage. Distant on the horizon a golden cupola blazes with reflected light. Hard by the wondrous Taj, a dream of Oriental beauty, gleams white—a romance in marble. Though in the midst of such a scene we chatter and gossip, unconsciously it is imprinted on our minds. Often in the silent watches of the night it will come back to us ; and years after, under sombre skies, it will float before us, a dim panorama of the imagination.

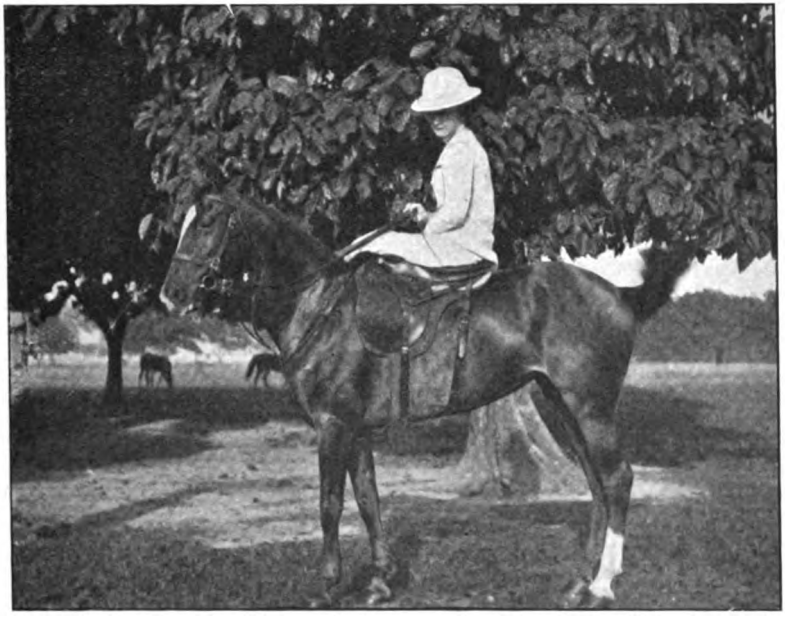
'Ho! Mount all!' from Major —— disturbs the groups that have been formed. Perhaps thirty of the considerable crowd that has assembled since the arrival of the brake are in riding kit. The rest have come to look on, perhaps to see a spill or two, certainly to refresh themselves after the exertion of driving six miles. The syces bring up the horses. There is a great tightening of girths, adjustment of stirrups, prolonged arrangement of skirts by the favoured few. And then we all file out along the road towards the open, ladies in front, kickers behind. A few bestride horses, mostly cast from the cavalry and artillery. The great majority ride ponies—ponies from

England, from Australia, from South Africa; Arab ponies, ponies bred in the country. The last named lack the shape and make of the others, but they atone for it in voice and colour. The tints assumed by the Indian country-bred are as varied, almost, as those of the rainbow; whilst his screech, in moments of emotion, has an unrivalled effect on the nerves. These of course, are the commonly bred ones. It must not be imagined we cannot breed good ones; for instance, the 13.3 country-bred pony Mite, the property of the late Maharajah of Patiala, carried 8 st. 13 lb. over the Civil Service Cup course at Lucknow, a distance of six furlongs, in the remarkable time of 1 min. 19⅖ secs. The occasion was the race for the Cup of 1898, when Mulberry, in receipt of weight, beat Mite by two and a half lengths, the time being 1 min. 19 secs. Better performances to the credit of country-breds may possibly be adduced, though it is to be doubted. But no country-bred that ever did any good on the turf was more typical of his class than Mite. He was a pale washy bay, approaching dun, with legs spotted white and black. In make he was very powerful, but plain and ugly. When he raised his voice in protest it startled the dead, much more the living. After winning innumerable races during a turf career extending over a period of ten years, Mite came out in the colours of a native at Rangoon a few months ago—he had been sold at auction with the rest of the Patiala horses after the death of the Maharajah—and regularly swept the board. So much for our country-bred!

The start takes place immediately and in a cluster we canter off, the Major showing the ladies the way until the line of paper is struck, when our fair companions shake up their nags and sail away, leaving the mere, but more wily, man in the rear. There are five ladies, and they all ride in a manner characteristic of their sex. That is to say they ride with their hearts rather than with their heads. Lots of men forget to use their heads when riding, but they don't make amends for the omission as the ladies do—they are short of the necessary organ! 'Fault of India, my dear fellow! Fault of India! This confounded stewing has bust up my nerve completely' is the usual excuse. But it has been said that the men who have lost their nerve never possessed any—a paradox suggestive at least if not literally true.

The ladies go the best part of a mile at a ripping pace and then run off the paper. A blind, in the eyes of their husbands and admirers, is a wise provision, though the ladies themselves

loudly complain of the interruption. Pulling up, the field scatters right and left. Soon a brisk 'Tally ho!' from the flank announces the recovery of the trail. It is the stout Collector who has spotted it, and thereby gained for himself a lead of 300 yards. This he makes the most of, and there is no catching him until he finds the paper divide into two tracks, when he wisely gives his pony a breather, allowing others, this time, to expend their energies on the task of ascertaining which



of the two roads is the genuine one. The field soon 'finds' and is off again, helter, skelter.

The country we are covering is far from attractive to the eye. It is practically a sandy desert. The surface is irregular, but not so much so as to deserve the description of hilly. Bushes of sorts grow here and there, and a coarse grass, but there is no vegetation in the sense that we understand it in England. Dotted about are picturesque erections which, on examination, prove to be well-heads. The river Jumna shimmers in the distance, and wherever in India there is a river, in its neighbourhood do the natives dig wells. They work them by an ingenious system of long poles applied lever-wise, and the quantity of water hoisted by means of these primitive contrivances would astonish even a teetotaler. Water, in India, is the life of the people.

Its effect on the soil, aided by the heat of the sun, is miraculous. It seems to turn common sand into rich dark mould—judging by effect. Ground that, left to nature, would not grow enough to afford a bite to a rabbit, will, when irrigated, produce a crop of oats or wheat; will grow potatoes and turnips, or burst forth into a field of delicate white poppies which, in due time, may be reduced to goodly store of priceless opium. Radiating from the wells are numerous little embankments which dwindle down to the level of the surrounding land as they reach the limits of the spot being cultivated. Each embankment, on top, is a miniature canal into which, as he listeth, the owner of the well may let the precious water flow. The land itself is mapped out like a draught-board, and from his tiny canals the cunning ryot floods alternately, or according to its individual needs, each little square.

The sandy soil makes excellent going though it has the drawback, when riders crowd together, of raising a terrible dust. Interspersed are bunds, which serve the purpose of hedges in England, in dividing fields and holdings. They vary between one and a half and four and a half feet in height. Built of mud, they crumble in the dry weather and get washed away in the rains. A bund is therefore an object of joy to a field of paper-chasers, for there will be places in it to suit all degrees of nerve, and fit all sizes of hearts. Our chase took place at a time when such crops as grew thereabouts had been cut, and the paper was designedly laid through as many little farms as could be fitted in. So there is plenty of jumping over the irrigation embankments. It is not always quite clear about the wells. The one in use can always be located, but the native has a trick of changing about. When he forsakes a well, perhaps because he saw a raven cock his eye down the shaft, he does not put up a notice board to warn strangers of danger. The stranger only gets to know of it by falling in.

But though several of us were mighty near, and others were able to describe the black recesses visible for a second of time as their trusty steeds sailed over these hidden wells, nobody measured their depths. A few men took tosses, and one lady slithered off rather than fell from her horse. But the sand, though disagreeable when lodging in one's eye, is soft to fall upon, and nobody took hurt. After seven or eight miles of alternate wild dashes and anxious seekings, the Judge and Collector, lagging behind, view the cluster of carriages and people indicating the region of the finish. They have it all their own way, and

regularly get up steam before imparting their information in loud cheers. The rest of us settle our feet in the stirrups, jam our heads well home in our solar topees, and in a trice we are on their track, our crocks participating in the excitement and laying their legs to the ground as fast as they can. *They* know where their syces stand waiting with buckets of water handy! *They* know all about the Sahib's order to take corn and grass and feed the horses before marching back to stables in the moonlight!

The Collector and the Judge make a great race of it—'short head, y' know, in my favour'—the Collector tells his wife. 'Just done him by a neck,' gasps the Judge to *his* wife, and both dear, good ladies are proud of the game old dodgers that have outridden the young fellows. The rest of us turn up in heats, each of which resolves itself into a desperate struggle for supremacy. The ladies all score, for we still are gallant in India, and, of course, their light weights, don't y' know, give them such an advantage over us clumsy men!

Whilst we talk it over we don't forget the horses. They are all around us, having their faces washed and their steaming sides scraped. They have had just a mouthful of water to wash the sand out of their throats. To watch them rolling their eyes towards the buckets, their whole attitude expressing expectation, is a pleasure that will increase to positive delight, when, after the lapse of a few minutes more, they are allowed to bury their thirsty noses in the cool liquid. That moment come we allow ourselves to think of our own comfort.

Under a tope of trees a little way off the hospitable gunners have set up a large refreshment table, behind which, in spotless raiment, the mess servants await the commands of the sahibs. Major —— and his officers are most solicitous, and ere long the ladies are supplied with cup, ices, or tea, as their fancy dictates. The men, the edge off their thirst by one long deep drink, trifle with their second pegs and contentedly suck at fragrant cigars. As the ice tinkles in the glasses, and the neighing and whinnying of the horses is wafted across the little glade, the chatter stills for a moment. In such a hush, if you listen, perhaps may be heard that mysterious whispering voice the sound of which, people who have been East declare, never quite leaves a man, however far West he may travel, however many years may divide him from the time when last he heard it.

'Ha! ha! Major, must be off! Gettin' old, y' know!

Good-bye to you, good-bye, and a thousand thanks for the sport—rippin' sport! Good-night! gentlemen! Good-night to you!' and, having shaken hands with his hosts, the Collector climbs up beside his wife, and drives off amidst a chorus of farewells and congratulations on his prowess in the ride. The Judge and the older folk follow quickly, but the others wait a bit, for the sun is down on the horizon and the moon, still pale in his presence, is only waiting his departure to light up. The ladies do not monopolise the brake on the way home. It is more fitting that they should make one of two in a tum tum, as we call a two-wheeled trap. Home we drive in the silver light—nowhere so silvery as in the East. The six miles are much too short—like so many things in India.

Let us see how they arrange matters in Calcutta. There conditions are different. The military element which predominates up country is small in the Presidency towns—that is, small by comparison. Calcutta holds twenty men engaged in commercial pursuits to every soldier. And I think every soldier that has ever spent any time in Calcutta, bent either on business or pleasure, will be ready to admit that the man of commerce, in matters sporting, holds his end up right gallantly.

Thursday afternoon is holiday to the army throughout India. But the unfortunate civilian must toil—extra hard, too, in Calcutta, for Thursday is mail-day. The day after a paper-chase is sacred to the horse that has partaken in it—or should be, in a well-regulated stable. Saturday afternoon is thus precluded, for whatever happens, sporting folk in Calcutta must have their long Sunday morning ride in the country. Recourse has therefore been had to the early morning, and inspection of the daily paper will inform one of the point where the ensuing meet takes place, and that the hour is 7.30 A.M.

Here we have a very different kind of country. A drive of four or five miles through roads lined with trees, and a thick undergrowth of vegetation where houses have not encroached, brings us out to the appointed place. All around are rice-fields. Rice, or paddy as it is termed when growing, is cultivated in a manner peculiarly its own. It must have abundance of water, and a paddy-field, in consequence, is a regular swamp. The crop is cut in January, by which time the water that, earlier, had stood two feet deep over the fields, has begun to dry up. The psychological moment for paper-chasers is when, the water having disappeared, the ground is still soft from its effects. Later on, the sun bakes the mud in a paddy-field as hard as bricks.

The surrounding country has a beauty of its own. The bare fields, low lying to hold the water, are surrounded on all sides by heavily wooded strips of higher ground, and, as far as the eye can reach, stretches vista upon vista of green forest—green of every shade, from the deepest olive to the palest emerald, merging into yellow and gold. The dry heat of Upper India turns the countryside into sandy desert, but the humidity of Bengal clothes it with vivid verdure.

Paper-chasing in Calcutta is in the hands of a committee which collects a small subscription from supporters of the sport. Members of it take upon themselves the responsibility of preparing the country and making the arrangements. One or two of their number volunteer, in alternation, to build a course, and these, at their convenience, worry out a line which, owing to the state of the ground, too backward in some places, too forward in others, is usually no light task. But having decided where the going is ridable, they set forth with the *mali*, our equivalent for a gardener, and mark out places where, during the next day or two, assisted by a gang of coolies, he must build the jumps. For here they have all to be made, irrigation embankments, &c., being conspicuous by their absence. Inspecting the results of the *mali's* labours, in due course, we find a formidable array of obstacles. For reasons explained afterwards, the first few are placed in a long open stretch, and are usually the easiest. Number one is invariably a hurdle of portentous breadth, slightly bushed with green stuff. With plenty of slope to it, the height is a bare three feet. Number two may be another hurdle, and then we come to a wall. This is constructed of heavy sods built on the principle of a stone dyke in Scotland. The lower three feet is thick and dumped down into a fairly solid mass. On top is another foot of big heavy clods of earth which, though set loose, and not difficult to dislodge, are quite sufficient to turn a horse over if he does not take them the right way. Next is a plain mud wall perhaps four feet six in height, and a bit thin on top, a formidable jump but not impenetrable. Half a mile of line is occupied by these first four jumps, and then we turn sharp off to the left and ride up out of the paddy-field on to the higher ground where the going is grass, distinctly hard, and trees on either hand hide the surrounding country. We are crossing one of those belts of wood that environ the fields. Then we see a little wall in front, eighteen inches in height, and wonder if it is an obstacle specially provided for women and children. But

when close up we find a yawning gulf on the other side. This is the famous drop jump which makes strangers curl up. It is occasioned by a return to the lower level of the paddy-fields. From the top of the wall to the landing is a healthy five feet, and woe betide the horse that takes it without having his legs well under him. Back in the paddy land we find variations of the sod and mud walls. Some have ditches on the landing side, and some on the take-off side, but to these latter there is no guard-rail. The *mali* now strikes off at a tangent, and leads us through a narrow path along which we have to bend in our saddles to avoid being brushed off. Trees press close on either side. Past here we find it uncomfortable to ride at a walk, but the leading flight in a paper-chase gallop through such places, heads down, in single file. In the selection of a course trees cannot well be avoided, for, as already explained, they encircle the paddy land on all sides.

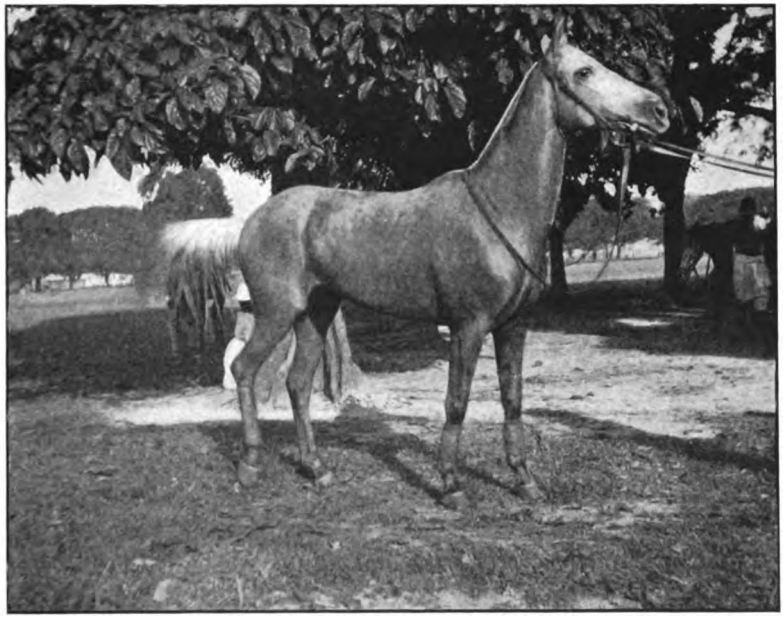
Emerging into the open again we find a natural bund or two bushed on top. Further along an artificial fence of green stuff with a wide ditch beyond, which will be filled with water, and round a corner, a considerable straight with more walls and hurdles. Here the finish takes place after a run of about four miles, over some twenty fences. The *mali* points with pride to a big black erection, the last jump he announces—a good one for the on-looking sahibs and mem-sahibs to see the enthusiastic lepper ride at.

A few minutes before 7.30, on the morning of the paper-chase, the road close by the starting-point presents a busy aspect. Sixty or seventy horses, ready saddled, are waiting. As their owners drive up they quickly mount, for it is none too warm, besides which the starter waits for nobody. Of the people mounted about twenty mean only looking on and they canter away to a point of vantage. The remainder place themselves under the starter's orders. Fifteen minutes ago two of the committee, mounted on perfect jumpers, started off with huge bags of paper to lay the trail. This they do in a continuous line, without check or false scent, as a rule, over the jumps that have been described. The finish is close by and the starter awaits their return before dropping his flag. The field stands ready, a dozen in the first line, twenty or so in the second, and the remainder bunched together behind. Those in front are the thrusting division, all triers—four or five of them ladies. The second line is composed of folks who mean to ride all the way and nip into one of the first six places if

the fortunes of the run give them the chance—without too much risk. Those at the back intend a quiet canter round the course. But the front lot! They make nothing less than a steeple-chase of it!

At last the paper layers appear in sight and the starter shouts: 'Ready all! Go!'

Now is apparent the need of a broad and easy fence to begin with, and a considerable straight in which the big field may sort itself out. The leading flight slip over without delay



and make the running in a cluster. But amongst the next twenty are several refusers, and the spectators have lots of fun for their money ere the whole of the field gets away. As the leaders disappear in the distance, everybody makes for the finishing point, which is close at hand and marked by two tall, red-flagged sticks.

We haven't to wait long—here they come, somebody leading, the rest in twos and threes, streaming round a corner! It's a lady in front, going strong, two men and another lady waiting on her close behind! As they negotiate fence after fence the spectators recognise the riders through the glasses, and excitement runs high. Will Mrs. —— be able to retain her lead? The three behind her are very handy and seem to be

going equally strong. Two fences from home both men are at work on their horses—a lady must win! Number two has steadily reduced the gap dividing her from the leader, and the pair rise at the last wall together. One horse strikes it heavily, but the rider has him firmly by the head and is sitting well back. A clever recovery and a strong challenge result in a close race in. The judge gives it a neck in favour of the lady whose horse did not hit the wall. Three lengths behind the two men ride home locked together, and lengths only separate the remaining two whom the judge officially places. The rest are out of it for this time, and are content to canter in quietly.

It is worth while having a look at the horses as the syces scrape the sweat and mud off them before blanketing up. The leading lot are all thorough-bred, mostly Australian, with a sprinkling of English. Ponies and Arabs have no chance in such company—if you paper-chase in Calcutta you must have shape, make, and blood, or be content to ride in the rear. A made chaser is always worth £100 of anybody's money, whilst a raw one, newly imported, can seldom be bought for less than £60 or £70.

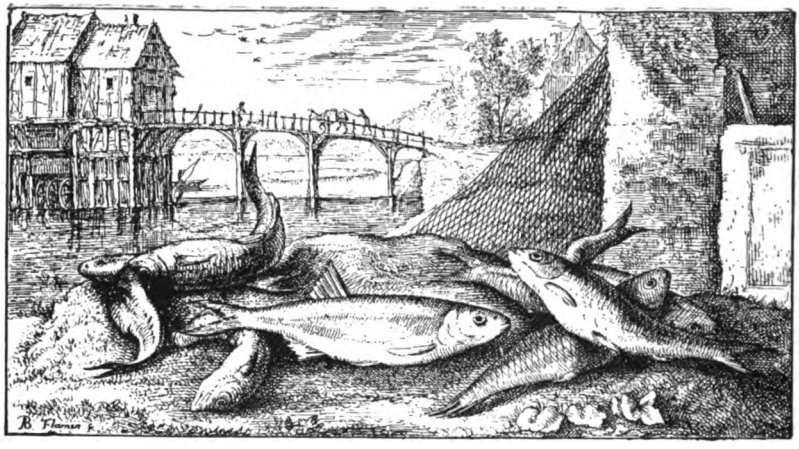
With such a hot pace the reader naturally asks if there is much grief resulting in these paper-chases. On the whole they are wonderfully free from serious disaster, but accidents do occur. The writer happens to have been out only twice in the last three seasons. On the first occasion two horses fell and broke their necks. On the second, a horse slipped up going round a corner and rolled over his rider breaking several of his ribs and, if I recollect aright, an arm as well.

But if the risks are considerable there are possible gains to set against them. At the end of the season the cups are run for. These are open to *bonâ fide* paper-chase horses and owners who have qualified by the stipulated number of appearances. Principal is the Paper-chase Cup, formerly run for at catch weights, latterly altered to catch weights over eleven stone. Next in importance is the Ladies' Cup, the race for which is one of the events of Calcutta society. Then there are a Heavy-weight Cup, a Pony Cup, and usually a Veteran's Cup. To go with the Paper-chase Cup, and be held for a year, is a large and handsome challenge bowl presented to the Hunt by the Rifle Brigade. Still one more and the most coveted of the lot —the Average Cup. As we have seen, six are placed by the judge in a paper-chase. At the end of the season, which commonly runs to ten or twelve chases, the scores are added

up and the rider oftenest placed becomes the proud possessor of the Average Cup. Within the last few years it has been won twice by ladies. To win this cup is a performance of which the best of jocks may well be proud. It is not only a high test of horsemanship but of horsemastership as well, inasmuch as the winner has got his horse fit to begin with and *kept* him on his legs throughout a long and trying series of contests.

The cups are presented to the winners at the end of the season at the Paper-chase dinner. Whilst he was in India our erstwhile Commander-in-Chief, and the hero of Ladysmith, Sir George White, used to preside at these functions to the satisfaction of everybody. Sir George was himself a keen paper-chaser, and deserved better luck than the broken leg he sustained in the last chase in which he took part, when about to vacate the Indian command.

I should like to have been able to give you a sketch of how paper-chasing is conducted in Lucknow, one of the prettiest and most popular stations in India. But this article has already taken up more than a fair share of space, so both Lucknow and Poona must wait for another opportunity.



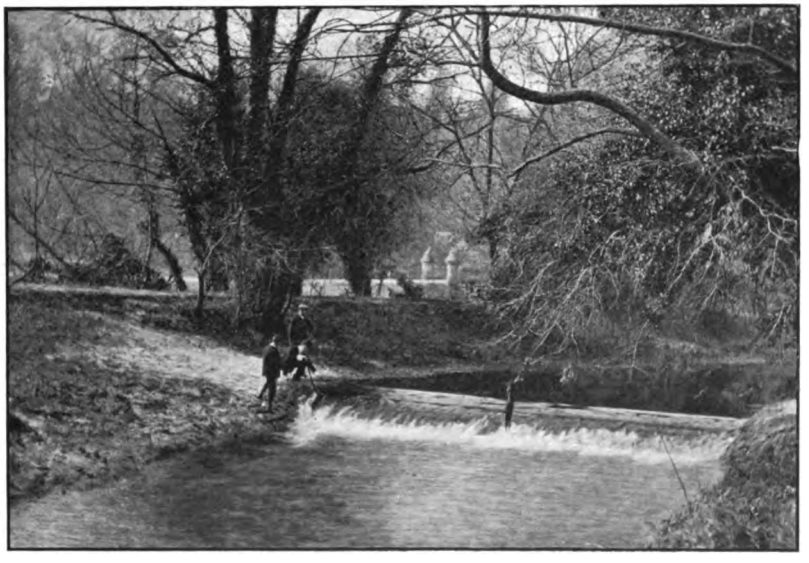
AN EARLY MORNING FISHING

BY VALLON HARDIE

He who has never fished before sunrise on a summer morning has something to learn of one of the greatest of the angler's joys. But in a way he is to be envied, as he has yet to taste of its pleasures for the first time, to indulge in a new experience with all the charm of novelty fresh upon it; that he will be charmed and amply repaid for the hours stolen from slumber I can warrant. I will ask the lie-abed to let me rouse him at cockcrow one fine morning, and together we shall saunter down to the banks of a favourite south country river, there to meet our friend Mr. Roach at breakfast, that being the time when we may depend on finding him 'at home' to visitors. Later on, in the heat of the day, he will have to be coaxed and cajoled into accepting even the tiniest morsel of bait, be it ever so dainty, but at this hour he is filling his larder to last him through that basking and playing time, when he will sun himself to his heart's content on the shallows far out in mid-stream. Now, he is in no finicking humour, and will not be so suspicious of float and shotted line, nor will he be so chary of approaching the bank untrodden as yet by passers-by. True, he will never altogether belie his character for canniness, and will not infrequently succeed in craftily annexing your paste without giving any sign of his presence; but a few successes

like this only tend to make him bolder, and every now and again the fast-vanishing float will tell of a determined bite, the pull at the stiff rod-top making a musical 'chung' as he discovers his mistake and rushes wildly down stream. But I anticipate: we have not yet got to the waterside.

We are on the way there, stepping briskly along, the cool sweet invigorating air untouched as yet by the ardent king whom we see heralded by those rosy gold-crossed banners sent before him in the eastern sky. We want to steal a march on



THE MILLSTREAM, ARUNDEL

him ere he begins to mount the heavens to assume his despot throne; every moment is precious, so we hasten along, not so quickly, however, as to lose sight of the beauties which surround us. How lovely everything is, as with the charm and purity of innocence, in this early childhood of day! In these hours we find Nature fresh from her beauty-sleep, rejuvenated once more by the ever-restoring repose of the night; indeed, it would seem that she has not yet quite awakened, few birds are to be heard, and many of the flowers still have their petals closed.

The bell of the old ivy-clad parish church chimes four as we cross the stile and get on to the thickly shaded path that leads to the river. It winds alongside a tributary stream in

whose clear depths may be discerned shoals of dace and an odd trout or two darting off at our approach.

But we are not heeding these this morning—everything at its right time; very possibly we shall have something to say to them in the cool of the evening, through the introductory media of some seductive red and black palmers; did they not lure a brace of those bonnie trout and a baker's dozen of dace into our basket last night?

Besides, we have a long summer's day before us, and have no desire to fag ourselves too early by wielding the 'fly-pole' —as an old Sussex water-bailiff always persists in terming it— our confessed purpose is some quiet easy fishing well suited to the languorous day we are beginning, and what better for this object than a few hours with the roach, for which our river is famous? It being tidal, we had hoped to have started operations by four, the hour of high water this morning; but we have not far to go. Just through that mead, all glorious with giant king-cups many of their goblets of burnished gold shining up through the tidal overflow; just over another stile and we shall be on our swim. We are in very nice time after all, the tide is just on the turn to run down, and very quickly we get our rods ready. Everything is in order: we took good care of that last night so that no valuable morning moments might be lost. We have even got our floats fixed at the right depth, the lines are ready greased so as to lie on the water, the bait well kneaded and mixed, nothing is left to be done at the waterside.

This is as it should be, and we are ready to begin fishing without any of that feverish fumbling born of anxiety to be 'at it'—a thing so often suffered by the unready angler.

The swim is an ideal one at high water, under a shelving bank flanked at its base by a clump of tall weeds. Along that bank of vegetation the roach are generally to be found at this state of the tide, and the closer we drop our hooks to the swaying weeds the more chance is there of a response.

Bread paste slightly sweetened is our bait, and that it is to the liking of the roach is evidenced by the bites we are having already. In our eagerness we have missed the first few, but no matter; as I have said before, this is not to be deprecated, for it will encourage our quarry to bolder tactics. We are 'tight-corking,' that most suitable of methods for rapid water, and as the tide is now running down at a rare bat we fully appreciate its ease. Certainly it is admirably adapted for anglers who

require pleasure rather than work, providing as it does the very *dolce far niente* of fishing. What can be simpler?

There our quills lie with the current, the gut and hook trailing below just off the bottom; we put down our rods ready to hand, that being better than holding them, and seating ourselves comfortably on our camp-stools keep a watchful eye on the 'tell-tale' as it quivers with the stream. But stay! that motion just now was somewhat different, no mere current caused it? There is a side to side movement as of something gently swaying the float outwards from the bank. I cautiously

THE ARUN FROM THE 'BLACK RABBIT'

grasp my rod, the quill shakes again; swift as an arrow it glides away, and raising the rod point firmly but quietly, I feel the resistance of a good fish.

Very often the first proves the best of the day, before the wary old 'aldermen' have been scared by other captures. It looks as if this will be the case this morning, my fish weighing 1½ lbs., which will be hard to beat for some little time. So I think just then; but not so fast! My friend who is at work a little lower down is into something good. It has taken him into mid-stream, and in the strong current is making him put in all he knows with his frail tackle.

We get a glimpse of a fine fish as he struggles on the top; but he soon bores down at sight of us. Here it may be hinted

that, especially when delicate tackle is in use, it is perhaps best not to let any fish see one before he is played tired, it being the sight of the human enemy which lends strength to his resistance and wildness to his rushes.

After much careful coaxing we get him alongside, another moment and the net is slipped between him and escape.

I should not have spoken too soon; this one beats my fish by three ounces. We have taken care to play and land our fish as far away as possible from the swim—a most desirable precaution—so by the time we again settle down the shoal is on in rare style. They are very impartial in their attentions, my friend and I alternating the luck with great regularity. After we have grassed a nice half-dozen each, we take a rest and a look around to admire the picture: we were in such eagerness to begin our fishing that the scenic beauties were escaping us. It is now past five and the sun has topped those low-downs in the east there, his disc slowly growing from segment to half circle. Up he comes in a blaze of glory, causing the mists that are still haunting the river and meadows to flee like wraiths of evil before his conquering advance. The last lingering elfin wisp vanishes to her retreat, or it may be that she is quite disintegrated and will only take shape again when the Spirit of Night calls her to resurrection.

The lark—a songster which, contrary to general belief, is not an early riser—and other birds are now in full song the rooks in yonder elms chanting a hoarse chorus, and the industrious bee humming off for his long labour, all tell that day has indeed begun. The searching sunlight discovers new beauties hitherto lost to us, and the air is already beginning to breathe warm. Not yet, however, has it caught too much of the sun, in fact it is just perfection.

Would that it could be always like this, we muse, as we contentedly drink in the charms all around us; pity it is to reflect that in a few short hours all nature will be stale and stricken in the sweltering heat. Yesterday was a 'blazer,' and everything points to another to-day, so we must do our best until eight o'clock, before we are too overcome and fagged to walk home to breakfast.

So we look to our rods and find that the hooks require re-baiting. During our meditations Mr. Leuciscus Rutilus—to give him his more impressive name—has not been idle. However, we do not grudge him what little he has stolen, and even offer more of our interested hospitality after the style of those

who would be 'fishers of men.' 'I am looking *this* time my friend,' I remark, as in response to a decided bite I strike into him quick and sure.

He had got venturesome during our brief armistice, and is now paying for his temerity in making what he thought a safe sortie on the commissariat department.

My companion, too, is busy, in the best possible sense. I can see by the gratified beam on his face as he contentedly puffs his wreaths and rings of smoke that he is enjoying to the

ANGLERS FROM LONDON

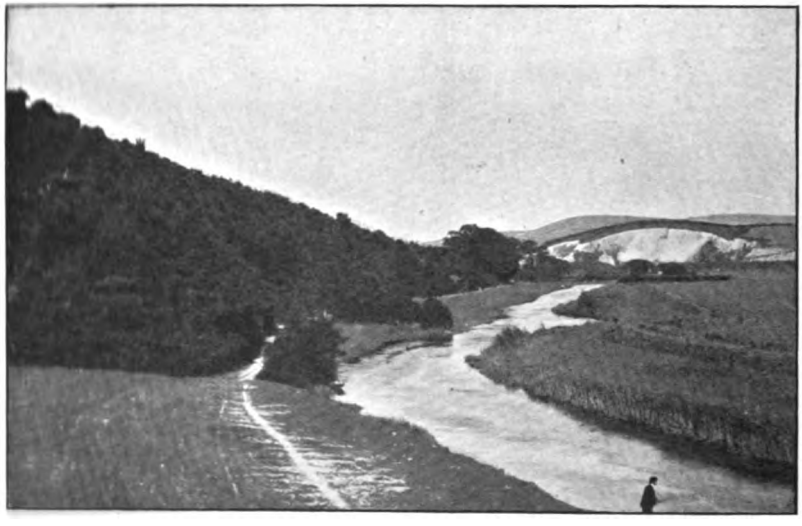
full this his first early morning outing, and that it will not be the last time he will sacrifice an hour or two of overnight billiards for the sake of such another. How much better than burning the candle at the other end of the day, or than lying abed in a room ever so airy! Time enough for that in the long winter nights to come.

Prone to the reminiscent, I call to mind that it was at this very spot while fishing with a friend one day last summer that we had an experience with something bigger than a roach. My friend some little distance away called to me that there was a big 'pike' swimming about the keepnet which we had suspended in the water with our captured roach—he had seen the fish several times.

On its next appearance he whistled to me, and stealing along the bank, true enough there in a side shallow I saw a large fish nosing about the net after the manner of a cat around a caged bird—'so near and yet so far.' Never was there a creature more full of hope and hunger.

I perceived at once that it was no pike at all, but a bass, these fish coming up from the sea to feed on the roach and dace, and are often angled for with those baits.

He was a good specimen of 12 lbs. or so; of course our natural angling impulse was to try for him, but how?



ABOVE ARUNDEL

Neither of us had any tackle suitable, nothing stronger and bigger than medium gut and No. 7 Redditch hooks. Not to be daunted, my friend managed to find a big 'Jock Scott' in his tackle case, the identical fly which had killed a noble salmon in the Awe some weeks before. Ruthlessly depriving the proud and gorgeous Jock of his fine feathers by whittling them away with his knife and advising me to make my best line ready for his reception he got out one of our roach for livebait. As luck would have it there was nothing under a pound—a tidy mouthful even for a ravenous bass.

Mounting it on the dismantled 'Jock' as best we could, I cast well out in midstream, where it floundered about to the best of its ability. Was ever a Jock Scott, king of salmon flies as he is, and one who had done his duty, ever more ignobly treated?

To come down to mere livebaiting, and of such a primitive kind! But we never thought of that, what fisherman would? We had not long to wait, for with a startling rush, making the water boil up like a geyser, the bass was 'at it' and soon bolting down stream like one possessed. I struck, but whether too early or late is doubtful. What is certain is that the hook came as clean away as our visitor got with his *bonne bouche*. Most probably the bait was too cumbrous to cling properly to the hook, at any rate Monsieur le Bass scored 'one' to our 'love.' Of course we did not see him again: one never does after such mishaps. It is just possible that our eighteen-ounce roach sufficed for his luncheon, with the aid of a few little extra kickshaws in the shape of a quart or two of small fry and dace.

But returning to our roach-fishing. Now as the tide falls the fish begin to be more cautious in the shallower water, so we have to resort to other methods. It is not deep enough to fish with suspended tackle, so we will try on the bottom.

Putting on a few more shot, and squeezing a lump of groundbait about ten or twelve inches from the hook, we cast gently into the two feet of water which remain.

It is a device which seldom fails even in water of the shallowest; nor does it on this occasion, as after a miss or two through not perceiving the groundbites, my friend gets the fish of the morning, a fine fellow exceeding our previous best by two ounces. It is well that it has fallen to him, encouraging him as it must, to turn out another time and share with me once more the pleasures of an early morning fishing.

HOW I WON THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP FOR PEATSHIRE

BY J. B. HODGE

ONLY once in my life have I taken part in first-class cricket, and even that once was more often than my merits as a cricketer deserved; yet I may justly claim to have left my mark on the history of the game. Cricketing enthusiasts may be ignorant even of my existence; for I never owned an average, and, at best, appeared only in the humble form, 'batted in one match only,' 'bowled in one innings only'; still, all that does not alter the fact that, with a single ball, I decided the County Championship of a certain year, and transferred it from Loamshire to Peatshire.

Pray do not make any mistake about it: I have no connection with either county, beyond having, on that one occasion, played against Loamshire. It was Clodshire that had the honour of being my native county, and it was for Clodshire that I played, and Clodshire though it does, indeed, rank as a first-class county, is better known for having record scores and record bowling performances made against it, than for any other reason.

Clodshire, in the year when I played for it, was at its very lowest ebb. It was the last year of Waller's captaincy, and it is generally supposed that Waller's captaincy was mainly responsible for the ruin of Clodshire cricket. He certainly was the very worst captain with whom Providence ever cursed an unhappy side; yet, so popular was he with all who knew him, and so potent was the memory of his famous innings against

the Players at Lord's, that I believe that, but for an opportune accident in the hunting-field, which laid him up for a season and enabled the county to realise how much better they got on without him, he would still be selecting Clodshire teams on his own peculiar principles and engineering their defeats with his own almost unfailing regularity.

But it is not my place to blame him, for it was his idiosyncrasies which gave me my one chance as a county cricketer; and though neither my profession nor my skill at the game was of a nature to justify my permanent absorption into first-class cricket, I did not, as I have said, let that one chance altogether slip. The season before, I happened to be playing against Waller in a one-day match, and being put on to bowl as a last resource, I had the good luck to bowl him out. Now, to bowl him out earned an undying reputation with Waller; for he was not one of those people who, on their return to the Pavilion, cannot imagine what possessed them to get out to such a ball: he was never bowled, if we are to take his own word for it, except by a 'ball no batsman could have been trusted to play,' or '*the* very best ball which ever travelled the length of a cricket-pitch.' My ball was lucky enough to reach the latter and higher standard in Waller's eyes: though, to an ordinary observer, its only merit was its straightness—freedom from guile, however commendable in a man, not being a desirable quality in bowling—and bore a strange resemblance to a half-volley on the leg-stump.

'By George, sir,' Waller said to me, at the close of the innings, 'that was the best ball I was ever asked to play in my life—and I've played the best professional bowling of the day, and played it for pretty long at a stretch too, sometimes. I'd sooner be bowled by a ball like that than make a century against ordinary bowling.' I'm afraid, he was here not speaking the exact truth. 'How is it I've never heard of you before? You play for your county, of course?'

I had to confess that I had never had that honour.

'Well, then, all I can say is your county captain doesn't know where to look for talent. Which is your county, may I ask?'

With a slight smile, I explained that I was, by birth, a Clodshire man, though I supposed I had a residential qualification for Middlesex, if that county had ever cared to take advantage of the fact.

'Clodshire!' cried Waller, 'you don't say so? I must make a note of that. Give me your address, please, and don't

let Middlesex snap you up, because I want to play you. I don't like residential qualifications, myself: they're so terribly liable to abuse.'

I felt I lost nothing by promising not to play for Middlesex; but my head was not in the least turned by his extravagant praise, knowing as I did that the ball he so loudly extolled had been a half-volley without any pretence at a break. I built no hopes on Waller's announcement of his intention to play me: I knew him by reputation, and felt sure that his obstinacy in adhering to every opinion he had ever expressed would prevent him from leaving any of the Clodshire eleven out to make room for a new man. So I promptly put the incident out of my head, and was considerably surprised, about a twelvemonth later, when Waller telegraphed to me, on a Friday towards the end of August, asking me to play against Loamshire on the following Monday. I accepted at once, though with some misgivings, for he was playing me as a bowler, and I knew I couldn't bowl; but it was a chance which was never likely to come my way again and, as Loamshire was certain to beat Clodshire, anyhow, it wouldn't make any difference whether I played or excused myself.

For, that season, Loamshire and Peatshire stood head and shoulders above all other county teams, and their comparative merits were the favourite battle-ground of all the cricketers in England. Personally, I considered Loamshire the better eleven, and they were just proving themselves so to most people's satisfaction. For the day when I received Waller's telegram was the second day of the return match between the two crack counties. Peatshire had won the first match by eleven runs, early in the summer; except for that, Loamshire had not been beaten in the course of the season and Peatshire had not been beaten at all; but the latter had drawn one more match than Loamshire, so if the Loamshire team won the return, they would have slightly the better record. And they did win the return, after a match which all the spectators proclaimed the finest exhibition of cricket ever seen. Batting, bowling, and fielding had all been super-excellent, but Loamshire always had a bit in hand, and won comfortably by nearly a hundred runs.

Each county had one more match to play, Loamshire against Clodshire, the undisputed holders of the wooden spoon, and Peatshire against a fairly strong county which, however, they were pretty sure of beating.

So on the Monday morning I found myself in the Pavilion of the Clodshire county ground, prepared to take my share of a beating with as good a grace as possible. I was a little shy at finding myself among a company of absolute strangers and was proportionately relieved to recognise Knollys amongst them: for it was I who had given Knollys his school colours at Dulvedon, eight years before; and though he was now wearing a Harlequin cap and the sash of an Oxford blue, he could hardly have forgotten the circumstance; even if he had, my old Dulvedonian blazer would have refreshed his memory. As it happened, he knew me at once and hailed me effusively, remarking on the curious coincidence that we should both be playing as emergencies. If anything could have increased my sense of the excellence of the Loamshire team, it was this information; for if the crack 'Varsity bat of the year was only played as a stop-gap, what must the rest of the eleven be like?

'Whose place are you taking, then?' I asked, wondering whether I should prefer that Reynolds, the only bowler who had ever taken three hundred first-class wickets in a season, or Kilve, who had made almost as many runs in a county match the week before, would be absent from the ranks of our opponents.

'Only Skrine's,' he replied, 'and, without gassing, I don't think we lose by it. I shall probably make more runs; we don't want him as a change with Reynolds, Helps, Burkin, and Slade; and, as for fielding, if I didn't think I could field as well as Skrine, I should be ashamed to show my face on a cricket-field. But you've a bigger part to fill: you're playing instead of Goulding, who's ricked his back.'

Goulding was about the best man in the Clodshire team; indeed, as an all-round player he had few superiors in England.

'Knollys, old chap,' I groaned, in abject despair, 'you'll see me decently buried, won't you?'

'It is a bit thick,' he admitted; 'and when Waller was gassing just now about the new bowler he'd unearthed, although he mentioned your name, I never for one moment imagined it could have been you.'

I felt he was a little ungenerous, and even said so.

'My dear chap,' was his reply, 'I never flatter. I honestly believe you're capable of scoring fifteen or twenty off Reynolds, and if you do that, you'll do more than most of your chaps will do; but to pretend that you would ever get Kilve out, if

you bowled at him from now to Christmas, would be simply fulsome flattery ; and you know that as well as I do.'

I did ; but that didn't make it any pleasanter to hear it put into words. I cast my eyes around me : there, in front of the Pavilion, stood Kilve, Reynolds, and Helps—three players of world-wide reputation—beaming with happy self-confidence, like 'Varsity oars at a water-picnic, and with about as soft a job on hand. Verity, the Loamshire captain, had just lost the toss to Waller, without the least indication of annoyance : we all knew what thought was passing through his mind, and Waller translated it into words.

'Better we should have first knock, old fellow ; you see, if you went in first your bowlers might get tired during the follow-on.'

The Loamshire captain was too truthful even to attempt to deny the implication that he expected us to be more than a hundred and twenty runs behind on the first innings—and the game began.

'About two hundred' was the total experienced critics prophesied for Clodshire's first innings ; and, on such a perfect wicket, we should, indeed, have been ashamed of ourselves if we had got out for less, even though Reynolds had bowled as no other man in England could bowl, which he not infrequently did. As it happened, that day he didn't : it was an off-day with him ; and, owing to that and to a certain slackness in the visitors' fielding, we scored about fifty runs more than we expected. Not that they fielded badly ; they stopped everything that came to them, held every catch, and never fumbled the ball ; but they didn't excite themselves. If a ball was going to the boundary, and a fieldsman might have saved it by an extra effort, at the risk of breaking a blood-vessel, he spared the blood-vessel and let us score the runs. My share was twelve, not out, being sent in tenth. I thought Reynolds bowled very poor stuff, considering who he was, but it took me all my time to play Helps and Burkin, though neither, according to Knollys, was at his best. We were all out by five o'clock, and then Loamshire went in, as everybody expected, to double our score.

But on this occasion it didn't come off ; why, I cannot exactly say. The light was a little to blame : our bowling was fairly straight and well-pitched ; but neither of these circumstances would have helped so much, if the batsmen hadn't taken risks they would never have dreamt of running if they

had felt any doubt as to the ultimate issue of the match. Kilve jumped out to hit before he got his eye in, and was ignominiously bowled. Morton, the next best bat in the team, tried a new stroke he had only just invented to a ball which didn't suit it, and was easily caught at the wicket, and Warrender played on. With these wickets down for fifteen runs, Helps, who had already made a name as one of the fastest scorers in England, thought it was a crisis which demanded steady play, and tried to wear down the bowling. A sorrier exhibition I never wish to see. Helps couldn't play steadily, and I don't think he ever repeated that attempt to do so. Naturally he didn't stay very long. Another wicket fell after some rather livelier cricket, and when stumps were drawn half the side was out for sixty-four.

Surprise followed surprise that day. I expected to see Verity a little out of temper when we returned to the Pavilion, instead of which he was as chirpy as a cock sparrow. He had a telegram in his hand, and called out cheerfully to our captain: 'You can hammer us as badly as you like. Peatshire are all out for seventy-five.' Not that I suppose he even yet thought Clodshire could prove too many for him; but if the Championship was safe, he didn't care much about anything else.

But if his team could only have bowed their pride to following their innings against the despised Clodshire eleven, I believe the match would have had a different result. Our bowlers were few, and our changes poor—recollect that I was one of them—and if they had followed on they could probably have scored as many hundreds as they chose to make, whereas, when it came to having to make a definite number—but I will not anticipate.

There was some very fair batting by the Loamshire tail on the Tuesday morning, Knollys, who had been left not out over night, contributing a very stylish fifty, and they just saved the follow-on. Then they set to work to retrieve the game, and showed us how cricket ought to be played. Reynolds bowled magnificently, and the whole field worked like horses, until five wickets had fallen; but this brought Chaloner and Pettigrew together, and the latter began what was probably the worst innings which ever lasted for three hours. How he stayed in no one on the ground could understand, for it was quite clear that he never had the least notion what he was going to do with the ball, or what the ball might be going to do with the wicket. I cannot explain his performance, except on the

theory that the ball was alive and had made up its mind that he should not get out. One time it just missed the leg-stump; another, it just broke out past his off-stump; now it just popped over the bails; then it soared into the air, off the edge of his bat, to fall only six inches clear of the finger-tips of a scurrying square-leg. So it went on, until every man in the Loamshire team had been within a foot of catching Pettigrew, and every Loamshire bowler had been within a quarter of an inch of bowling him; but still he stayed in and still the score rose. What was best for us and worst for Loamshire was that the field seemed to draw the erroneous deduction that if such bad batting as Pettigrew's could make runs, bad fielding might possibly save them; at any rate, they went entirely to pieces. At last, Chaloner, who had batted in decent form, though with more than his share of luck, played on, and a couple of catches were held out of eight or nine which were offered. This brought me to the wickets, and, though I do not want to gas, I believe I played the best cricket of the innings, against tired bowlers and a demoralised field. Pettigrew's marvellous luck lasted till he completed his century, but directly afterwards a straight long-hop proved too much for him. The last wicket put on forty runs before I was bowled by a very pretty leg-break from Slade. My contribution was 33, and our total 265, leaving Loamshire 384 to get to win.

Verity was none too happy when he re-entered the Pavilion, but the telegram he found waiting for him drew an oath of exceptional vigour from his lips. We needed no explanation: every one understood that the fortunes of the Peatshire match had changed materially in the course of the day, and that the morrow's cricket—it was then close on the hour of drawing stumps—would decide the destination of the county championship.

That third day's play was, indeed, a battle of giants. Poor as the Clodshire team was, it made a desperate struggle to redeem its season of defeats by this single victory, while Loamshire fought its hardest to retain the supremacy over Peatshire which it had had such difficulty in securing.

The batting was superb, but the total required was large, and the wicket was beginning to crumble; luck, too, was cruelly against Loamshire, Kilve being bowled off his pads before he was set, and Morton umpired out from a very problematical catch at the wicket. Warrender and Knollys then treated us to a beautiful exhibition of hitting, and when the former was bowled, just before luncheon, the score was 150 for 3.

In the interval came a wire to announce that Peatshire had won their last match all right, despite their inglorious start; so Loamshire had to win to be champions, or draw to tie for the championship. There were three hours and a quarter to play, and, looking at the badness of our bowling, I feel assured they could have stayed in twice as long if they could have let run-getting alone; but they didn't; they hoped to knock off the runs, though they had to score at the rate of nearly eighty an hour. So Knollys ran himself out and Verity skied a ball to long-on before he reached double figures. Then Helps came in and began what, good cricketer as he is, I should say was the finest innings he ever played—certainly the finest I ever saw played. He simply played tip-and-run with our bowling. Waller tried all his usual changes, and each trundler looked more foolish than the others. But the other bats couldn't live the pace, and, one after another, they were got rid of. Six for 244, seven for 279, eight for 302; so the wickets fell. But when Burkin came in, with just an hour left for play, the game turned against us. Burkin was an ugly but an effective bat, and Helps, by this time, could score as he liked off anything we could roll up against him. The Loamshire score rose briskly and steadily to 374, at which point Waller suddenly recollected why he was playing me. I had been blessing our captain's peculiar system all the day. It was eminently characteristic of him to play a new hand as a bowler and never put him on, even when every other trundler in the team had subsided into an alternation of full-tosses and long-hops; but it was only that which had kept me from showing how unworthy I was of my place, and when Waller tossed me the ball, I felt I was going to make an egregious ass of myself.

As it was the only over I ever bowled, or am likely to bowl, in a first-class match, I may be excused if I am a little particular in my account of it.

I stepped up to the crease in a most deadly funk; for, in the style in which Helps was going—and he was at the end to which my futile efforts were to be directed—he was perfectly capable of winning the match off the first three balls of my over. However, he didn't; the first and second were two of the best I ever bowled, and he contented himself with playing them back to me. The third was not quite so good; the batsman's keen eye detected the difference, and the leather thudded against the scoring-box, almost before I knew I had bowled. I felt this was the beginning of the end; I gritted my teeth and

bent every scrap of energy I possessed to the delivery of a ball that should be too good to hit, so much so that I quite forgot to give a thought to foothold or balance, and, as I came up to the bowling-crease, I stumbled and almost fell, the ball slipping out of my hand and going anywhere or nowhere ; to be precise, I believe it pitched about mid-way between the wickets. Whether it was such a supremely bad ball that a first-class bat could form no idea of the proper way to play it, or some supernatural influence took over the guidance of my projectile and steered it round the bat, I could not see and did not like to ask. All I know is, that as I recovered my balance, with a stifled curse, I heard a roar of exultation run round the ground as a bail flitted up into the air behind one of the finest batsmen in England, on a day when he was playing his best. The rapture of that moment was indescribable ; and when the rest of the team made a simultaneous rush at me, thumping the breath out of my body and wringing my right arm out of its socket, I forgot that my effect had been produced by a ball no self-respecting bowler would have fathered.

The last man, Reynolds, came in as white as a sheet and as steady as sunbeams upon water. One straight ball would have settled him, but, unluckily, the last ball of my memorable over was anything but straight. However, it made very little difference, as Burkin put the third ball of the next over up into the slips, and I 'gathered' the catch, which, to be truthful, a cow could have held with its tail.

Loamshire had lost the county championship by five runs, and Clodshire had won a match at last.

'Cruel, rough luck!' commented Knollys. I will not reproduce Verity's remarks ; but, now I come to consider the matter dispassionately, it *was* cruel, rough luck.

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THE FERRY.

UNIV. OF MICH.

STAG-HUNTING WITH THE 'DEVON AND SOMERSET'

BY W. G. FITZGERALD

IMPROVEMENT in the type of horse ridden by the visitors who flock to Exmoor in the late summer and autumn makes the front rank fuller each year, and where the going is good it is hard for the Master to keep sufficient room for his pack in which to hunt the foil of their nimble quarry, and to puzzle out his many twists and turns on the sun-baked heather. The meet of the Devon and Somerset is a stirring sight. There are many Masters of Foxhounds present, free as yet from the cares of cub-hunting, and you may rely upon a sprinkling of American visitors, not to mention tourists from Lynton or Lynmouth, and Minehead, with a suspicion of keen foreigners; but then every one is keen who follows the Devon and Somerset. A few years ago a newly married barrister and his pretty bride broke a leg each in a carriage accident, and a little later were seen attending the meet on wheels, all strapped and splinted. Last season a pair of invalid troopers in uniform

and cowboy hats were prominent on the little rounded hill-top between Dunkery and the fertile vale of Holnicote, eager as the rest for a right good forest stag.

I propose in this article to deal with a few remarkable episodes in the runs with the Devon and Somerset, and I will begin with the extraordinary thunderstorm that overtook the Hunt in August 1898, on that rugged side of Dunkery known as the graveyard. First was seen an inky-black cloud, and then a vivid blinding flash sped straight to earth, apparently close in front of the racing pack. Horses bolted and bucked,

how it was that nothing serious happened to that rushing mass of some two hundred riders, galloping straight beneath the cloud, was quite amazing, particularly when cases of stricken cattle on the hills are so common.

Naturally, each year has its 'run of the season,' and, except in times of prolonged drought, at least half a dozen memorable chases can be counted upon during the all too short ten weeks of stag-hunting. From time to time certain deer become known by some peculiarity of shape or colour, and yet, in spite of this disadvantage, still contrive to elude the huntman's knife, and reach a ripe old age. For example, there was the great 'nott' stag of Dunkery; the switch-horned stag of Haddon, who shed his malformed horn and died at

Couple Ham, fighting with two normal horns and doing his best to injure such horses as came within his reach. Then there was the great one-horned stag of Cothelstone, who charged among the field at Kingston St. Mary, and last season there flourished at Dunkery a one-horned veteran with at least four points atop of his single beam, who travelled a special line of country all his own.

On Friday, October 25, 1893, the last day of the legitimate season, the Hunt had a magnificent day's sport on the Quantocks. Barber's harbouring operations had been entirely

successful, thanks to the state of the ground, and high up in Cockercombe he had detected the presence of two stags, one an exceptionally fine specimen. The big stag was presently driven from his stronghold towards Seven Wells. Away from Hareknaps he went, increasing his distance at every stride, but passing close before his two deadliest enemies, Colonel Hornby and Anthony Huxtable, who has been in the service of the Hunt for twenty-five years, and has known five masters. After a check or two the hounds were soon flying again as fast as they could pick their way over the stubbly furze towards St. Audries. Blown though he was, the gallant beast had leaped the high deer fence and entered the park, where the leading hounds were soon pressing him. Jumping the chain fence of the churchyard, the big stag next made his way to the house

and entered the front conservatory. Here, amidst a crash of flower-pots and ornamental plants he was borne to the ground and secured, Sir Elliot Lees, the then Conservative candidate for Taunton, being one of the first to lay hands on him—a dangerous task in that small space. The head was the finest ever killed in the West country, numbering four on one top and four and an offer on the other. Some of the measurements were worthy of record. Round outer curve of inner horn 36 inches; width across at the fork 30¼ inches from inside to outside; perpendicular height 29 inches; outer curve of brows

14 inches. This head, mounted originally with the hair on, graces the hall at St. Audries, the seat of Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, and is said to be the largest wild trophy ever secured in the British Islands. Other heads run it pretty close, notably one killed near Stoodleigh by the Tiverton stag-hounds, but for sheer weight of beam the St. Audries head will probably never be surpassed. This stag, notwithstanding his massive proportions, showed no fight whatever when run to bay.

At Cloutsham, in 1894, Mr. Evered learned some interesting details as to the age of the first of the two Court Wood stags killed at Larcombe Foot. It appeared that no fewer than seventeen years previously the deer had been taken alive when

less than two years old, and was slightly injured by the hounds. It was turned out again some time afterwards, when fully recovered. From that time onwards he appears to have kept himself practically invisible, but he had been marked on the ears by Mr. Bawden, of Hawkridge. The injuries received in his early days probably account for the remarkable small weight of this stag—only seven score.

On Monday, August 27, 1894, drawing with the pack was tried for a heavy stag that had been harboured by himself in Hollacombe Wood. In three minutes the wood was made too hot to hold him, and he raced away for Lillycombe, where

two other stags got up. As the stragglers rose from the head springs of Hoccombe Water, there were four or five deer before them, but the stag was not there, having played the old, old trick of changing with great success ; and presently he was viewed stealing back towards Trout Hill, and laid up in the smallest of the deer park plantations. Captain Curzon and Mr. C. H. Glass set to work to cut him out, and at 4 o'clock seventeen was the number of the field all told out of the 350 or so that started gaily from Hollocombe Wood that morning. A boundary sheep fence—four feet of stone ditching and two stout wires on top—necessitated a long *détour*, and the hounds had to be stopped for nearly twenty minutes. Presently it became plain that the stag had been jumping gates, high as they are in this country. His slot was seen in the black mud, and soon Sidney Tucker, the whipper-in, was busy with

only three hounds. A few turns up and down the water quickly finished the stag, a real forest king, with a royal head of twelve perfect points, the velvet clean gone. He was the eleventh of the season: time, seven and a quarter hours. A lemon-coloured hound named 'Sovereign' seized this stag by the flank and never let go his hold, though carried some distance in the air.

An interesting run of about an hour was enjoyed by the multitude assembled on Cloutsham Ball on August 7, 1895, the stag in his doubles leading hounds and field to and fro in sight of the farm, vastly interesting the foot and carriage folk. It was a pretty sight towards the end, when the hunted stag was forced from his shelter by the hounds, every one on his line. One of them tried to cut him off, but the big antlers were quickly lowered, and the hound rolled over yelping in the heath. Lord Ebrington viewed the stag for a moment, and a little later the master's horn rang out. The quarry struggled gamely up Badgworthy Water for a few minutes, and then turned savagely to bay, but he was quickly seized by the off antler and soon all was over. The scene of the take was only about a hundred yards above the spot where his Majesty the King, when Prince of Wales, despatched his first Exmoor stag.

About two years ago, on the Saturday after Barnstaple Fair, a memorable stag led the field to Castle Hill and Umberleigh, on the River Taw, to such purpose that some of the followers lay out all that night.

On Thursday, September 14, 1899, the Hawkridge men struck a huge stag, and never did they have to ride so fast and far, or with such judgment, as in this, the greatest run of recent years, when a real forest king led his pursuers over the cream of Exmoor, right against a cool north wind. About a hundred saw the first part of this memorable run, but fewer than twenty saw the finish. This stag had a weakness for running the line of the forest streams, and the field had many a view of him striding on before his foes, with head high and neck set straight, mile after mile, avoiding steep ascents, and leading direct from point to point, with only two tiny coverts touched on the way. A run up Summerhouse Cliff brought the stag to Waters Meet and Desolation, and so on up the sea-front cliffs.

This season was dangerous for hounds, and one paid the penalty by falling with the stag over the cliff at Glenthorne.

Both were found dead together, killed instantly by the fall. The stag first tried the back door of the house, and, baffled here, went straight over the cliff with a rush.

Of course, most of the field do their day's hunting on one horse, and interesting comparisons are often made between the amount of work a horse can do if he spends his life among the hills and combes of Exmoor, or carries his master to fox-hounds in the Shires. It may be taken for granted that in a flying country, or still more certainly in one of big banks, the perpetual landing is far more trying to fore legs and tendons than

the galloping chase of Exmoor. Thus, though hours are longer, and distances galloped longer also, horses last a greater time. For the hot trying days of August old horses are much better than young ones. Another curious fact is that the stags seem instinctively to know that they are in season, and that the harbourer is abroad.

A curious thing is the noiseless tread of even a weary stag, galloping with failing stride down the hard high road. The most audible thing about him is his laboured breath ; but his horns are apt to make a curious rattling sound as they rush through a dense oak coppice. On the other hand, a stag will sometimes pass almost noiselessly through the densest growth, with his horns laid back on his shoulders, and his muzzle straight before him. A goodly stag in Kersham Wood, near

Timberscombe, a few seasons ago, crouched in his lair until the hounds fairly touched him, and then took a flying leap over an adjoining rock, where he fell and unfortunately damaged himself.

The tufting, which is often the severest part of the huntsman's work, is done for the most part on pony back, a smart little beast of some thirteen hands being the most desirable mount for a nine-stone weight, among the bushy paths and rocky byways.

One of the most appalling spots in the Red Deer Land is

that bordering on the Severn Sea. Along the cliffs from Ashley Combe to Countisbury Foreland there are paths and byways overhanging a rock-bound beach by a giddy drop of some three hundred feet. Sometimes beaten deer betake themselves to these cliffs, and by paths which few can follow make their way down to salt water, afterwards reclimbing the forbidding ramparts and returning to the moor a mile or two lower down. Sometimes the stag will take boldly to salt water and come ashore again after a short swim, only to find himself confronted by the huntsman and his pack.

While any stag with two long points on either top may be run, the harbourer tries to find one with three atop on each horn, as it will then be tolerably certain that the animal is not under seven years old.

A new deer fence erected by Lord Lovelace for the protection of his farms at Culbone has turned away towards the moor many a deer that would otherwise have taken to the sea near Ashley Combe. It is over the serrated ledges of Hurlstone Point, however, that deer from time to time dash into the breaking waves. A certain stag ran to this place from Haddon in October 1888, covering the distance in one hour and fifty minutes from the time of his rising in the fields above the Ladies' Drive at Steart. Striking boldly out to sea he swam round the headland, and was carried by the tide and his

own efforts for some miles towards Minehead. He landed at last, however, and was safely taken. This adventurous stag was subsequently sent to Lord Rothschild, and gave several good runs.

The swimming powers of deer are very great, but at the same time more of them are drowned at sea than is supposed. The mere chill of the water is enough at times to kill a beaten deer, and it has happened more than once that a stag or hind has been seen to drown in still water. Many a deer too, after striking out from the waters of Porlock Bay, is suddenly entrapped in the race of the tideway. Again, swung round and round and hurried through a choppy sea a mile or more away from shore a beaten deer often falls a victim to the

curl and wash of the waves, and steamers passing up or down channel have frequently sighted the floating carcase of a fine beast lost in this way.

The record swim of a Quantock deer from the beach of St. Audries is worthy of record. In a dead calm this stag swam straight out into the smooth waters of the Bristol Channel, the pack following close behind him, in full view of his noble head. Out they went farther and farther from the mud and seaweed, until they faded from sight in the hazy distance. Post haste a horseman galloped into Watchet Town

with the news, and before an hour had passed a boat had gone out in pursuit. In due time the craft returned to the anxious watchers on the rocks, towing the dead stag, and with seven hounds on board; two were drowned, and two others never returned.

Though deer are always faster swimmers than hounds, it sometimes happens that the latter are quick enough to secure their stag before he can swim clear of them; and once out of his depth a stag is easily mastered, as he can no longer use feet or antlers, and if seized by the ear is easily drowned.

As to record heads, 14½ inches seems to be about the limit of size for the curve of brow antlers, and 7½ inches is the record girth of beam between brow and bay antlers.

A noble beast from the Stoodleigh coverts in the autumn of 1897 weighed, when cleaned and dried, no less that 333 lbs., which, reckoned according to the custom of the country, would amount to 16 score 13 lbs., a record for the west country. This stag's horn measured round the outer curve from burr to tip the noble length of 39½ inches. Well-matched pairs of shed horns are in great demand, and are frequently worth a banknote to their lucky finders. It may not be generally known that a considerable amount of 'furniture' is made in the west country from trophies of this kind, such as

fantastic arm-chairs, and seats for verandah or entrance hall; while the tanned hides of hinds, cured without the fleck, yield excellent coverings for dining-room chairs. Again, the softer skins used inside out make the best hunting waistcoats. The slots of young deer form handsome handles for presentation cutlery if taken off at the knee instead of at the fetlock joint.

Stories of the pugnacity of the Exmoor stags are extremely interesting. Of course, they vary in their readiness to fight the hounds, and also among themselves some are more combative than others. Great fights take place in October, and it is wonderful that more fatalities do not occur. Indeed few years pass without one or two stags or male deer being picked up dead or dying at the time of the annual 'free fights.' Broken

necks and injured backs are generally more serious than lacerated wounds from the antlers, the graver injuries being caused by the force of the charge. The deer will use both their fore and hind feet very cleverly when in difficulties, and the downward stroke of a cleft fore foot is distinctly to be avoided.

No ordinary fence is high enough, thick enough, or sufficiently close-woven, to prevent the entrance of deer; therefore it is only natural that suffering tenant farmers, whose crops are so severely taxed by these cunning creatures, should receive a joint or two from the master. Often in the murky blackness

of the winter's night a struggling farmer's field is full of munching beasts, whose presence can be heard but not seen. Tarred cord stretched on the hedge; figures fearful and wondrous surmounted by quaint hats; swaying lanterns covered with green and red paper; and strongly smelling deterrents such as pigs' blood—all of these are used to keep the deer away. When gnawing hunger presses, however, such devices are unavailing, and the deer overcome all obstacles.

There can be no doubt that a large herd of hungry deer, numbering several hundreds, maintained in a cultivated country, is a terrible tax on the loyalty and sportsmanlike feeling of an agricultural population.

Of all the queer places that hunted deer have come into the Roadwater Roller Mills was one of the most dangerous and

inconvenient, alike to stag and hounds. Here a Slowley stag gave some anxious moments to his captors, but by good fortune managed to avoid the machinery in motion, and passed on into the stable, where he was secured, after an exciting tussle. Another stag will long be remembered as having made his way into the dining-room of Steart House. The table was laid for dinner, and the stag cleared it at a bound, displacing in his leap only one glass. When secured he was gazing in the glass mirror of a side-board.

The Hunt Committee of the Devon and Somerset has fixed

the minimum subscription for a day's hunting with one horse at half a guinea. Of course, a large sum has to be provided by way of compensation for the nightly ravages of over 500 deer. Then there are harbouring and boats, and the carting and distributing of venison, and various other items in the bill such as do not fall to a master of fox-hounds.

An admirable work on this magnificent sport is 'Stag-hunting on Exmoor,' by Philip Evered, published in London by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and in Exeter by the well-known West Country publisher, Mr. James G. Commin. Not the least remarkable feature of this fascinating work is the series of extraordinarily vivid snapshots taken by Mr. H. M. Lomas, which are among the most successful of their kind ever attempted.

OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS

BY 'THE MAN ON THE COURSE'

IF your readers still have patience with me, I should like to add a few more remarks to those I was making in your May number on the subject of 'wagerers' and their connection with, and relation to, the 'Turf' of to-day. I should like to do this, because it seems to me that race-course wagering (which is all I have at present dealt with, and which is all that very closely concerns the ordinary race-goer) is only a part of the subject, and, perhaps, not the largest part. So one, even though he be only a man on the course, may air his ideas about horse-race wagers and their makers, and say nothing about the 'starting-price merchant' and his many clients; if he does so he runs the risk of being pointedly told that he has only touched the fringe of his subject.

In dealing with the 'starting-price merchant' I confess, at once, that I do not feel myself upon such firm ground as I did when speaking of his *confrère* on the course, for the reason that I know far less of him personally and do business with him only seldom. Like his colleague on the course he does his business and fulfils his obligations, and is, I doubt not, an excellent fellow; but to stand at one end of a telegraph wire does not help you to become personally acquainted with your correspondent at the other end; and even if he answers to 'Are you there?' upon the telephone, one cannot feel that the intimacy is close and confidential. But, putting aside all considerations of that sort, I know less of him because it does not amuse me to back a horse when I cannot see it gallop and cannot be certain what horse it is racing against. Once or twice a year it may be, when, from something I have seen a short time before, the prospects of a particular animal for a particular race look more than usually rosy over the breakfast

table, then on those rare occasions (publish it not in the streets of Ascalon!) I have been known to send mystic wires, couched in remarkable phraseology, to my favourite merchant; but after all it does not amuse me, and why do I feel a sense of shame when I do so?

I cannot tell; but so it is. It may be that I am dimly conscious that my highly respectable, perfectly lawful, open-air and sporting 'wager' has got himself out of his race-course clothes, his thick boots and 'puttie' leggings and wear-and-tear coat, and has encased himself in the flash attire of the city, in which he seems to smell of the tobacco of the clerk and hall porter, of the oil of the tape machine, of the solid furniture of a comfortable office, and of the cigars of persons 'resorting thereto.' Or it may be that my too tender conscience pricks me and tells me that, for the purposes of the day, I am not backing a horse but only a name, that the animal I know so well, and whose last running has induced me to back him in this fashion, will not to-day gallop with his competitors under the blue canopy of heaven, but will only be a greasy collection of type letters struggling with other greasy collections of the same sort who shall be first through the printer's machinery, and who shall come out top in the evening papers. Probably the real truth is that on the course I find fresh air for my lungs and tonic for my nerves, and there I am sane and healthy, but that away from its bracing atmosphere I am only the sickly Londoner afflicted by the fancies of its fog. But is it possible that I can be wasting your space in idle twaddle, and instead of writing about the starting-price merchant should wander off into an uninteresting story about my own absurd fancies and ridiculous conscience!

The history of the starting-price merchant is, I suppose, only a repetition of the history of any useful and convenient invention. A short period of probation, during which its convenience and usefulness appear, a steadily growing popularity, an indefinite period of constant use by vast numbers of people until they come to regard the invention as indispensable to the comfort and convenience of mankind. And when one looks back a little and considers how long it may take before that which was formerly entirely unknown may be accepted as indispensable, one is often struck by the facility with which some inventions obtain an almost instantaneous hold. How long, for instance, is it since the time when no idea of starting-price betting had ever dawned on any ingenious mind? I may be a

year or two out, because I speak from memory and there is no certain way that I know of of verifying its accuracy, but I would venture a trifling wager that a quarter of a century ago no such idea had taken tangible shape outside the workings of some busy brain. Less than twenty-five years back the starting-price merchant was certainly unknown, and for how many years now have we been accustomed to regard him as indispensable?

I am going to ask your readers what amount of truth there is in this last idea, and to put before them some reasons for thinking that there is very little. We shall all agree that he is at times useful and convenient, to the race-going turfite I mean, but after saying that is there anything else that we can say in his favour? and is it not possible to draw an indictment against him which it shall be very difficult for his most able and energetic defender to answer?

The first fault I have to find with him is that he is the undoubted cause of all our trouble with the faddists; it cannot be denied that in his various guises he gives the unrighteous occasion to blaspheme, and that he brings down upon racing and its open-air sport and market much odium and censure for which racing, as such, is in no way responsible. How can any thinking man answer the earnest representations of any worker among the people, faddist though he may be, when he points with scorn to the various guises of the stay-at-home town bookmaker? Here in the street, there in some fifth-rate public-house, at a tobacconist's shop in one road, or at a shaving saloon in another; but wherever he may take his seat or stand, gathering in from all comers, with a haste that betokens shame and a secrecy that suggests something criminal, papers and ready cash. What has the race-going turfite to do with this man? How many of his all-comers have even seen a horse-race, let alone the animal they back? What do they all deal in? Names in a list only, nothing but names; things which I have already spoken of as greasy collections of type letters, and their positions in the 'stop press' paragraph of the halfpenny print. At this end of the scale it seems to me not only impossible to defend him, but easy to attack him and sweep him lawfully away; as a fact, it is done of course daily, and I am only pointing out that there need be no disposition on the part of the race-going public to defend or preserve him, or to bother their heads about him in the least.

Let us take a step or two up the ladder—it seems a long

way, but it is not really far—and look at him at the other end of the scale, where it is less plain that he is the cause of all our trouble with the faddists. Here we make his acquaintance in a good office in St. James's or the city, where nothing passes but telegrams and letters—where he is a commission agent, not a bookmaker—oh, no !—where he does not bet himself—oh, no ! —and where he assiduously fosters any other pleasant fiction about himself and his business which in his view may help to keep him within the law. Here the authorities decide not to interfere with him, chiefly, I think, because in his position no good purpose would be served by testing the strict legality of his operations, and he pursues his course quite unmolested ; but even here he is, I venture to say, useless to the average race-goer, and only a self-constituted appendage to the business of racing. I do not mean to go back from that which I conceded to him a short time ago, that at times he might be convenient to the individual, but that is not a convenience that concerns the racing public or the 'men on the course ;' from their point of view their favourite sport will go on as well or better without him. And at this end of the scale I am only anxious to make the same point about him that I made about his *confrère* at the other end, namely, that there need be no disposition on the part of the race-going public to defend or preserve him. Still less need they think that the sport they love is threatened with extinction or with damage, even when the time comes (if it ever comes) when the faddists have been so successful as to shut up every starting-price merchant in the three kingdoms, and to appoint an inspector who may lawfully examine the contents of each mail-bag which passes between this country and the Hook of Holland.

But there is another complaint that I have against him ; and in this particular, I think, perhaps, he does affect the ordinary race-goer, and affects him adversely. In these days of keen competition, as keen certainly in racing as in anything else, he is a standing temptation to the owners and trainers, who are less scrupulously careful about such matters than some of their competitors to execute a 'starting-price job.' And to the 'men on the course' a starting-price job is an abomination. We are not owners (how we wish we were, in our ignorance of all that ownership so often means !) and it may be that our opinions are influenced by the fact that if we back horses they must of necessity be other people's, but we regard a starting-price job as a fraud upon all persons wagering on the race ; a fraud on

the starting-price merchant, from whom you draw more money than you ought; a fraud on the open-air market, from which you are careful to conceal the fact that you fancy your horse's chance; a fraud on all the punters whose prices you cramp, and whom you deceive by putting a lying spirit into the mouth of their market. 'Stuff and nonsense!' says an independent owner. 'Racing is racing and business is business; every one for himself at the game, and *occupet extremum scabies!*' So he will, I reply—so he will; the devil will certainly take the hindmost. But, after all, playing for money is playing for money, and if you need not show your hands, you should not hide the cards up your sleeve.

However, all this is really by the way; take whatever view you please of the morality of a carefully planned and successfully executed starting-price job, you will in no way alter the fact that the more carefully it is planned, and the more successfully it is executed, the greater abomination it is to the men on the course; and we can afford to regard with equanimity, and even with content, any *force majeure* which drives the whole army of starting-price merchants, from the taker of the sixpenny slip to the recipient of the 'monkey' telephone, out of existence.

A consideration of the starting-price merchant only leads me to the same conclusion as did the consideration of the race-going bookmaker, namely, that the only safe course for our Turf rulers to adopt in the complicated position is to drop their attitude of official ignorance, and immediately to take up and legislate for the status of the bookmaker when he comes under their jurisdiction, that is to say, when he is upon the race-course which they control. They should, as I think, in the first place license him, and then, as long as he carries on the business for which he is licensed straightforwardly and to their satisfaction, they should admit him to their courses upon reasonable terms and cater for him comfortably; it should be made apparent to him that there is something to gain by fair, straightforward dealing, and everything to lose by fraud or by participation in fraudulent practice. When our Turf rulers have done this, then they may look on quite unconcernedly while the starting pricers and their clients work out, if they can, their own salvation.

By catering to some extent for the race-going bookmaker they will best cater, as it seems to me, for the race-going public, and through them for the success of the meetings over which

they rule. And now in this connection of the success of race-meetings depending upon the attendance of the public, may I have one word upon a remark of mine in your March number that 'I paid the piper,' and upon a note with which 'Rapier' honoured me in consequence of the remark? I take out of my argument all exceptions, and do not allow my mind to be confused by, shall I say, a few anomalous examples of unalloyed prosperity presented by an owner here and there, who is content to race upon a system that his sport shall not cost him more than so many thousands a year. I do not 'pay the piper' in his case; how I wish I did! But if it be true to say that racing as it exists to-day could not continue to be racing without the profit which is made out of the public at gate-money meetings, and which enables those meeting managers to add money and to guarantee values, and to do their part towards making the meetings what they are to-day, then it is fair to say that the public 'pays the piper,' especially to an imaginary controversialist who urges that a race-horse owner may call any tune he pleases (because he pays the jockey and finds the forfeits), and need consider no one else.

Going back for a moment to the subject of my first article in your March number, I should like to tell you something about it that struck me as rather funny.

At a jumping meeting at Sandown in the first week of March, whom should I meet but my colloquial friend mentioned in that article. The weather was charming, the going was sound and good, winners were not very difficult to find, and he seemed pleased with himself and in good form.

'Sir,' said he, 'since I last met you you've been rushin' into print!'

Now how it comes about that this man reads the *Badminton Magazine* is more than I can guess. How true it is that one never know one's luck; and I suppose that your editor is never surprised to learn that his audience is larger and more cosmopolitan than he has supposed. The only thing I know about my friend, when he is not racing, is that he is an enthusiastic member of a certain 'Thames Angling Association,' and my own suspicion is that your excellent articles on Tarpon fishing interest him deeply and remind him of his gudgeon.

'Well,' I answered, 'I am nothing if not truthful; I won't deny it. But how on earth do you know?'

'I recognised myself, sir. I remembered having made that very remark to you, and I knew at once who had put me into

print. But, sir, you shouldn't say that I exaggerate; I really don't. What I tell you is truth. And, sir,' he went on earnestly, 'what I wanted to say to you was that that idea of yours about an arrangement of stewards is right; it's right in once! If it was carried out they wouldn't want to call any evidence, or have any hanky panky of that sort. Evidence may be all very well in its proper place, but what we want is a number of gentlemen that will say, "We saw—we saw it with our eyes."'

'After all,' I said, 'they might see wrong, I suppose we all do sometimes?'

'Not a bit, sir, not a bit! Can't you see how they would all meet in their room after the race, and how the steward of the market would say, "Well, gentlemen, I popped my nose inside, but I had to hold it and run, in consequence of the nauseous odour of Blessington." Then the steward of the start would add his bit, and then up would get the steward of the bend and he would say, "Gentlemen, I was on my hack between the five furlongs and half-mile posts, there were four horses in front doing all they knew, and Blessington a good way behind, lobbin' along like a waler after pig, where there ain't no cover for miles. Says I to myself, Mr. Abraham Grinford, if you don't win you'll have to stand down for a longish time, but if it should happen that you ride your level best from the half-distance just to lose by a neck you'll probably be 'offed.'"'

'You seem to have got the hang of it,' I said.

'"The weakness of it is," he went on musingly, "you haven't got enough; there are times and places when four ain't no manner of use; there are times and places when I should want two or three extra for those parts of the course which can't be seen from the stand; and as for the first three furlongs of what they call the straight mile at Epsom—a steward ought to be chained there night and day!"'

Many days, or even weeks, after all this was written, I see an announcement in the sporting papers that an Englishman is going out to America to act as stipendiary race steward; an office I had never heard of before that announcement—my ignorance probably.

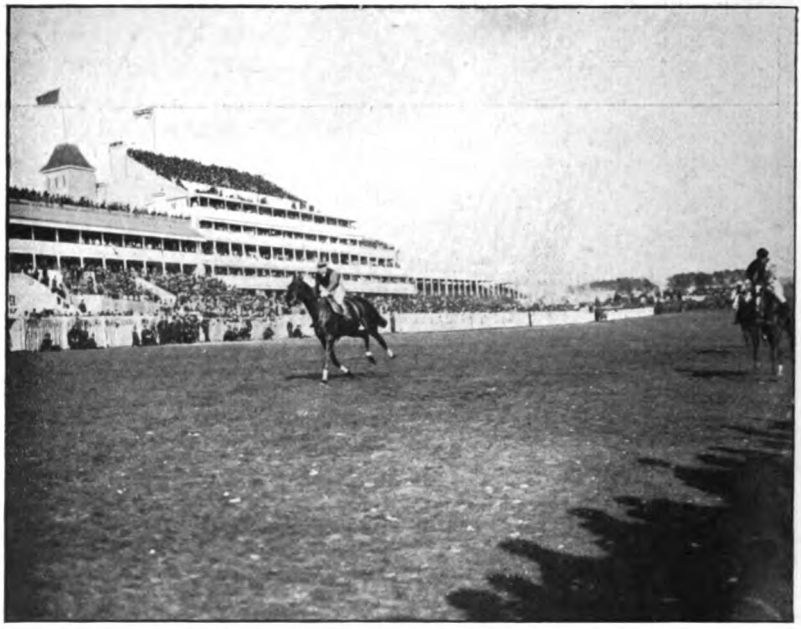
A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Several other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

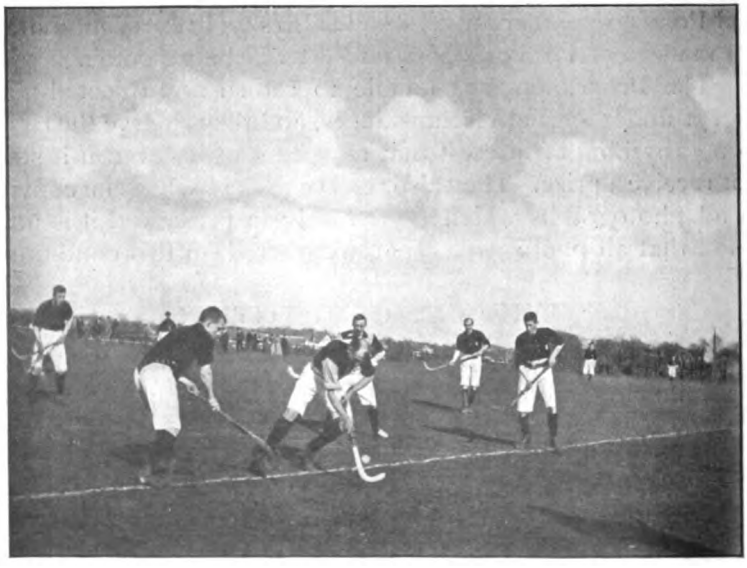
THE MAY COMPETITION

The Prize in the May competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington; Mr. E. F. Mayne, Kingstown, Dublin; Mr. J. H. Nicholson, Halliwell Dene, Hexham; Miss H. S. Ord, Colchester; Mr. W. N. Jennings, Philadelphia, U.S.A.; Mr. W. Sargisson, Moseley, Birmingham; the Hon. Mrs. Alan W. Heber Percy, Durweston, Blandford; and Mr. W. Johnson, Cheltenham. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.



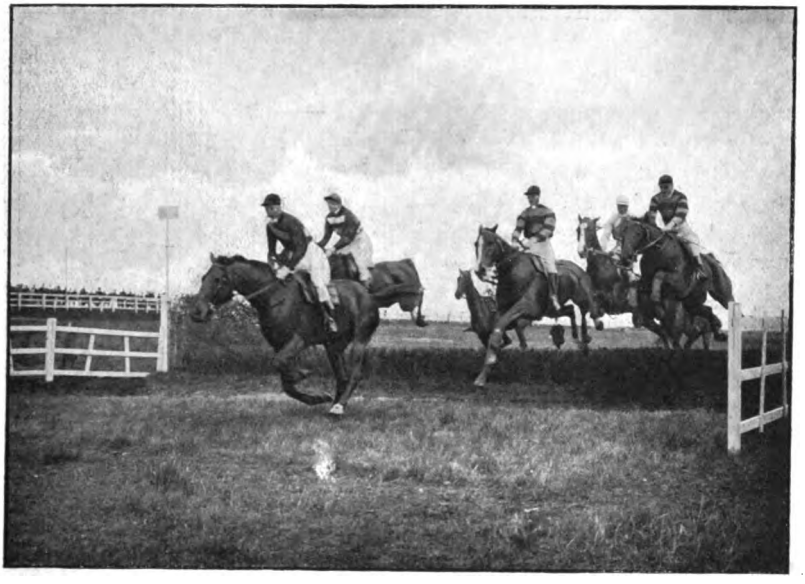
EPSOM SPRING MEETING. FIRST PRINCIPAL WINNING THE CITY AND SUBURBAN

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington



FINAL OF THE IRISH HOCKEY CUP TIE. THREE ROCK ROVERS *v.* TRINITY COLLEGE

Photograph by Mr. Ernest F. Mayne, Kingstown, Dublin

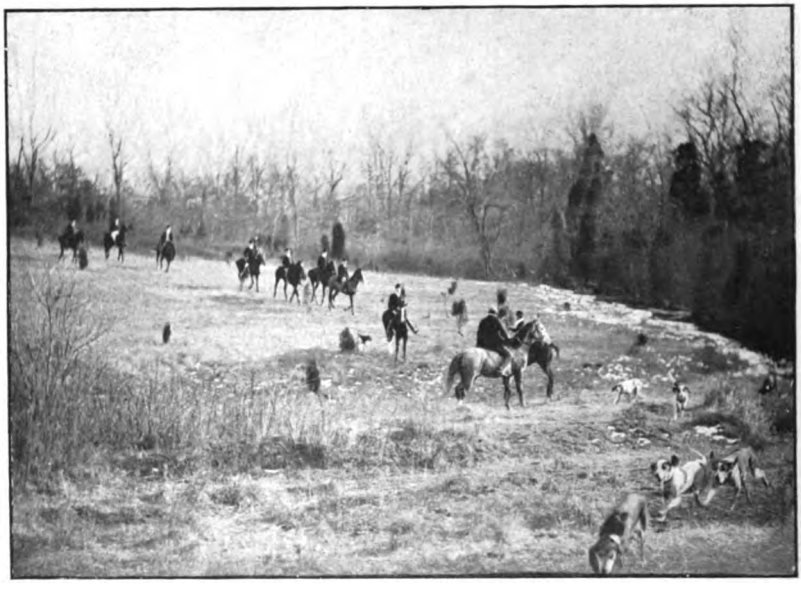


HEXHAM STEEPLECHASES, MAY 1, 1902. THE WATER JUMP

Photograph by Mr. J. H. Nicholson, Halliwell Dene, Hexham

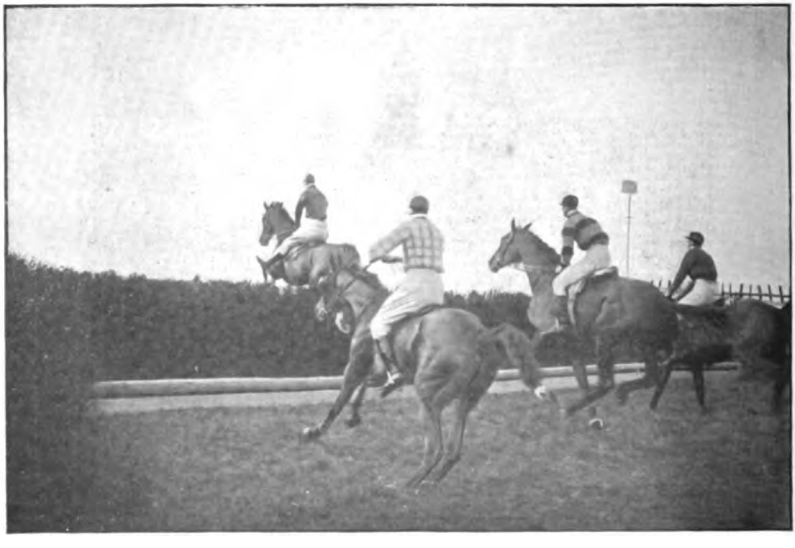
THE KILL. ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS' BEAGLES, NOW CALLED THE COLCHESTER GARRISON BEAGLES

Photograph by Miss H. S. Ord, Beverley Lodge, Colchester



PICKING UP THE LINE. THE RADNOR HUNT, U.S.A.

Photograph by Mr. W. N. Jennings, Philadelphia



HEXHAM STEEPLECHASES, MAY 1, 1902. A REFUSAL

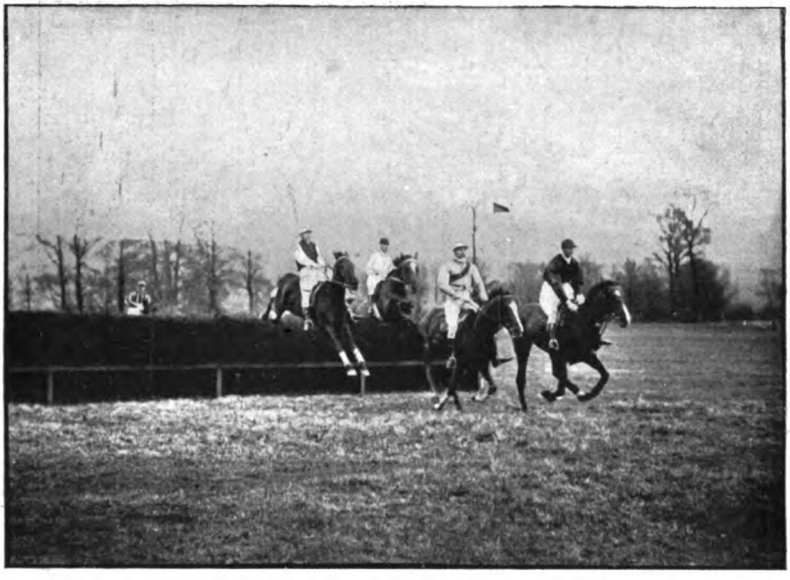
Photograph by Mr. J. H. Nicholson, Halliwell Dene, Hexham

W. G. GRACE AFTER A GOOD INNINGS. LONDON COUNTY *v.* WARWICKSHIRE, AT BIRMINGHAM, MAY 1, 2, 3, 1902

Photograph by Mr. W. Sargisson, Moseley, Birmingham

WITH LORD PORTMAN'S HOUNDS. THE MASTER'S GRAND-DAUGHTER, AGED SEVEN YEARS

Photograph by the Hon. Mrs. Alan W. Heber Percy, Durweston, Blandford



CHELTENHAM GRAND ANNUAL STEEPLECHASE, APRIL 10, 1902

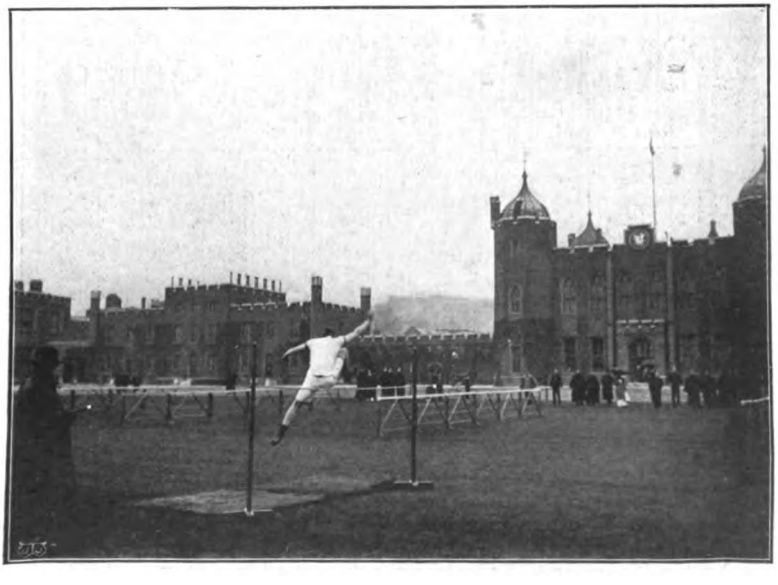
Photograph by Mr. W. Johnson, Cheltenham

THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS. STAG AT BAY

Photograph by Mr. F. May Brown, Alcombe, Somerset

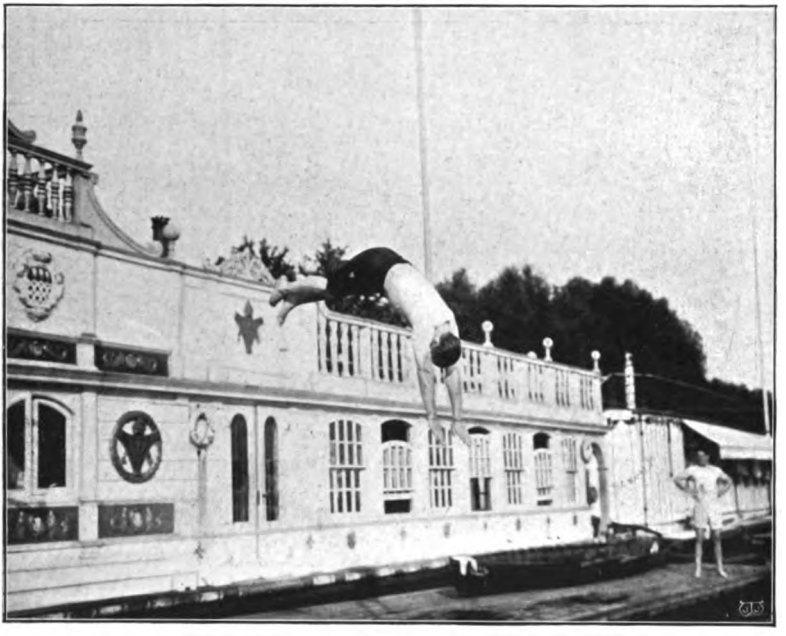
MEET OF THE QUORN HOUNDS AT QUENBY HALL

Photograph by Miss Kendall, Old Humberstone, Leicester



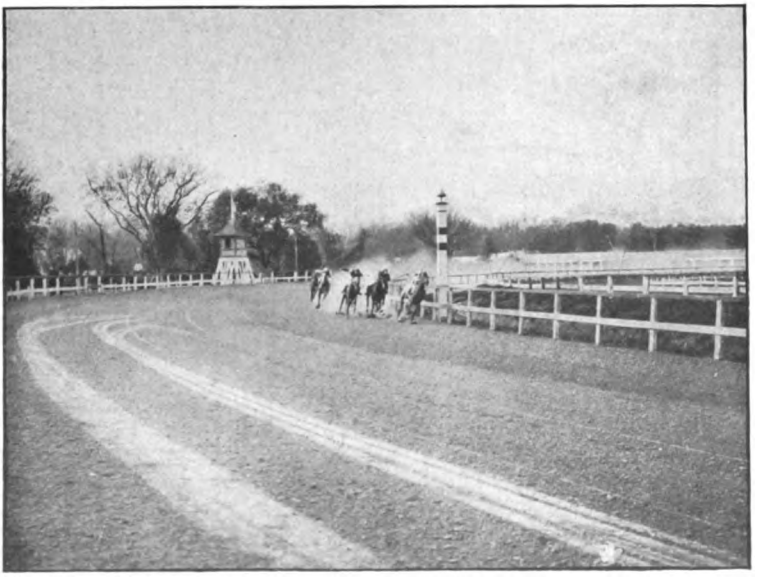
THE HIGH JUMP AT THE R.M.A. SPORTS, MAY 13, 1902

Photograph by Captain A. J. Pilcher, Woolwich



DIVING FROM THE MAGDALEN BARGE, OXFORD

Photograph by Mr. L. C. Green Wilkinson, Magdalen College, Oxford



CRESCENT CITY JOCKEY CLUB MEETING, NEW ORLEANS, MARCH 1902

Photograph by Major Wykeham Jones, Cape Town

WILD ELEPHANTS AT A KRAAL IN CEYLON

Photograph by Mrs. E. Benham, Canela, Colombo

BRADFORD GOLF CLUB LINKS AT HAWKSWORTH. GAUDIN, THE LOCAL PROFESSIONAL DRIVING; TAYLOR, BRAID, AND VARDON STANDING ALONGSIDE

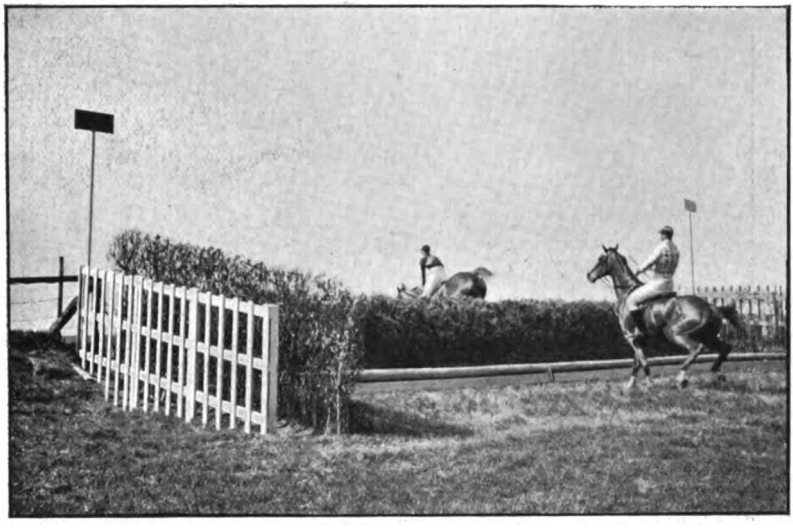
Photograph by Mr. Ernest C. Jeffery, Manningham, Yorkshire

DEER IN WINDSOR PARK

Photograph by Miss Broughton, Cornwall Gardens, S. W.

START OF BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL PAPERCHASE. THE HEADMASTER, REV. T. C. FRY, IN THE FOREGROUND

Photograph by Mr. R. H. H. Jolly, Berkhamsted School, Herts



HEXHAM STEEPLECHASES, APRIL 30, 1902. YARRIDGE STEEPLECHASE PLATE

Photograph by Mr. J. H. Nicholson, Halliwell Dene, Hexham

SAILING ON THE HUGHLI RIVER, BARRACKPORE

Photograph by Captain F. J. Hunter, A.O.D., Barrackpore, near Calcutta

START OF HARROW SCHOOL MILE RACE

Photograph by Mr. A. L. Kennedy, Harrow

FIELD TRIALS AT NEWPORT PAGNEL, APRIL 23, 1902

Photograph by Mr. Angus Powell, Old Stratford, Bucks

UNIV. OF MICH.

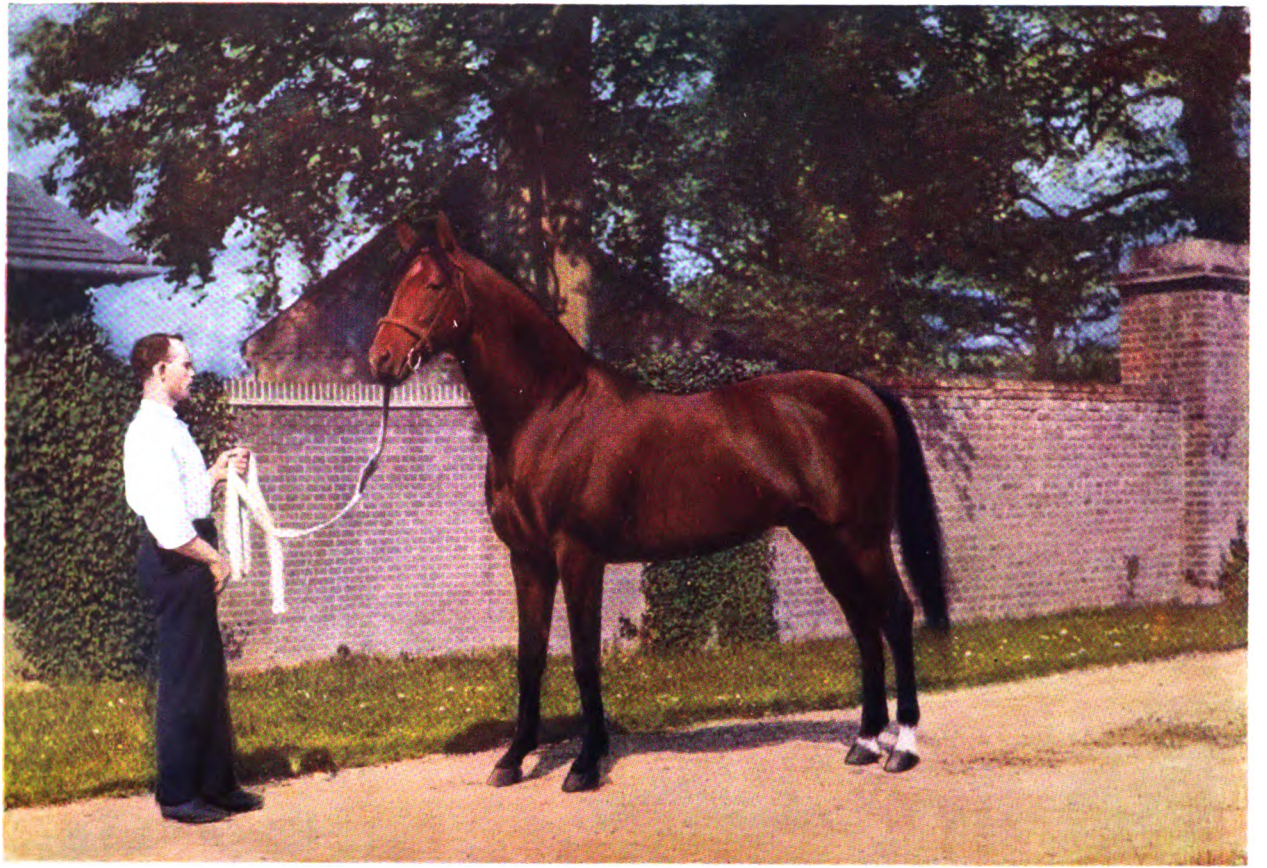


Photo. Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

ISINGLASS AT HOME.

THE COLOURED PICTURES

IT is just ten years ago since Isinglass appeared at Newmarket in a Maiden Plate, and started on the brilliant career which was only once interrupted, winning more money than had ever been gained by a horse in the history of racing. The sum is set down in Turf Guides as £57,455, which does not accord with his owner's calculation as given in the first number of this Magazine. Colonel McCalmont then kindly furnished a detailed statement, of which a facsimile was published, and his figures showed that Isinglass had won him £57,185. Since then, however, the Colonel has discovered an error in his details, and the first-mentioned sum stands; but it does not include the amount, not far short of £1000, which he secured by running second for the Lancashire Plate, the only race he did not win, he having failed then by a length (in consequence of his dislike to make his own running) to give 10 lb. to Raeburn. The picture shows him by the park wall at Cheveley, close to the little house that was specially built for his accommodation. Had not his son Star Shoot unfortunately become a bad roarer last year, 'classic' races might not have gone where they did, but he has, at any rate, transmitted some of his excellence to Veles, Sweet Sounds, Transparency, Vain Duchess, Rising Glass, Glass Jug, and other winners, and if looks go for anything some of his two-year-olds should be very favourably heard of before the end of the season. 'Polo' is from what will be recognised as a particularly successful photograph, for there is action in the picture, and the grouping could, we think, scarcely have been improved upon had an artist who knew the game set himself to work to design a drawing. 'The Heron at Home' is from an original painting by Mr. E. J. Amoore, who has made a careful study of the bird in one of his favourite haunts. It is easy enough to observe the creatures at home unless by chance one has a gun in one's hand, for the nature of the weapon they seem, by some strange instinct, to know. That, at any rate, is the experience of the present writer, who has spent various quiet evenings on a heron-haunted river, and been leisurely pulled down in a boat to their haunts, to find that their almost invariable habit was to flap away—and they fly much faster than the steady movement of their wings suggests—when he was about seventy yards from them. The little sketch of 'The Ferry' needs no comment.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

READERS of this magazine are, as I have good reason to know, in a great many cases particularly staunch friends, and they will be glad to hear that the present position of the *Badminton* justifies us in 'launching out.' The launching was to have taken place in the present number, which begins a new volume, but alterations take a great deal of time and consideration, and the prospective changes have to be postponed until the following volume starts with the New Year. It is proposed for one thing to increase the size of the magazine, and whether it shall also be altered in shape in order to give more scope for the coloured pictures is a subject under discussion. With regard to these pictures, that they are much approved by a number of subscribers, large increase in circulation since they were started affords a certain proof; but instead of being satisfied with this it is proposed to try some new colour processes besides the 'three-colour' which has been experimented with hitherto. The present cover has been criticised, particularly by newsagents and booksellers, who point out that it so soon becomes soiled, and with the New Year fresh covers will be used—in all probability a different one every month. It has been suggested that an illustrated record of racing will interest a great many lovers of the Turf, and this is to be one of the features of the new issue, it being intended that the numbers as they appear shall contain a little history of the most important events of the season with sketches of prominent persons and notable incidents. In the way of coloured pictures it is our ambition to produce veritable works of art which some of the new processes now in course of development should enable us to secure, and I think we are justified in promising a 'Well Worth Keeping Series.' It is not hoped to improve upon the present 'Masters of Their Arts,' for these papers have gained all the success we had reason to expect, but popular as the *Badminton* is we are determined to make it more popular still.

'The concentrated essence of excitement!' That is how the Derby might well be described. Think of all that is comprised within just about 164 seconds—some two minutes and three-quarters! Four years prior to the event the question first arises, if a man breeds his own horses—as the majority of men who win the Derby do—what horse is likely to sire an Epsom victor? That being selected, the foal (with luck) in due time appears. How is he shaped? How does he move in the paddock? Is he growing and doing well? Will it, in fact, be wise to enter him for the great race? He shows good form as a two-year-old, we will say, makes many friends and not at all improbably many more enemies; he is eulogised on some hands, and declared to be if not 'the horse of the century,' at least one of them. He is written down by adverse scribes as a rank impostor, his successes are minimised or explained away till they are made to look like defeats—it is wonderful how vehement men become in praise or disparagement, as the case may be, of horses they fancy or do not fancy. Columns are written; arguments, sound and ridiculous, advanced, shattered, or supported—I am listening to some as I write this at my club—hours are spent in discussion, all over the world the great question, 'What will win the Derby?' is asked, and the solution of this intricate problem, which has been pending so long, occupies 164 seconds! The barrier is raised, the flag falls, some one close to us as we watch asks, 'What's that in front?' Some one else fixes the field with his glasses and says, 'There's the favourite lying third.' 'Your horse is going well, old boy!' an encouraging friend remarks to an owner, whose heart is pumping so hard that he has not breath to reply. 'Mine's done with!' comes mournfully from somebody else. 'The favourite wins!' or 'The favourite's beat!' is the cry and the race is over. Concentrated essence of excitement, indeed!

The precise period devoted to the instruction of the Turf-loving world on June 4 was 162 seconds, and in that brief time they learnt much. One fact therein demonstrated was that Sceptre is not quite the animal her admirers fondly suppose. There was some difference of opinion as to the style in which she won the Thousands, there being those who fancied her stride was shortening, which meant that she was tiring and did not really stay, and this may not improbably be so, notwithstanding her Oaks victory, which does not really

amount to very much, as Glass Jug is known to be a long way behind Rising Glass. Another thing shown was how far the cleverest people at times go wrong. Few sounder judges than Mr. Bewicke at present go racing, and he was a little—not much—afraid of Sceptre, but convinced that Pekin would beat everything else in the race; whereas Pekin ran wretchedly, much too badly, indeed, to be true. So likewise did Fowling Piece. Whatever may be thought of the Newmarket Stakes result, it was obvious that there was little or nothing in it between that colt and Ard Patrick; but in the Derby Fowling Piece received about a two-stone beating. The explanation here is that the big son of Carbine and Galinne could not come down the hill; and so we learn a little lesson about horses for courses and the reverse. Jenkins declared that Fowling Piece was racing with the leaders till they came to the descent, and that on the downward slope Fowling Piece rolled and staggered hopelessly. Ard Patrick had things all his own way, was never pressed, and therefore won—won, indeed, very easily—and the race will do him a vast deal of good. That he is a game, generous horse and will ever fight out a finish has yet to be demonstrated. One result of the Derby is to add interest to the future running of the three-year-olds.

I have never quite understood which were supposed to be the 'palmy days' of the turf, concerning which we hear; but if they were about the quarter of the way through the last century, it can only be said that sport in the palmy days was varied and somewhat peculiar. Turning over an old *Sporting Magazine* of 1823, I come upon the description of the Derby in that year. The race was won by Emilius, ridden by Buckle, who also rode Zinc, the winner of the Oaks; and it was on this occasion that the verses which figure in so many volumes on racing were written, eulogising the jockey and declaring that 'a pair of such Buckles was never yet seen.' The writer of the description of this Derby calculated that it was attended by 13,500 horsemen; and as the enormous bulk of the company went on wheels—all indeed except those who had to walk—the number of horses of one kind and another present must have been enormous. It is one item of the card, however, which strikes the modern frequenter of Epsom as remarkable. This was 'the long chaffed match between two ponies, Malvina and Duckling, for fifty guineas a side.' A pony match

on the Derby day certainly seems a quaint idea, and on this occasion the starter was forty-two minutes in getting them off for the first heat. Odd things happened a little while later at Ascot moreover. The two favourites for the Gold Cup were Mr. Dilly's Netherfield and Lord Darlington's Marcellus, there was an objection for crossing and jostling, and the horse that came in first was disqualified after the authorities had 'taken the deposition of each jockey engaged as well as of other spectators.' It is to be hoped that the affable spectators who gave their advice so kindly had no bets on the race.

The strength of a horse is enormous, and more especially of a horse that has been brought into the most perfect condition as regards muscular development and clearness of wind by judicious training. Nevertheless we have constant proof of the vast difference that is made in his performance by a very few pounds on his back more or less; and a correspondent writes to beg me to protest against what he terms the 'iniquitous five pounds allowance to apprentices.' I am inclined to fear that he writes feelingly, after, I suspect, backing some animal that has been just beaten because his apprentice rider had that advantage in the weights; and from this point of view the allowance, no doubt, is exasperating. You hear of what looks like a 'good thing'; but the 8 lb. or 10 lb. you fancied you had in hand are really 3 lb. or 4 lb. only, and 5 lb. off for a clever little apprentice, who rides confidently and with the judgment born of constant practice, just makes all the difference. Childs last year, Hardy and Bray this season, with little Watts and others, my correspondent says, 'simply render handicapping ridiculous,' and no doubt the allowance in not a few cases accounts for victory over a slightly better horse ridden by an ordinary jockey. 'Some of these boys,' my angry friend says, 'ride better than not a few of those who carry full weight.' I do not say that he is not right, but on the other hand, the allowance has brought to the front several boys who in all probability would not have been put up, would not have gained skill and experience, and so become jockeys at all, but for the innovation. In individual cases hardship may arise, that is to say, an owner who has not been fortunate enough to engage a good apprentice may be beaten, and, no doubt, often is beaten, by a rival who in this respect has had better luck; but it is to the general advantage to find recruits for the curiously curtailed ranks of competent riders.

Ascot will be over before these Notes appear, and at that meeting it is to be hoped that some good two-year-olds will appear, several, as usual, having been kept for that famous gathering. So far as can be made out, those that have run up to the end of the Epsom meeting with the possible, indeed I should say with the exceedingly probable, exception of Baroness La Flèche (an awkward name?), are by no means remarkable for excellence. To some extent this may be a result of recent legislation—Turf legislation, I mean—the Jockey Club having reduced the value of the early two-year-old races in order to discourage the overtaxing of the young animals—the Brocklesby Stakes was worth only just over £600 this season, half what the event gained for the owner of the winner till recently. It is an annual habit to over-estimate the early two-year-olds. Sometimes, of course, a Bard or a Donovan comes out at Lincoln, or a Cyllene at Liverpool in the first week of the season, but these are exceptions, and as laid down in the Badminton Library volume on Racing, the winner of the Middle Park Plate is usually about 2 st. better than the good early form. As a rule, when a man sells a promising early winner of two-year-old races for a 'long' price the purchaser gets the worst of the bargain, unless, of course, he is a man who bets heavily, in which case he may turn his transaction to profit; though on the other hand he may not, and it is a risky game to play. Prior to the Acorn Stakes I suppose that the three best two-year-olds we had seen—I am, it will be understood, writing before Ascot—were Rock Sand, who is expected to go on winning, and the expectation is that of a skilful and experienced trainer who is not prone to be sanguine; the Golden Wings colt, whose dam, by the way, was one of the very worst animals in training; and Tippler, a son of Juggler and therefore, one may not unreasonably anticipate, not likely to distinguish himself later in life over a distance of ground. It remains to be seen where we shall find these three during the 'back-end' meetings at Newmarket. Baroness La Flèche came out in the Acorn Stakes with the reputation of being at present about a stone better than the Golden Wings colt, notwithstanding that he is fit and she is not. Unfortunately she is very badly entered, not being in the July Stakes, the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, or the Middle Park or Dewhurst Plates. That any one should have given 5200 guineas for a beautiful filly of this breeding and not have put her in all the best races seems amazing. La Flèche was an animal

to which the Turf-loving public took a peculiarly strong fancy, for a curious sort of sentiment is aroused by certain good horses, and it would be gratifying to see her daughter distinguishing herself.

I do not remember having written in these pages anything about bull-fighting, but another of my correspondents sends me a scornful diatribe about my deplorable lack of appreciation of 'the skill, courage, agility, and other brilliant qualities that have to be displayed in the most exciting spectacle in the world'—that is to say, a bull-fight. Though I have not, so far as I can recollect, ever touched on the subject in this magazine, I have, indeed, written and appended my initials elsewhere to a disquisition on the (adjective carefully avoided) Spanish 'sport,' and I suppose that my reader here is also a student of the new 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' 'The wounded hare crawling away to die in agony' is no doubt occasionally a most unfortunate incident of shooting; but the question is not one of comparison between the evils that may arise in various sports. The point is the claim of bull-fighting to acceptance, and it is condemned by a multitude of Englishmen —by the way, the young King of Spain does not approve of it if he has been truly reported—on two grounds. First, the hideously revolting slaughter of horses: for that blood-curdling atrocity there can be no shadow of excuse; secondly, the circumstance that the bull is not allowed a chance. The fox has speed and cunning to afford him a prospect of escape from his enemies, and so indeed have all birds and beasts of the chase—the driven partridge may see the guns and evade them, or swing over them at such a pace that he passes on unscathed; but from the moment the bull enters the arena he is doomed. There is no possibility of his living to fight another day. He may, and sometimes does, take revenge on one or more of his foes, but his exit from the ring will be as a carcase drawn by a team of mules; and it is the leading axiom of true sport that the projected victim must have a chance.

My constant contributor, Mr. Home Gordon, is rather pluming himself on the fact that the representative eleven which he picked in the March and May numbers is absolutely identical with that actually chosen to meet the Australians. Cricket enthusiasts will be interested in the book he has compiled—

'Cricket Form at a Glance' (Archibald Constable and Co., Westminster)—'showing the batting and bowling of every cricketer who has played in first-class matches, in any two seasons between 1878–1902, with every run scored for or against the Australians in England, the elevens they met, the results, and that of every County match.' As Lord Hawke remarks in his preface, this is indeed a 'wonderful statistical work.' At a casual glance the pages look rather like a table of logarithms or some complex treatise on mathematics; but as a volume of reference it should be simply invaluable, and, by the way, cordial approbation may be expressed of Lord Hawke's remarks in the preface as to his dislike of record-making and record-breaking, for, as he says, 'cricket is a game to be played for the sake of winning the match, not for any selfish purpose.' Another volume which appeals very forcibly to a special class is 'The International Polo Club Guide' (Josiah Newman, Saltford, Somerset, price 3 guineas net) which seems to contain all the information about the game that any one can by any possibility desire, copiously illustrated with portraits of men and ponies and polo pictures generally. It will surprise not a few readers to know that there are in existence some four hundred and fifty polo clubs, the ten thousand players in which own no fewer than thirty thousand ponies. It would be difficult to suggest anything about the game that is not treated in this particularly handsome volume, to which I hope to return on another occasion. In the space that remains I can only make inadequately brief mention of a vastly more important publication, the second volume of the new 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' being volume twenty-six of the completed work. As was remarked last month, a considerable prominence is given to sports and pastimes and a number of articles appears on these subjects.

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The Badminton Magazine

MASTERS OF THEIR ARTS

VIII. SHOOTING

BY THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY

NOTHING in the history of British sports is more interesting to note than the evolution and development of shooting, whether as regards the improvement of weapons or the amount of game killed. Fishing remains much what it was in Izaak Walton's days. For although the rods, lines, and flies now made must be incomparably superior to those constructed and wielded by fishermen when Izaak and his compeers lived, nevertheless the difference cannot be compared to that which exists between the present hammerless ejector gun and—to go back no further—the old flint and steel weapon. Hunting, again, presents many of the same features in these days as it did hundreds of years ago, saving only that hounds are far more carefully bred than

they were formerly. But much the same methods of pursuing the quarry, whether deer, wolf, or fox, obtained—speaking generally—five centuries ago as in the present year of grace.

This cannot be said of shooting; and it is possible that a few extracts from old records may be of interest to those who take note of such matters.

Let us consider first of all the question of the increase of grouse on English moors.

In the game-book of the Longshaw Moors in Derbyshire it is recorded that in 1826—the earliest date discoverable with regard to these moors—342 grouse were killed in twelve days' shooting; two being the average number of guns on any one day. Selecting at random another entry in the same book, it seems that in 1833 a considerably larger number of grouse were killed—viz., 622. Twenty days' shooting took place, and the average number of guns was four.

Fourteen years later—in 1847—a still greater increase is noticeable in the size of the bags; for in twenty-two days' shooting 880 grouse were killed.

Compare these figures with those of the years 1872 or 1893, when 6529 and 7000 grouse were killed on the same moors; and the difference which careful watching, combined with the knowledge of how to provide grouse with a proper annual supply of young heather, as well as the advantages to the stock caused by driving, will be recognised as enormous.

The gradual acquisition of fresh pieces of moorland during the lengthy period to which allusion has been made of course accounts in some measure for the steady increase in the number of grouse killed; while the appearance of the percussion gun in place of the flint and steel undoubtedly made a considerable difference. But that which has done more than anything else to increase enormously the stock of grouse on English moors is that system of driving to which allusion has been made. Since driving has become pretty general south of the Tweed, the number of grouse on moors in England and Wales must have been a good deal more than doubled.

If it be a good breeding year the principal fear that a keeper—one who thoroughly understands his business—has, is that too large a stock of birds should be left. For that he knows adds to the risk of the appearance during nesting-time of the curse of a moor—grouse disease. Equally, a good keeper, when there has been a bad breeding season, or possibly two consecutive indifferent ones, is aware that it is essential to shoot

a moor very lightly, and with careful judgment. For, as the writer knows too well, it is by no means an easy undertaking to coax a moor back into a favourable condition if matters have gone wrong with it for two or three years successively.

It has been stated above that since 'driving' has largely superseded 'walking'—in England, at any rate—the stock of grouse has considerably increased on those moors whereon the former system is followed. The principal reason for this change for the better would seem to be: (1) That when grouse are driven, the old birds come over the guns first of all, and, therefore, presumably a fair number are killed; a larger proportion than would be the case were the grouse 'walked up.' This is, of necessity, good for a moor, as ancient and combative birds interfere much with the nesting arrangements of the younger ones.

(2) By driving, the danger of killing off whole broods is obviated. When 'walking up' grouse, during the early days of the shooting season, it is a common occurrence to see entire coveys destroyed, the young birds getting up in twos and threes, or singly, thus delivering themselves over into the hands and game bag of the gunner in the most simple and confiding fashion.

For there can be no question as to which is the easier bird to kill in the earlier part of the year—a 'walked-up' or 'driven' grouse. Moreover, it frequently happens that, should the weather be hot during the week or ten days 'contagious' to August 12, and, should long drives be undertaken, probably only about half of the later broods will come forward over the guns. These young birds will merely fly a part of the length of the drive, then settle, and decline to rise again when the drivers approach them. By this means many a young, immature bird is saved and does not run his risk of life or death till the second week's driving takes place, by which time he is far more able to look after himself.

But, however the matter may be explained, the satisfactory fact remains that, since driving has become general, the stock of grouse on those English and Scotch moors whereon that form of sport is practised has greatly increased; and, what is more, has become healthier than formerly. For grouse disease appears less prevalent now than it used to be before driving became so common.

Before leaving the subject of grouse-shooting and grouse-driving in particular, it would seem necessary very briefly

to allude to the somewhat open question as to the date when the driving system became generally operative. No earlier mention of it can be discovered by the present writer than that given in the Badminton Library in the volume on 'Moor and Marsh' shooting. In that admirable book a letter from Mr. W. Spencer Stanhope—with whom the writer has had a most excellent day's grouse-driving—is reproduced; and there it is stated that Mr. Stanhope's grandfather's keeper—this sounds somewhat like a French exercise! —first practised it informally near Sheffield about 1805. Mr. Stanhope also says that he used to drive in 1836, which seems to be about the earliest date when *regular* driving occurred.

As regards the shooting records now under the writer's observation, the first mention of driving is made on September 11, 1849, when in the Longshaw game-book appears the following note: 'Flask Edge, Pheasy's Piece, and stubble fields below Brown Edge. The day was alternately sunny and cloudy and windy. The birds were unmanageable, and at 3 o'clock we took station by a wall dividing an oat-field from Brown Edge, and killed a few birds from packs which were driven past.'

It may be concluded, therefore, that it was some time during the forties that grouse-driving was gradually coming under the consideration and observation of those happy enough to possess moors.

When, leaving the wild moorlands and the grouse, we descend to the more homely and accustomed fields and hedgerows, it will be found that the bird which is perhaps the most popular of all the game birds of this country—namely, the partridge—has, during the last hundred years, increased in numbers in fully the same proportion as has the grouse. This is the case for one considerable reason. It is comparatively easy to restock by artificial means ground which has from one cause or another been denuded of partridges; whereas not much can be done in this direction to grouse land. In the latter case all that can be effected is by means of careful shooting; by intelligently conceived and carried out 'burning'; by persistent trapping of vermin; by keeping within proper limits the number of sheep (if any are allowed) on the moor, and by steady watching.

On the other hand, with partridges much can be done to improve both stock and breed. Eggs can with advantage be shifted from one part of the ground to another; Hungarian

birds can be bought and turned down to cross with the English ones, thereby strengthening the stock by the introduction of new blood ; and eggs can be purchased and hatched under fowls.

This latter proceeding is, I think, not one to be much approved of, as too often the eggs come from a neighbour's land, possibly from one's own ! But—given the necessary funds and a clever keeper—it is not very difficult to change a moderate piece of partridge-shooting into a comparatively good one, even though it would appear that the soil was not the most favourable that could be selected for the purpose.

To return for a short time to the consideration of the gradual increase in the number of partridges in certain parts of England as recorded in the game-books now being investigated.

Taking the year 1803, in twenty-three days' shooting, with an average of three guns, 652 partridges were killed at Cheveley Park, near Newmarket. The best day was 30½ brace, obtained by four guns ; though the Duke of Rutland, shooting by himself, one day killed 20 brace. That was on October 3.

One rather quaint note appears in connection with the entry of the game killed on October 15. It runs thus : 'Sir John Shelley on ye road from Bury, between Kentford and Cheveley, 3 partridges, 5 hares.'

Does this signify that Sir John Shelley got out of his carriage whenever he saw a covey in a field near the road, and stalked it, whether this manœuvre partook of the nature of poaching or not ? It looks somewhat like it, I confess, for the note is written quite separately from the entry of the day's sport.[1]

In 1805 a considerable number more partridges were killed at Cheveley—viz., 1102 in twenty-six days' shooting, and when we turn to the tale of the sport at the same place a quarter of a century or so later—viz., 1829 and 1834—it will be seen that matters remained much in the same position as in 1805. For in 1829 only 919 partridges were killed during

[1] Apropos of this, Colonel Hawker in his well-known and oft-quoted work, published during the early part of last century, writes as follows with regard to 'Tricks of Trespassers': 'For stopping one (= any one) who carries a gun to shoot birds feeding as he travels along the road, the better way would be to tie down the innkeepers, by a threat of withdrawing your custom, not to allow their postboys or coachmen to stop for such purposes ; and through a fear of getting in a scrape, these men would most likely contrive to pass by, or frighten up the game.' Judging from this, Sir John Shelley's performance does not seem an unusual one !

twenty-one days' shooting; and in 1834, 1443 partridges were secured in twenty-two days.

But what deserves notice is the undoubted advance in the size of the individual bags. During the first ten years of last century the largest total obtained by any individual gunner at Cheveley was in 1807, when one day in October—and here it might be remarked that nearly all the partridge-shooting to which allusion is now being made took place in October, not September—the Duke of Rutland shot 37 partridges. The average number killed by any single gun in a day's shooting was between 10 and 20 birds. In 1829, however, many bags of between 30 and 60 birds were made by one gun. For we find that on one occasion in that year the Duke of Rutland killed 42 partridges himself; on another, 30; on another, 40; while Mr. Sloane Stanley accounted for 38 one day, and the Hon. George Anson for 65. Again, a steady improvement is to be found in 1834, as bags of 30 birds and upward are comparatively frequent; while Mr. Sloane Stanley is credited with scores of 51, 50, 52, and 55 partridges. Other guns, amongst them the Duke of Rutland, often killed between 30 and 50 birds in a day.

In 1837, however, a sudden rise is to be noticed. For on October 21st the Duke of Rutland killed 69 and Mr. Sloane Stanley 83 partridges; while, on other occasions, the same guns killed 57 and 62, and 61 and 59 partridges respectively. Numerous other scores of between 49 and 70 birds are also noted. But it was in 1847 that totals are recorded which are practically on a level with anything which could ordinarily be accomplished on the same ground in these times, that is, when the difference in weapons and general shooting methods is taken into account. For the game-book shows that 2049 partridges were secured in twenty-one days' shooting, and that on October 6, 242 partridges were killed by three guns, the individual scores being 55, 110, and 77; the guns were the Duke of Rutland, Lord Granby, and Mr. Sloane Stanley. Other scores of 88, 74, 68, 64, and similar numbers are of frequent occurrence.

From this date matters have either improved or held their own; till, during the years immediately preceeding 1888, when the Cheveley property passed from the possession of the Duke of Rutland to that of Colonel McCalmont, 3000 partridges were easily obtained in the course of a season's shooting.

The only mention which can be found in game-books as to when driving was first practised, is made on November 11, 1850; where a note says: 'Links Beat. Plenty of game of all kinds. Pheasants and partridges. The latter very wild; but by driving them round and backwards and forwards we had some excellent sport.'

Again, under the date of October 25, 1859, occurs the following: 'The Links: began by driving Mr. Gardiner's turnips.'

But this leaves a gap of nine years to be filled in—and, presumably, driving became more usual during that interval.

Touching the year 1859 it is also noted that 'the Hon. Spencer Lyttleton was shooting with a breech-loader.'

Not further to labour the point, it would seem from the entries in these game-books that for the first twenty-five years of last century there was not much improvement or the reverse in the partridge-shooting on a fairly typical manor such as Cheveley; whereas from about 1830 to 1845 a noticeable increase in the yearly partridge-shooting results took place. From that date onward, as has been above mentioned, the totals of the numbers of the 'little brown birds' killed have become much larger and now they assume proportions such as those to which allusion has been made.

With regard to pheasant-shooting, it is, perhaps, difficult to form a reasonable comparison between the bags of a hundred years ago and those of the present day. Because the science of rearing has now reached such a pitch of excellence that, given a competent keeper, moderately favourable soil, and plenty of money, it becomes in these days merely a question of how many pheasants the woods on a property will hold; whereas in the olden time not a pheasant was reared, as far as one can judge from records such as the Belvoir ones. This hardly accounts altogether for the enormous difference between the number killed then and now; but in this respect, better watching, more systematic vermin killing, and more scientific game knowledge among keepers in general, may very likely make up the difference.

However largely the bags of these days may preponderate over those of the early part of last century, in one characteristic —and that a most important one—the sportsmen of a hundred years ago would seem to be superior to those of the later period. That characteristic is keenness. Let us examine for a short time some of the game-books now before us, and see what sort of sport amongst pheasants was actually obtained in, say, 1804.

On January 4 of that year the Duke of Rutland, T. Thoroton, Esq., and George Brummell, Esq., secured between them at Belvoir, on a beat not named, 1 hare, 1 pheasant, and 1 woodcock! of which the Duke shot the woodcock, Mr. Thoroton the pheasant, and 'Beau' Brummell the hare.

Turning to a slightly earlier date it will be found that on December 3, 1803, Mr. Brummell killed near the Castle at Belvoir 1 pheasant! But a note on the entry says, '*after hunting!*'

This note appears very frequently; so it would seem that our forefathers were in the habit of going a-hunting very early, coming home for the mid-day meal, and then going out shooting for an hour or so. This is not bad work for an exquisite such as was 'Beau' Brummell.

Take another day's pheasant-shooting in 1804—viz., that on January 18. Here it will be seen that the Duke of Rutland and the Hon. W. Howard killed 1 pheasant apiece, and nothing else, in the course of a day's shooting at Belvoir. Such entries form the large majority of those in the Belvoir game-books of 1803, 4, and 5. Much the same condition of affairs existed in 1806, as the record of the day's shooting in Middlesdale and certain other of the Belvoir covers reads thus: 'Duke of Rutland; G. Cornewell, Esq.; Thos. Smith, Esq. 8 partridges; 6 hares; 5 pheasants,' and on January 30 of that year three guns shooting covers called Saltbex, Calcraft's Close, and some others, obtained 4 hares and 3 pheasants.

These two days are mentioned for the purpose of comparison with the amount of game now killed on the same beats. In January of this year 168 pheasants were killed in Middlesdale on ground practically identical with that above mentioned; and on December 2, 1901, 524 were shot in Saltbex and Calcraft's Close. It is interesting to compare the results obtained from the same covers in the years 1806 and 1901–2. It may be added that no pheasants are now reared in the Middlesdale beat, and only a moderate number on the other.

To return for one moment to the subject of the keenness exhibited by the sportsmen of the years with which we are now dealing. Fancy asking a young 'blood' of the present day to go out shooting after coming in from hunting, and all on the chance of killing perhaps one pheasant or a stray woodcock, or imagine inviting three or four modern young men for a few days' shooting when the total of a day's sport would not be more than one of those which have been just quoted! What horror would be expressed in their countenances, and

how soon would they receive strange and sudden telegraphic summons to return at once to London or elsewhere! Of course, it is not quite fair to compare the feelings of a sportsman of 1902 with those of one of 1803. When one is accustomed to pheasant-shooting where the bags rarely number fewer than 800 or 1000 head, and possibly more, or to grouse- or partridge-driving with a 200 brace average, to conceive asking people to shoot when the result would be 15 or 20 head is, of course, ridiculous. But, nevertheless, it is open to question whether there is as much real keenness about working for their sport amongst the younger generation of gunners as there used to be twenty or thirty years ago, let alone a century. A wild, rough day's shooting does not nowadays apparently appeal to many. The large majority of gunners would not say 'thank you' for the offer of such a day's sport. It would look as if the deliberately competitive system of shooting which now so largely prevails—by which I mean that very often the owner of one shooting place seems to vie with the next door one as to the amount of game he can kill off his property, and appears seriously annoyed if he hears that any one round about him has had an exceptionally heavy day's sport, or one better, as regards numbers, than any he can produce—has to a great extent unfamiliarised the rising and just risen race of sportsmen with those days when hard walking, and consequently good condition, coupled with some knowledge of wood and field craft, were necessary if any satisfactory results were to be obtained. But comparisons are, we are told, 'odious,' and therefore let us return to our pheasants.

Turning over the pages of the game-books till we come to the 'twenties,' and taking at hazard the account of a day's shooting at Belvoir during November 1827, it will be found that on the 24th of that month the Duke of Rutland, two of his brothers, and Sir W. Welby killed in Hallams and Conygear woods 16 pheasants and 7 head of other game. A note adds, 'We found a good many pheasants.' So this is obviously a typical day's shooting of this date in the Belvoir country. But, indeed, not many pheasants seem to have been killed Belvoir-ways till much later than 1827. From 400 to 600 in a season seems to be about the number shot up to as late a date as 1848, when it appears that 598 were killed during that season. From this date onward the number of pheasants has steadily increased, till nowadays a fair average quantity can be found inhabiting those covers, together with many a fox.

Curiously enough, it appears that the first appreciable increase in the number of pheasants killed at Cheveley took place much about the same date—viz., 1847. For in 1804 only 28 pheasants were shot at Cheveley, which, by the way, is, and always has been, eminently a 'shooting' place, in contradistinction to Belvoir, which has equally always been considered a 'hunting' place. In 1808, 205 pheasants were killed at Cheveley; in 1828, 236; in 1838, 102; and in 1847, 511 were obtained. From this date onward more and more pheasants have been killed on this manor.

So far we have only touched on matters concerning the three principal kinds of game birds in this country—viz., grouse, partridges, and pheasants. Let us for one moment consider whether hares and rabbits have increased in the same ratio during the past hundred years as have the game birds above mentioned. And here we are confronted by the fact that the Hares and Rabbits Bill naturally made a considerable difference in the numbers of those animals killed just before and after this measure became law.

Much abuse has been levelled against the Bill in question by persons interested in British sport; but it would seem that, intentionally or unintentionally, it really has done more to render secure the position of shooting in this country than any measure passed for many a long day.

It did away with what was undoubtedly a serious grievance to tenant farmers—viz., an undue quantity of ground game on their farms; and in consequence the animus which was created in the minds of many a tenant against not only the harmless—to a farmer—kinds of winged game, but also against his landlord, was dispelled.

It is interesting to notice now on estates where good feeling and consideration on both sides exist, how the number of hares has increased during the past few years, in comparison to what there were on the same lands for a few years immediately after the Bill had passed and the tenants had exercised their newly acquired rights. This, of course, is not so everywhere, but it certainly is in many instances, as personal observation has proved. To a certain extent this is the case with rabbits also, but not as much as in that of hares: for land-owners are beginning to realise a little more than they did that some value attaches to their woods, and rabbits and trees cannot live together in harmony any more than can rabbits and farmers. But, undoubtedly, taking the matter as a

whole, the Hares and Rabbits Bill has in the long run proved a blessing to English shooting, whatever may have been the intention of its original framers.

With regard, however, to a few of the totals, it is stated that in 1804, 170 hares at Cheveley and 40 at Belvoir were the quantity killed during that season. In 1809, 286 hares were shot at Cheveley and 65 at Belvoir. Passing over some years, in 1829, 268 hares were killed at Cheveley and 361—a noticeable increase—at Belvoir. In 1847, at Belvoir, about 230 were shot and 531 at Cheveley. As in the case of pheasants and partridges, after this date the number of hares which were shot grew steadily larger.

As regards rabbits there does not seem to have been any great number shot at either Cheveley or Belvoir till the 'forties' of last century: 412 killed at Cheveley during the season of 1842 being one of the largest totals recorded. But while on this branch of our subject it would appear almost necessary, in dealing with the contents of these game-books, to refer very shortly to some bags obtained in Derby, at Staunton Woodhouse; and for this reason: that whereas at both Belvoir and Cheveley the soil is a fairly favourable one for game, in Derbyshire, though the woods are admirably adapted for rearing and holding pheasants, the amount of cultivated land is very small. By far the greater part is grass land; yet it will be seen that the sport obtained at the Woodhouse far exceeded in most respects anything Cheveley or Belvoir could produce sixty or seventy years ago. In 1826 three guns killed on December 5, 25 hares, 66 pheasants, and 109 rabbits; while a decade later, in ten days' cover shooting, with an average of four guns, 1152 hares and 676 rabbits, to say nothing of 62 grouse, 50 partridges, and 410 pheasants were killed; 229 hares were shot one day, 219 and 194 on two others.

Again, at the Woodhouse, in 1846, during ten full days' cover shooting, plus five or six days when only one gun went out, no fewer than 1629 hares were killed, the most being shot on December 15, by four guns, namely, 268, while on December 26, the Duke of Rutland and the Hon. — Cavendish shot 236 hares between them, besides 56 other head of game. As the ground over which they shot is by no means easy walking, and as the Duke was getting well on for seventy years of age, this cannot be accounted as anything but a good performance.

Without gravely exceeding the amount of space available

for this article, it is impossible to do more than touch in the lightest manner on some of the more salient points suggested in the game-books which we have been examining with respect to the gradual rise in the amount of game on certain estates, and the reasons for such increase.

Furthermore, apologies are due to the readers of the *Badminton* for the subject of shooting being treated in this fashion, instead of by the more usual manner of an article on modern methods and practices But this latter plan has been adopted so often, and with such skill by other writers, that possibly these sketchy investigations into old-time records may prove of some interest to those who are curious with regard to the history of game rearing and shooting.

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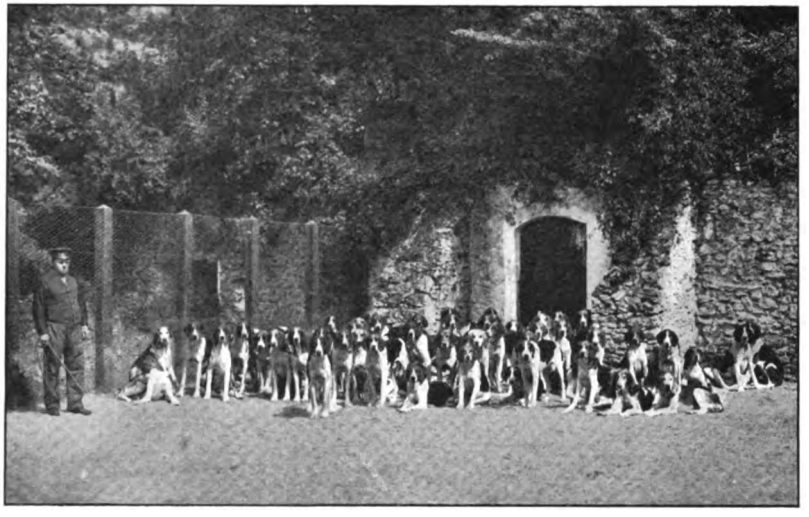
POINTER ON GROUSE.



THE DUCHESSE D'UZÈS' PACK

A FAMOUS FRENCH SPORTSWOMAN

BY FREDERICK LEES

THE station omnibus, which was waiting for us as we got out of the train at Rambouillet, took us through smiling park-lands and scented forest. Celle-les-Bordes, our destination, lay many miles away, so there was plenty of opportunity to observe the country from our seats on the box. Like most places within such a short distance of Paris—we were only thirty miles from the capital—we found it carefully cultivated, broken up into jealously guarded little estates, somewhat flat and, therefore, somewhat monotonous. Proceeding through the forest along perfect roads, looking, in the sun, like long, white ribbons, we noticed from the thousands upon thousands of yards of wire-netting which bordered the way how scrupulously shooting-rights were preserved. The French Republic gets no small revenue by letting out the hunting and shooting rights of the forest of Rambouillet to wealthy aristocrats and syndicates of sportsmen. Here and there our vehicle stopped at little villages and hamlets to put down passengers or deliver packages and parcels of newspapers. As it rolled off again on its journey we witnessed more than one little homely scene of

welcome. A fresh young girl alighted at a porch leading to a garden, ablaze with flowers, where her father, mother, and sisters were awaiting her. The embracings, clasping of hands, and smiles of pleasure; the grouping of the personages in this charming family scene; and especially the figure of a little girl who stood away from the central group, timidly waiting to be noticed by her big sister, made up a picture which many a painter would have welcomed. We would have liked to have seen the meeting of the two girls, but the omnibus was already a long way off before family greetings were over. Not long afterwards we came to rugged, less-cultivated country, and, once got down from our seats to ease the horses in mounting a long, steep hill—a change of which we ourselves were glad, as it enabled us to stretch our cramped legs, and observe with more care than hitherto the plant and animal life of the hedgerows. The rays of the sun had called everything into life. There were mysterious rustlings in the grass and among the leaves; sudden scurryings, followed by dead silence, in the undergrowth; distant call of bird and animal from the depths of the wood. And now and then a monster dragon-fly would fly heavily across our path, its segmented body brilliantly iridescent and gem-like. We were sorry the hill was so soon conquered. At the top we took our seats again and were quickly brought to our journey's end. Celle-les-Bordes lay in a hollow of the forest—an ancient church and a handful of houses surrounded by wooded ridges.

Good-natured, rubicund-faced M. Armand, on learning that we had come with a letter of introduction from the Dowager Duchesse d'Uzès, gave us a hearty welcome. M. Armand is the duchess' head-huntsman, and is in charge of those famous kennels at the ancient Château de la Celle which we had come to visit.

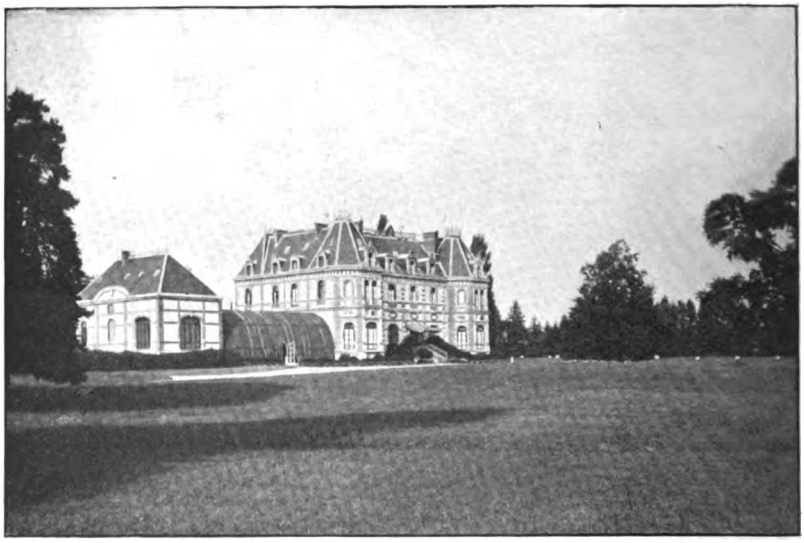
But, before describing this former home of the Paloiseau family and the uses to which it is now put, it may be as well, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the family history of the Duchesse d'Uzès, to give some particulars about this famous French sportswoman. She belongs to a family which is among the most illustrious in France. Her father was the Duc de Mortemart, who married Mlle. de Chevigné; her husband, the Duc d'Uzès, was the premier duke and peer of France. By her marriage she added to the fortune of the Crussol family her own immense fortune, which had come to her from her maternal grandmother, Mme. Cliquot. Left a widow when still in the

heyday of life, the Dowager Duchesse d'Uzès made for herself a life apart in French society. Caring little for the frivolities of fashion, she began to look after the education of her children,

M. ARMAND, THE DUCHESSE D'UZÈS' HEAD HUNTSMAN
(*From an Oil Painting by F. Oloria*)

wisely deciding that when that was concluded there would be time enough to devote her attention to other things. She became noted for the severity of her long black dresses. Writers on fashion of twenty years ago recorded that even on horseback she always wore a perfectly plain riding-habit made of

black cloth, and a little three-cornered hat also of black. Only when at Bonnelles—her favourite autumn residence, about four or five miles from Celle-les-Bordes—was the severity of her mourning relieved by the hunting-braid which edged her waist-belt and recalled the colours of her equipage—scarlet with blue revers, braided with gold and silver. There is a portrait of her on horseback, painted by Jacquet, which reveals her as she appeared then, and an admirable figure she presents, notwithstanding the smallness of her stature. This was due, as has more than once been pointed out, to her inborn

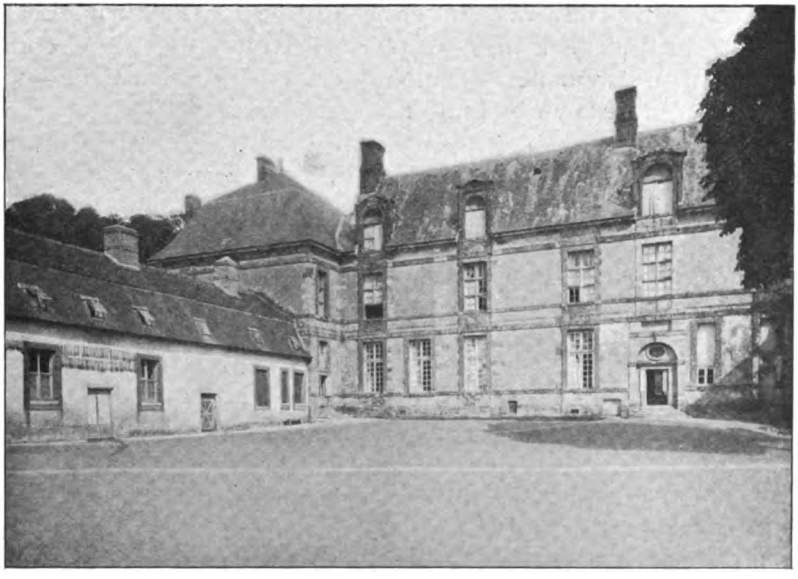


CHATEAU DE BONNELLES, SEEN FROM THE PARK

elegance, her perfect knowledge of horsemanship, and her easy, graceful carriage. And for daring and skill in riding few, if any, ladies who ride to hounds can equal her. No animal is too unmanageable for her to ride. For ten years her mount was the famous 'Toquade,' which, until it came into her possession, was unmountable by the best of horsemen.

Enough has been said to show that sport has been the Duchesse d'Uzès' lifelong passion. From whom did she acquire it? Partly from her husband, who was the most accomplished sportsman in France, and whose pack of staghounds, after his death, she felt it her bounden duty to keep up for the benefit of her sons; but more, I think, from her own family, many of the members of which had been renowned in the

hunting-field. She once admitted, in the course of a conversation with an intimate friend, Comte de F——, that she had had a passion for sport from her earliest childhood—a passion greatly discouraged by her parents owing to the danger which is inseparable from all violent outdoor sports. 'I was an only child,' explained the duchess, 'and my health was delicate. Tenderly cared for by my parents, I was, so to speak, brought up in wadding. I was prevented from taking any kind of violent exercise, and had no opportunity of in-



THE COURTYARD OF THE ANCIENT CHATEAU OF CELLES, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF THE DUCHESSE D'UZÈS' HUNTSMAN, AND THE KENNELS

dulging my growing taste beyond stopping to look into the windows of the sporting print-shops when I walked out with my English governess. There I would stand in ecstasy looking at the most commonplace engravings of horses, dogs, and redcoats.'

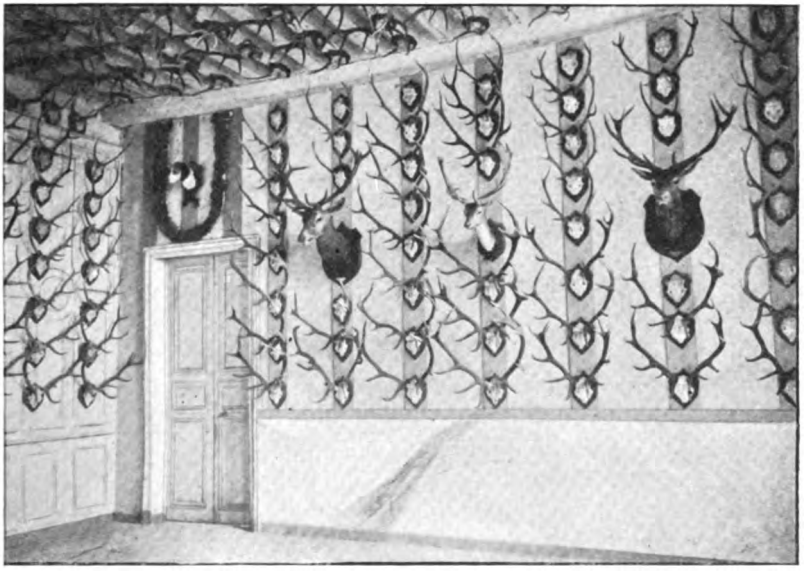
However, lost time was quickly made up. Her husband encouraged her taste for riding; during his lifetime she took a most active part in the chase; and she has kept it up steadily ever since. Thanks to her enormous fortune, she rents all the State forest-land in the neighbourhood of her Bonnelles estate, her rights extending over more than fifty thousand acres.

The Duchesse d'Uzès has now hunted in the Forest of Rambouillet for thirty-one years, and during this long period has never missed a meet. She has been in at the death, M. Armand told us, as he was showing us over the kennels, of a thousand and forty-one stags. During the hunting season, which commences in October, her guests at Bonnelles hunt twice a week: Tuesdays and Saturdays. These house-parties are extremely brilliant gatherings. Ancient traditions of cynegetics are still kept up with scrupulous exactitude, and to see her guests in the field is a sight almost royal in its magnificence.

Celle-les-Bordes was chosen as a place for the kennels as it is situated farther in the forest and, therefore, more convenient than Bonnelles. So, on the Château de la Celle—to give this tumbledown building the name by which it has been known since it was built in the time of Francis I.—coming into the market, she purchased it, and by adding a few buildings, notably those which face you on entering the spacious courtyard, made it an excellent home for her pack and her head huntsman, for M. Armand himself occupies a portion of the quaint old building. Quite apart from these considerations, however, the ancient home of the Paloiseau family and the extensive piece of land stretching back into the forest at its rear was a great bargain at the price which the duchess paid. At the time of the sale, the house contained a large quantity of antique furniture, beautifully carved and covered with tapestry, which the former owner, quite ignorant of its artistic value, allowed to be thrown about as worthless. The Duchesse d'Uzès, detecting its value at a glance, in spite of a thick covering of dust, called in an expert, had it examined, and disposed of it for no less a sum than £2000.

What this beautiful old place must have been when its walls were covered with family portraits and tapestries, when it was comfortably furnished in the style of a hundred years ago, with a bright log-wood fire burning in the large open fireplace of the capacious banqueting hall, we could judge on our tour of inspection. Time has dealt very hardly with it, but for all that it has not altogether lost its ancient splendours. Over the mantelpiece of one of the rooms we saw an oil painting of Sire Claude de Harville, Marquis de Paloiseau—a man of commanding appearance, encased in armour, bâton in hand, and represented as standing on the sea-shore, pointing to a vessel, from which we gathered that he held some post of authority at one of the ports of France. As in the case of most old

houses of its kind, an air of old-world grandeur—a faint perfume of the past—clings to it still. Some of the rooms are, as has already been mentioned, occupied by M. Armand and his family; but the greater part of the château has been turned into a kind of sporting museum. It is the storehouse of the records of thirty-one years of sport—records consisting of more than a thousand antlers of victims of the chase. They are to be seen everywhere: on the walls, suspended from the ceilings, along the passages, and on each side of the staircases. This novel decoration has a most pleasing effect. When the



ROOM AT CHATEAU DE LA CELLE DECORATED WITH ANTLERS

stag killed is a particularly fine one, the head, as well as the antlers, is preserved, and in every case an inscription, engraved on a silver plate, tells where, when, and under what circumstances the animal was killed. We also saw on the walls the heads of a number of wild boars, which M. Armand told us had been killed in the forest hard by. These, however, are getting scarcer and scarcer as time goes on, and those that remain are losing a good deal of their wildness. A little incident proved this to us shortly afterwards when photographing the hounds at the back of the château. A 'wild' boar came out of the forest, and began feeding quite tranquilly at the other side of the barrier of wire-netting. Nor was this

at all extraordinary, as the animal in question frequently got into the enclosure and had a meal in company with the dogs!

On the walls were also the heads of a number of hounds killed by stags when brought to bay. From five to six of these valuable animals are lost in this way every year, the heads of these *victimes du devoir* being stuffed, mounted on a board, and placed side by side with the antlers of the stags which they have helped to kill. Each head is surrounded by a wreath

POIVROT AND MICHEL, TWO OF THE BEST HOUNDS IN THE DUCHESSE D'UZÈS' PACK

and a large 'U' in moss—the letter with which, by the by, every unit of the pack is marked when hunting is in full swing.

After we had completed our tour and dreamed to our heart's content in the stately old house, we went to pay a visit to the pack, which numbers eighty. During the daytime the hounds are in an enclosure in the garden, or in the courtyard adjoining; but at night their quarters are in the low buildings facing the main courtyard—buildings which, it will be noticed, have a curious exterior decoration of stags' hoofs. Half an hour or so was spent in looking at these fine animals and in listening to M. Armand's eulogy of their qualities, and par-

ticularly those of 'Poivrot,' 'Michel,' and 'Lancier,' three of the duchess' favourites. It was then time for us to take our leave, as the omnibus which had brought us was about to make its one daily return journey.

In conclusion, let it be said that the Duchesse d'Uzès rarely hunts anywhere else than at Rambouillet. She has been asked on many occasions to hunt elsewhere, but has very rarely accepted such invitations. An exception, however, was made on one occasion, says the Count to whom we have already referred; she went to Champagne to take a stag reported to be of great ferocity and to have killed a woman. The capture of this animal, as may well be imagined, made the duchess very popular. At another time she went to Sologne, and succeeded in 'pulling down' a stag, much to the surprise of the huntsmen of the district, beneath the politeness of whose invitation there was concealed a tinge of irony. Besides being an intrepid huntswoman, the duchess is an enthusiastic autocarist. It is now some years ago since she obtained her certificate as a competent driver of an automobile. Another well-known French sportswoman, Mme. du Gast, was granted her certificate at the same time. Both ladies have since then accomplished unique feats on their machines. Mme. du Gast was the only lady to compete in the Paris to Berlin race, riding the entire distance without a breakdown. The Dowager Duchesse d'Uzès can also lay claim to a record ride, for she is the only woman who has ever ridden to hounds on her motor-car.

CLANCY'S DECOY

BY FRANK SAVILE

'WHIST! Master Francis, whist! Beyont the ould aldher there ye'll find Moriarty's pate pit. Shtep silent an' 'tis a baker's shop to a Bath bun but what ye'll flush a widgeon. What shot have ye? Fives? Oh, bedad, that's no good at all—none whativer. Asy, now. Dhraw thim an' shlip in these threes. They'll rise at thirty yards, no less, and they'll be forty before ye get y'r gun to y'r showldher. That's it. Quiet now, Blundherbust, quiet, the unasy baste that ye are! Mind y'r feet, sorr. They'll pop in the black mud there like champagne corks if ye don't dhraw thim circumspict the wan afther the other. An' creep through the green rushes, sorr, not the dhry wans. They crackle so's they'd scare a rynos'rus, much less a widgeon. Kape the dead oak t' y'r right an' the line of Clancy's ould mill gable t' y'r lift, an' thin make a crow's line f'r the white shtump of the ould aldher. So! Now y'r straight for it. Do you get along, sorr, and me an' Blundherbust 'll wait what while ye dale wid thim. Wan pair of feet's enough to thrample in among the long growth if ye want to make a quiet enthry. Whisht! Down, good dog, down, wid ye!

'There ye are, sorr, there ye are! What did I say? As nate a right an' lift as I've seen these twinty years. What's that ye say, Master Francis? Missed the second wan? Bedad the sun must have blinded the eyes of you. Missed, begor! 'Tis a dead bird this minut over there away beyont Shaugnessy's wall. 'Twas cut all to smithereens, the creature, wid wan broken wing an' a leg hangin' like an ould fiddle shtring! Missed, indade! 'Twas hard put to it to flutther the half of the distance! We'll pick it up so sure as the bruk runs, what time we come home the other side of the crik there. Blundherbust 'll find it—don't you fret y'rsilf about that, sorr, him wid a nose that'd sniff out a bug in an onion bed, the cliver baste that he is. Niver saw it dhrop so much as a feather says you? 'Dade, Master Francis, 'tis not mesilf that's marked an' loaded this thirty years an' f'r y'r father before ye that'd be mistaken about wan widgeon wid the blood dhrippin' out the life of him before me very eyes! Behint that wall we'll find him as dead as last year's pork. 'Tis no more care I have about the bird than if 'twas hangin' behint the lardher door.

'No, ye'll not get another shot this time. 'Tis straight f'r the crik we'll go, an' settle while the light's good. Ye might get wan beside the Jew's Harp pond as we pass, but I misdoubt me ye'll have scared thim all. We'll get to the hide an' thin, when the tide's dhropped past the ould flood gates there, the duck 'll be comin' in in their hundreds an' their thousands to the weed. Do you hould as straight f'r thim as f'r the widgeon, an' I'll be fair put to it to dhrag home the dozens of thim f'r ye. 'Tis doubtful I am now but what we sh'd have brought wan of the bhoys to carry the overplush. I'm ould, that I am, to be loaded wid more than a hundred weight of the bastes, and wid the moon where it is an' the weed what ye see it, 'tis millions of the birds will be flightin'—so they will.

'Yes, sorr, 'twould be no harm to take a peep at the Jew's Harp. But go asy—just as asy as ye can put y'r brogues t'the ground. Watch acrost the log there an' raise y'r head b' the inch at a time. Stiddy! D'ye see it? There, sorr, there! The green neck of him's showin' beside the patch of floatin' dhrift. The coot? No, sorr, the mallard! 'Tis no coot at all, at all. Ah, there now—there he goes, the creature! Down wid him, sorr, down wid him! Good shot, indade! Asy, sorr, asy! Don't open y'r breech. Ah, I thought so—I thought so. The duck, sorr, the duck! Down wid her too! Good shot again—bedad! a famous shot! Dead as gravestones the pair of

thim ! No—begor ! the duck's giv' a shtruggle. Give her wan more, sorr, where she swims. That's it—that's filled the head of her ! There ye are now, Blundherbust. Good dog, thin, good dog. Bedad ! he's bringin' the two of thim to wanst, the large an' willin' mouth that he has. 'Tis a good beginnin'—b' St. Patrick it is that. A brace of widgeon an' a couple of duck an' niver even got to the crik yet ! 'Tis an educashun to be out wid ye, sorr, the straight shot that ye are, though what else sh'd ye be, bein' y'r father's own son. Many's the time I've seen him do it right an' lift, and like enough shlip in a third cartridge an' bag the tail bird of the flight as nate as nine pence. 'Twas little he used to think of three guns and two loaders, the soople gintleman that he was.

'There we are, thin. Are ye comfortable, sorr ? Let me set a stone beneath the feet of ye. 'Tis no need to get the rheumatism before y'r time, an' it'll be the half of an hour or perhaps the whole of it before we hear so much as the whistle of wan of thim. Whin the tide gets past the stump ye see beside the rush patch there, thin they'll come an' they'll come quick an' multitudinous, so they will. Just f'r now ye've frighted thim entirely. But wait y'r time an' ye'll see, bedad, ye will so. No need for any decoy hereabouts. The duck weed's all the decoy they want, an' 'tis the juiciest feedin' ground f'r forty miles around.

'An' ye'll not be the first to find that out, sorr, not b' a score ye won't. Clancy, the ould miller, and Mike Doyle, that was keeper to Sir Peter's father, c'd tell ye tales of it if they were alive. Begor ! but the years flit an' they flit. 'Tis fifteen of them that the two have been in Purgathory, onless Father Malachi's relayssed thim wid his masses, and that I misdoubt me sadly, knowin' the bhoys they were.

'Who was Clancy, says you ? 'Twas not a question y'd have asked twinty years ago, the notorious lad he was. He'd the mill that shtud on the dam there, where ye see the ruination of it—just the half of four walls an' the window frame lanin' past the gutther. The dam was twinty feet high those days, an' the tide rushin' in, an' the strame rushin' out through the sluice, set the wheel going this way or that. Clancy, he'd but to sit wid his fingers in the breeches pocket of him, and watch the oats become male before his two eyes. 'Twas a restful life an' an asy wan, and beyont that he could have ducks f'r dinner any day out of six months in the year. At times he c'd shoot thim from his open door. An' if they grew shy he'd but to shtroll

up the far side of the crik an' hide among the osiers, or best of all, float his punt out t' th' island there, to get sackfuls of thim. Wid that ould bell-mouthed cannon of his that he desired to call a gun, he c'd cover twinty of thim at a time, what while they plucked the weed along the crik edge, an' though they do say it tuk him twinty minutes to come back to his sinses afther wan shot, that high did he load her, begor! he'd more to pick up than himsilf—so he had. Swathes of them, widgeon, duck, or what ye will.

"A sore trial he was to Sir Daniel, an' a sorer wan to his kaper, Mike Doyle. There was no question of poachin', d'you see, Master Francis, for he shot below the tide mark—at laste that was his thayory whin they taxed him wid it. But there was many a pheasant crept down among the reeds an' niver came back after resavin' Clancy's invitation t' shtop, which angered Doyle outrageous. There was all too few pheasants those days, an' he'd have giv' the right hand of him to catch Clancy fair an' square at his thricks.

'He got his chanst at long last. 'Twas wan September evenin' he was paddin' secret-like through the osiers there, whin he hears the suck of some wan's brogues liftin' the mud not tin yards away in the thick of the long growth. He peers through the rushes circumspectious an' sees the back of Larry Clancy's ould brown breeches resadin' from him shtep b' shtep, quiet an' unconscious.

'As the Divil's luck w'd have it, at that very moment a brace of partridges gets up to Clancy's right an' whirs away from under the very feet of him. Clancy lifts his gun—b' the same token 'twas not the bell-mouthed wan this time, but a nate little sixteen bore he'd bought chape at Moriarty's auction—an' dhrops them as they cross wid wan lucky shot for the pair. He throts forward to pick them up, smilin' an' gratified to see the plump birds they were.

'Just as he lint forward somethin' like the half of a ton of Mike's carcase dhrops on him from behint, flattenin' him like a pancake, and shtuffin' the mouth an' nosthrils of him brim full wid black mud. There he lay, wid Doyle's fifteen stun on the head an' showldhers of him, an' Doyle's large feet in the small of his back, though, truth to tell, sorr, 'twas little that was small about it, him being a yard an' a half around the waist if he was an inch. Mike had gripped his gun from him an' flung it aside. There he sat, contint and chucklin', commandin' the situation, as you may say.

'What wid the mud in his teeth an' the surprise Larry was in no condition to make a shtruggle f'r it. Doyle's weight was on him an' Doyle's fist was claspin' wan of his arms from behint in the constable's wrinch—ye know what that is, Master Francis, when ye have the elbow doubled on the inside turn, so that ye'd break it if the man that owns it offers to be restless—an' altogether he recognised that 'twas a matther f'r diplomacy an' not f'r force. He managed t' grunt so that Doyle undherstud he was wantin' breath, an' wantin' it so bad he'd have to have it if he broke his elbow gettin' it, an' at that Mike let him lift the head of him a morsel. But f'r all that he didn't budge his body, but sat shtill an' segacious, what while Larry shpat the black mud from off the gums of him.

'"'Tis atrocious manners ye have, Mike," says he, when he'd found the tongue to say it. "Who gave ye lave to take plasther casts of me countenance widout askin' why or whin? But lave me get up an' I'll say no more about y'r bad jokes," he says.

'"Asy, Larry Clancy!" says Doyle, givin' the wrist of him a turn just to notify his unforgivin' spirit. "Before I answer that question do you tell me where ye gained the right t' be shootin' Sir Daniel's partridges on the high an' dhry land quarther of a mile above that tide mark we're hearin' so much of?"

'"Partridges!" squeals Clancy, "was they partridges? B' this an' that, Mike, I tuk thim f'r the blackbirds that 've been deshtroyin' the currants in me small garden till I'm fair disthracted wid thim. Partridges they must be if ye say it, but 'twas all a terrible mistake. I apologise f'r me poor sight," he says. "'Tis always bringin' me to misfortune."

'"Poor y'r eyes may be," says Doyle, complacint like, "but they'll serve ye far enough to see this, Larry, that that's a story the magisthrates 'll pour contimpt upon. And wid y'r previous convictions 'twill be valued at five pounds, f'r all the poor tale it is."

'"'Tis unplisant gintlemen they are to do business wid, I allow," says Clancy, meditatin'. "Perhaps, though, Mike, you yersilf c'd allow me a discount if we settle matthers out of Court. Tin shillin's w'd go far to buy ye a betther an' may be a lighther pair of boots than those ye'r thrustin' into me backbone," he says.

'"They wud so," says Doyle; "an' I'd want thim to walk off the esthate wid whin the master giv' me the sack f'r resavin'

briberies an' corruptions. Not to mintion," says he, "that it's but the tinth part of what th' encounther 'd cost ye in open Court, Larry."

'"D'ye think so?" says Larry. "P'rhaps y'r right," he says, "but ye'll allow that wan sovereign sh'd buy Mrs. Doyle a shawl fit f'r a maid of honour or the Quane's silf come the Ballybekilt Fair at Michaelmas," says he.

'"It might," says Mike, "an' again it might not. But t' clear th' air an' prevint useless conversation," he says, "I'll tell you this, Larry—I'm not to be bribed from me duty b' all the shawls in Limerick, or Dublin, or Parrus itsilf. Sir Daniel's been a good master to me, and I'll be the good man to him, the rale gintleman that he is."

'"Sir Daniel 'll not get the five pounds," says Clancy, "even if the magisthrates shtrip it from me, the hard-hearted tigers that they are."

'"Y'r right," says Doyle, "an' it's his benefit I'm considherin'. Are ye open to rason?" he asks.

'"Any offer that doesn't smirch me honour," says Larry, "an' provided ye lave me breath t' answer ye. Me lungs is lanin' up against me palate already," he says. "Be quick before me eyes dhrop out."

"Listhen to this, thin," says Mike. "Do you pass me y'r word of honour an' swear b' the Howly Mother an' all the Saints that ye'll not shtray in these preserves again, nor desthroy so much as a duck excipt from y'r own mill-head, an' I'll lave ye go. F'r hostage I'll take y'r little gun there. 'Tis betther in my hands than yours. There's been too many blackbirds shot already. Do you take me?" says he, rowlin' about between Larry's showldhers.

'It wint hard against Larry to consint, it did that. He made wan or two idle propositions t' mittygate Doyle's acrimoniosity, risin', so he towld me himsilf, t' fifty shillin's an' a sack of male, but 'twas no manner of use. Doyle giv' him no answer but the wan; an' that was to bump the body of him slow an' cumbersome on Larry's ribs, till at last the misfortunate man used the last taycupful of wind inside him to swear his oath an' consint. Thin Mike slid off of him ponderous, tuk up the gun, an' handed him to his feet.

'"There ye are, me bhoy," says he, "an' now that I've claned y'r manners f'r ye, do you get home an' clane y'r face. 'Tis fit to grow oats on this minute," he says, takin' himself off, smilin' t' the last button on his shirt.

'Well, sorr, f'r days an' days afther that Larry didn't dare show his face on the counthryside, that low in his mind was he. But for all his shame 'twas a bargain he'd made, an' he shtuck to it. What made it the harder was the sason f'r duck that the winter brought wid it. They came sailin' in in their thousands an' in their hundreds, an' b' rason of the contrariousness of the bastes, 'twas hardly a flock 'd iver settle within shot of the mill—'twas a piece of artillery he'd have needed to reach thim, the cunnin' poulthry they was.

'He'd stand on the dam there, musin' on the great herds of thim he c'd see, an' rackin' his brains f'r some way of gettin' out of his promist that he wudden't break, knowin' Father Malachi an' the pinince that'd be put upon him f'r shatterin' an oath like the wan he'd swore to. He c'd see that there was only the wan thing to be done. That was to get Doyle to take the bargain off him, an' begor! he knew he might as well enthrate the mud in the crik.

'Well, sorr, there was brains in Clancy's head, an' 'twas little he had to do that winter save use thim. The idea came to him accidental at the last, but bedad not wan man in a million 'd have thought of it. A great an' inganious notion it was an' wan to be proud of. 'Twas due to his havin' to open the flood gates wan morning f'r the high tide that sets in wance a month wid what they call a "bore." A bore Clancy'd considhered it f'r many a year, but that mornin', wid his schame new ripe in his head, he blessed ivery swellin' wave that wint sweepin' up the crik as if he was the Pope hissilf, the ould fox that he was.

'He'd a month to wait till the next flood tide come around, but he was that uplifted wid his machinations and wid dwellin' on the triumph that he was goin' to take over Doyle that he scarce counted it a week. He turned up at Auntie O'Geohegan's again—him that hadn't been seen there nigh a fortnight—and tuk an' gave back the repartees wid the bhoys as if he'd niver heard of the little sixteen bore that Mike was swaggerin' around the marshes wid, or as if he'd niver had cause to shtick his nose in the mud to suffocate under fifteen stone an' a kaper's velveteen breeches.

'"Mayhap Doyle 'll rayturn it t' me in his will," he says, contint-like, when Auntie asked him if he wasn't missin' the gun sadly. "I've a feelin' in me ould bones that I'll shoot wan more duck wid it yet. Those that live longest 'll see most," says he.

'Well, Master Francis, the duck 'll have come an' gone if I thry to give ye ivery one of Clancy's discourses those days. I'll get along to the ind of it all an' tell ye how Larry put th' extinguisher on Doyle at last an' how he did it. Turn y'r eyes upon the island there, the big wan wid the large patch of osier in the middle and the tall reeds all around it.

'On that island Clancy hid an ould gaspipe of a rifle that he'd bought from Shamus the blacksmith f'r half a crown. The stock was broken, the muzzle was bint atrocious, an' 'twas no good at all at all, save f'r Clancy's purpose, an' f'r that he little grudged the few pince he gave f'r it. He bound it to the root of wan of the osiers, got two hundred yards of good wire, trailed it acrost the mud of the crik, an' hid the ind among the rushes beside us here. The ould weppin was loaded wid powdher only.

'On the avenin' whin the bore was due Clancy opened his flood gates, crept out into the weed as the dusk began to fall, an' got to firin' his ould bell mouth here, there, an' iverywhere circumspectious like, but niver gettin' far away from where th' ind of the wire was hid at the crik edge. He knew it cudden't be long before Doyle 'd come to inquire into this gineral salute.

'F'r the half of an hour he saw nothin'. The tide was comin' along in torrints b' now, an' f'r a momint Clancy thought his fine plan was goin' to miscarry ; but just as he was bringin' his ould cannon up to his showldher f'r wan more discharge, he saw a head peerin' out of the reeds opposite the island. 'Twas Mike himsilf, sure nough, slinkin' through the growth like an allygaytar to shnap up the omadhawn that was shootin' so reckless an' ostentashus. Larry c'd see the eye of him bint upon the island most inquirin'.

'At that he pulled upon the wire wid all the strength in his bones, an' bang wint the ould gaspipe among the osiers. Doyle c'd plainly see the blue shmoke dhrift aside, not to mintion the flare against the dusk.

'The channel between him and the island was three fut deep b' now, but the bhoy didn't hesitate. He wint splashin' through it, knowin' that though he cudden't swim, the tide was near the top, an' asy in his mind to shtop on the other side the hour or more till the ebb began, if only he c'd persuade the poacher he knew was hid there to shtop wid him. Clancy saw him go burstin' in among the rushes and thin ran as fast as his ould legs w'd carry him back to his own mill head.

'He dhropped the flood gates wan afther the other as quick as the winches w'd turn in the thrimblin' hands of him. B' the time the last was in position 'twas the high of the tide. Doyle was shtill investigatin' ivery reed an' rush on the island, knowin' his man must be there, an' resolute to resurrect him if it tuk a week. He was payin' no sort of attintion to the wather in the channel which was now sivin fut deep if it was an inch.

'Thin Clancy scutthled into his barn. He came out bearin' a score of great timbers he'd had hid there three weeks past. He'd dug a groove each side of the mill bank sluice above the outfall and he dhropped the timbers into thim wan afther the other till the outfall was raised six feet above the ordinary.

'Of course the water began to rise, f'r the strame was rushin' in upon the top of the salt wather above, an' divil a dhrop goin' out below. The first thing that turned Doyle from his investigations was the surface risin' above the shoes of him as he thrampled the osiers.

'He was nigh in the centre of the island, thin, but b' the time he'd squatthered to the low ground at the edge the ripples was at his chest. All he saw there was a crik twice the usual size, an' Larry Clancy floatin' quiet an' paceful in his punt thirty yards away, while the wathers was atin' their way out over the tide mark b' the yard at a time. He scratched his head.

'"Good avenin' to ye, Larry," says he at last, politeful-like. "'Tis a wondrous high tide f'r the time of year. I'll have to ask ye f'r a passage to git home again, it seems."

'"Will ye so?" says Clancy. "That's good hearin', Mike. Ye'll be the first passenger of the new shippin' line that's started," says he. "On behalf of the company I'll be proud to thransport ye," he says.

'"What company's that, thin?" says Doyle, eyein' Larry, an' scintin' throuble. "Are ye the managin' directhor, Larry?"

'"I am that," says he, "an' the rest of the board is this sate that I'm sittin' upon. I'm the consultin' engineer, too," he says, "f'r this here engine," he goes on, flourishin' his paddle.

'"I wish ye well of y'r berth," says Doyle—the wather was nigh his chin an' he had to rethrate towards higher ground —"but I'll shower me congratulations on ye at another time," he says. "Just now I'm a bit of a wet blanket. Will ye bring y'r steam packet alongside," says he, "if ye think ye have wather enough. There s'd be b' the look of it."

'"Fares is rulin' high to-night," says Clancy, in a voice so dhry it made Doyle feel all the damper b' comparison. "Me duty to me company does not allow me to cut rates aven to oblige a frind," he says.

'"I'd niver ask ye to do it," says Doyle, shteppin' back a yard an' shpittin' out a ripple that had reached his gums unexpicted-like. "But a shillin' f'r the company an' wan f'r the consultin' engineer sh'd be all that's due f'r wan hundred yards polin'?"

'"Tut! me bhoy," says Larry, as if he was amazed at the innocince of him, "ye sh'd know that wid no competition, fares rise like a balloon. An' 'tis a curious company—mine. We issue tickets aginst guns, not shillin's."

'At that Doyle's face fell, f'r he knew thin that it was a thrap set of purpose that Larry had him in, an' he burst back through the rushes to the far side of the island to see what in the divil had come to the mill dam that the water sh'd be six feet over the mark, an' what in thundher had come to the tide that it didn't fall. The moon was beginnin' to shine round an' lovely upon the full of the crik, so wan good look was sufficient f'r him. The wather was roarin' over the flood-gates brim full, an' he knew to wance that the outfall was shtopped an' w'd be so till Clancy chose to open it, world widout ind.

'Back he goes to the other edge again an' hails Larry from the humbled heart of him.

'"I've but the wan gun, Mister Chancy," says he, houldin' it up f'r Larry to see, "an' I misdoubt me if it's worth y'r acceptance. I tuk it from a poachin' divil of a blaggard some while back," he says, "an' so it can only have unplisant associashuns f'r ye. But such as it is y'r welcome to it. Come here an' I'll giv' it ye," says he, "but be quick if ye want it from a livin' hand!"

'Larry giv' a wriggle of his pole an' splashed up close to Mike, but not so close that the misfortunate man could clutch the punt of him.

'"There's wan other thing that's peculiar about me company, Mike," says he, "but it's also rasonable. Whin they've collicted a gun or two they'll be wantin' somewhere to use thim. Now the Headquarthers an' Offices of the Thrust is on the mill head, an' there hasn't a duck been seen within the half of a mile of that since Septimber. Where will the Board of Directhors shoot?" he asks.

'"Where they shot before," says Doyle, glowerin' at him.

"Below the tide mark an' no where else—not if I dhrown f'r it, Larry, an' that's me last word."

'Larry giv' a stroke of the pole that dhrew him off a bit. He considhered Mike wid his head on wan side.

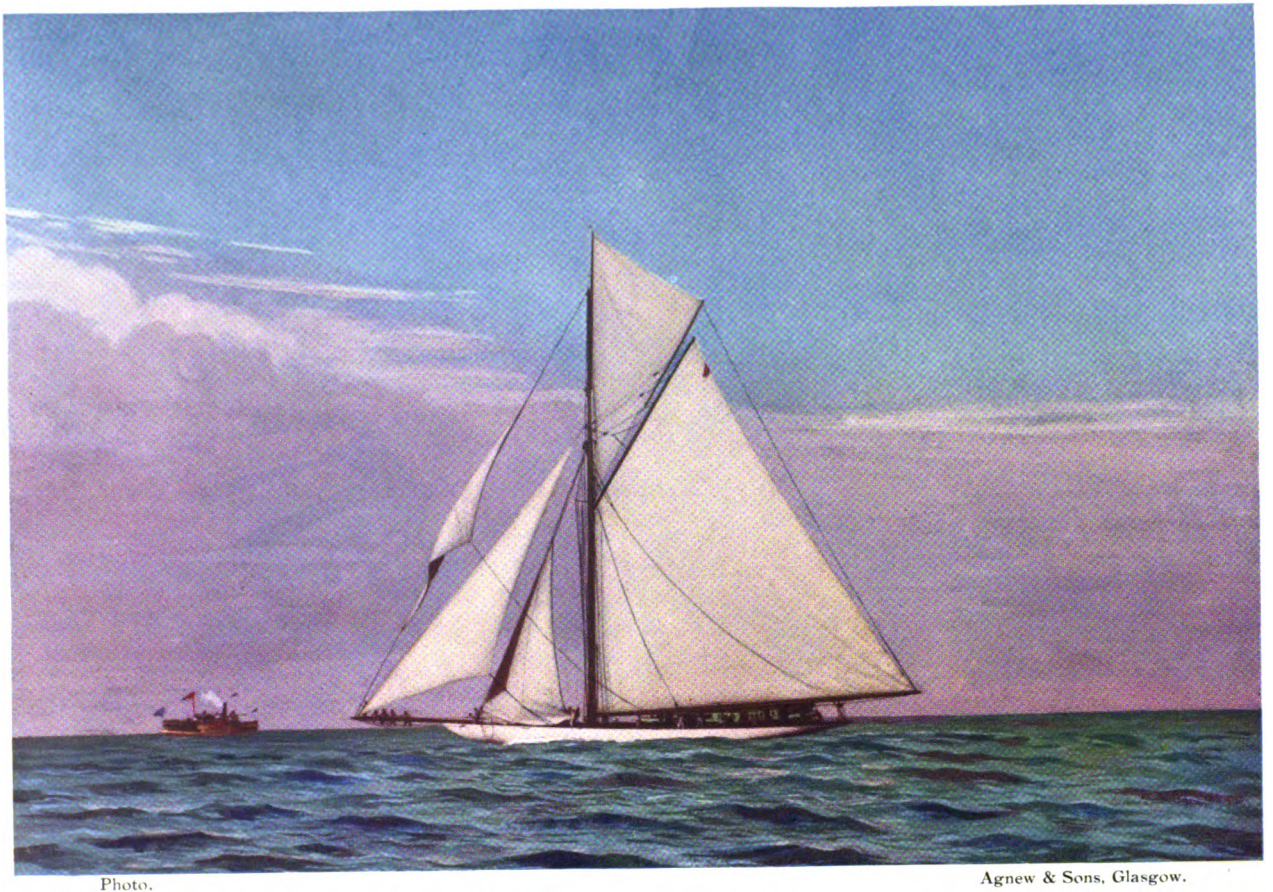
'"Below the tide mark?" says he. "Well, Micky," he says, "they're askin' no more, if ye'll reckon it from the highest point to which it's iver risen?"

'Doyle tuk wan more look around. The wather had covered the crik banks, an' the osier beds, and was lappin' at the cultivated land an' the woods. He tuk thought within himself that Clancy's terms was likely to go up wid the tide, an' that it was best to settle on a risin' market. He lifted the gun an' flung it into the punt.

'"There's y'r gun, ye avaricious divil," he says, "an' ye may shoot duck the same as before. I relayse ye from y'r promise. But so sure as ye put shot into pheasant or partridge an' I catch ye at it, so sure do ye go before the magisthrates, if I suffocate in me shoes."

'Larry picked up the gun, eyed it, and thin giv' a shove of the pole that sent the punt rockin' into Doyle's very arms. He helped him scramble aboard.

'"The terms of the company bein' met, Mike," he says, "I have plishure in offerin' you a deck cabin. An' if ye'll come around to the offices whin we land," says he, "I'll giv' ye what 'll frighten the rheumatism from y'r bones an' run it out of y'r very toes," he says, an' at that Doyle forgot to giv' him the gruff response that he'd been considherin' on. An' from what I've heard, sorr, it wasn't the length of the road that throubled Mike goin' home that same avenin, but the breadth of it. He an' Larry were the best of frinds there an' thereafter, an' I'll not be altogether sure that wan or two pheasants, an' here an' there a partridge didn't—Whisht! Listen now! There they are! Master Francis, there they are! That's the whistle of thim! Lave the first lot settle—lave thim get down an' they'll pull the big flight afther thim. There they go! Now thin! Now! Good f'r ye, sorr, good f'r ye again! Three t' the first barrel an' wan to the second. Bedad! me ould showldhers ache to think of the lashin's of thim I'll be thrailin' home behint ye whin the moon rises—Bedad! they do that.'



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COLUMBIA.

UNIV. OF MICH.

OUR CAMP IN THE WILLOWS

DUCK-SHOOTING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

BY R. LECKIE-EWING

BEFORE we were able to reach a favourable part of the country for our sport the Canadian winter in all its severity had already set in ; the wild fowl were leaving their summer haunts in inaccessible regions, and were seeking the shelter and better feeding-grounds in the more open and lower lying waters of lake and river.

Having heard that good sport could be obtained on and around one of the large lakes in the East Kootenay district, we accordingly took up our headquarters at one end of this lake, taking the necessary camp outfit with us, which consisted of a tent, blankets, cooking utensils, a small stove, and provisions. Our dogs and guns were of course not forgotten. When we arrived, our hearts were gladdened by the sight of many flocks of both duck and geese. The former had made an arm of the lake their headquarters, while the latter were seen principally in stubble fields.

We soon discovered, however, that the birds were very wary, the geese, in fact, being almost unapproachable. A very few years ago, two good guns found no difficulty in making daily bags of anywhere between sixty and a hundred couple. Birds appeared to be just as plentiful as ever, or nearly so, but from constant shooting they had become much wilder, consequently we found it impossible to make bags of anything like the old dimensions.

On the day after our arrival we were up and ready before

A SILENT WATCH

the first faint streaks of daylight were visible, and after a hasty breakfast, we left our tent and started for our shooting-ground, accompanied by our two brace of old country retrievers.

We had not very far to go, as we had pitched our tent in some willows, close to the lake shore. A short walk of some few hundred yards brought us to a likely looking slash which extended along one arm of the lake, and was bordered on the side where we took our stand by tall bulrushes and sedges.

Already we could hear overhead, in the yet darkened sky,

the incessant clatter of innumerable wild duck, intermingled every now and again with the weird honk-honk of the goose.

As daylight gradually brightened the sight which met our eyes was one that will never be forgotten. From the point in the slash where we had taken up our stand, to the opposite shore, a distance of some two miles or more, the surface of the waters was simply alive with wild-fowl.

Overhead, but still far out of range, great flocks of mallard went whistling by ; black-duck, and red-heads passed in scattered bodies of twenty and thirty at a time ; the tiny teal and butter-

THEIR LAST RESTING-PLACE

balls, in companies of twos and threes, kept skimming past us like the wind ; whistlers, in their showy plumage of green and black and white, made the air resound with their peculiar flight ; while high up in the heavens the mighty geese went winging their silent way.

It was tantalising in the extreme to see this endless army all around us and yet be unable to get a single shot at their countless ranks.

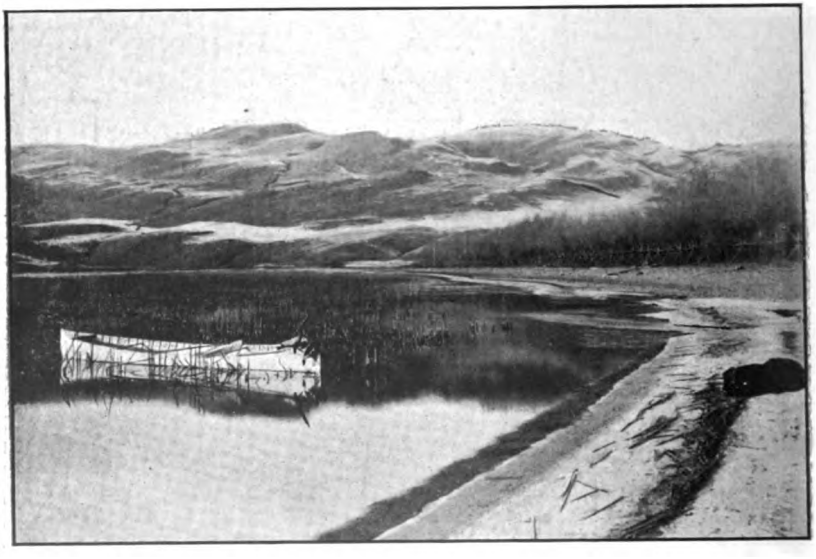
Past experience, however, had taught us that in duck-shooting it is useless to try and chase your game, so we stuck to our places and quietly waited till our chance should come.

Just as we were beginning to lose heart and were con-

templating making a move, our patience was at last rewarded; my friend on the right gave me a nudge, and almost before I could look his way both barrels rang out and a couple of mallard lay splashing in the water in front of us, which were quickly retrieved by Carlo and Diamond.

I had barely time to raise my gun to take aim at the retreating flock when swish, another lot came dashing over, affording an easier shot, of which I took advantage, only managing, however, to bring down one bird.

Again we were in position, and lucky it was that we had



LEFT IN CHARGE

kept our places, as the duck, disturbed by our shots, were rising off the lake and flying round us from every direction. As far as the eye could reach flocks of every breed came sweeping overhead, sweeping past us in endless circles. As they neared our hiding-place many slackened speed, but passed too high up for our shots to reach them.

After circling round several times, a flock of black-duck were the next to lose a few of their numbers. Coming just within reach, a clever right and left from the third gun brought down a couple, two fell to the middle, while I just managed to wing the last straggler with my choke.

Scarcely had we reloaded when down plumped a couple

BY THE LAKE SHORE

of teal, one of which was only brought to bag, his mate being badly missed by two of us.

WAITING FOR THE MALLARDS' FLIGHT

For another hour or so the sport was excellent and our bag gradually improved. Long ere the flighting ceased, however,

the birds had become thoroughly alarmed and very few came within range, so we decided upon making a move.

We made our way along the shores for another mile before we came to a likely looking spot and which afforded sufficient shelter for ourselves and dogs.

As we went along, both overhead and on the lake duck were plentiful, but very few came within range. We had kept perfectly still for some time in our new hiding-place before we got a shot. Numbers of teal were feeding quietly in patches

CARLO RETRIEVING HIS FIRST DUCK

of rushes, but too far out to shoot. By degrees, however, they came nearer shore, and at length a batch of three rose from the water and came skimming over our heads. The shot was an easy one and all three met their fate, the last of them causing considerable difficulty before it was retrieved by old Lassie, who stuck in the mud breast deep, and we had to join hands and haul her out, the bird still in her mouth.

Disturbed by our shots, other teal, both green and blue barred, now began to pass our retreat, affording us most sporting shooting, and several birds were brought to bag. When once these little birds get fairly on the wing few wild

fowl move with such velocity, and it requires a sharp eye and accurate shooting to bring them down successfully.

By this time, however, daylight was beginning to fade, so we gathered up our game and made a move towards home.

Before we reached camp I had the good fortune to bag a wood-duck, which rose out of a small creek running into the lake. The variety of colourings in this gorgeously plumaged bird could not be surpassed.

We had a few more shots from our old position of the

RETRIEVING UNDER DIFFICULTIES. DEEP WATER AT EDGE

morning, but as the evening flighters were flying high and strong, we added but few to our total.

Darkness was fast spreading over mountain, wood, and lake, so, tired and hungry, we at length reached our camp, well satisfied with our first day's sport and our bag of just sixty-six head all told.

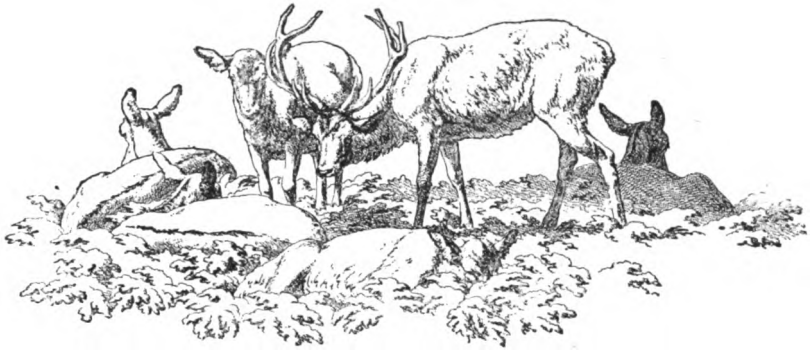
During the few weeks we spent here we could always manage to make similar bags. Occasionally we varied our sport by shooting prairie chicken and several varieties of grouse, which were very plentiful all round the lake shores.

I must not close without adding a few words of praise to our quartet of retrievers, for without their aid at least ninety

per cent. of the duck we shot would have been lost in the open water, or reedy swamp, where they mostly fell.

All are splendid water dogs and it is seldom that they ever let a wounded bird escape; despite her age the palm is still carried off by old Lassie, who had her first lessons on the banks of the River Forth some thirteen years ago now. The story is still fresh in my memory of a record day with the old dog, when she retrieved no fewer than fifty-two couple of duck, and this, too, without the loss of a single bird.

A MIXED BAG



MISTY VICISSITUDES ON APPLECROSS HILLS

BY LADY MIDDLETON

My husband, 'the lord,' as they called him in these Western 'airts,' translating the Gaelic 'am mhorair,' has certain fixed ideas, and one of these is that it is absolutely needful to get me frequently 'on the hill'—*i.e.*, that I should go out deer-stalking with him. This is for various reasons: first (let me believe), the pleasure of my company; secondly, the good of my health, which requires, according to him, periodical 'shaking-up'; and thirdly, a reason he would repudiate, but the head-stalker avows his private faith that I bring his lordship luck. My occult influences are, however, pitted against unfair odds, when, as recently, I had to contend against the mist demons of the mountains.

In certain respects one's sex is regrettable; for instance, I have a most feminine dislike of a gun. I don't like the look of it, I don't like the feel of it, I hate the sound of it, and never can shake off the idea that it will go off somehow and somewhere when you least expect it to do so. I can almost cry over a dead stag even after taking part in the exciting stalk or drive that wrought his undoing. I have ridden many a good forty minutes after a stout fox, but never once willingly witnessed his breaking-up; and I once endured much chaff for capturing a wounded pheasant at a big shoot and taking it to the keeper's wife to have its leg mended. Well! life, and the

human character are made up of contradictions, and in monotony is no charm.

One recent morning, being very lovely and warm—and how summer-like can early days of our Western Octobers be!—after a somewhat stormy autumn, I, expecting a peaceful day at home, was informed that there was news of a good stag at the top of the glen, some three miles only distant. We were not to waste time and chance so near the end of the stalking season, but to start in pursuit of him about one o'clock P.M.

I had already enjoyed a long and delightful morning, hatless and coatless had wandered amid the glow and glory of that ideal garden—a garden noted even in the flowery West, the dear old Scotch garden, where blossom, fruit, vegetables contest the soil in kindly amity; where you can feast on cherries in airs scented with nigh roses; gorge on gooseberries, where a bed of neighbouring carnations delights your eyes; and pick greengages as you walk between their wall and the regiment of dahlias and hollyhocks that partly conceals it. And who fails to admire those wonderful artichoke beds; some forgotten globes left to flower into splendid blue thistles, above their grand acanthus-fashioned leafage, than which no finer foliage for the decoration of vases exists! and then those lovely white-flowered, long-podded peas, growing, in our soft Western clime, like their scented sisterhood, some ten feet high on their props! Vastly we admire all this as we walk down the white shell-strewn pathways, shells that recall the ocean, smiling or storming without those high garden walls that have warded their treasures so long from her many moods.

And, blent with the sound of the sea, rings from the hills behind and above these faery bowers that trumpet tone wherewith the wild stag in autumn, from ravine and corrie and slope, challenges the world with the citation of his valours, before the marvelling audience of his multi-ladye loves.

My basket that October day was brimmed with mignonette, sweet peas of Eckford's proudest, roses (the Gloire de Dijon hedge traverses the garden length—I have seen seventy blooms thereof fill a clothes-basket in summer), carnations, liliums, scabious, gallardias, and many another joy; then, tired of gathering, I had wandered down the long border, without the walled garden, looking beyond its pomps of yellow giant and other sunflowers and mombretias; its tall lilies of Japan, bowing to the compatriot anemones of three colourings below them; the giant monkshood blending its translucent blue with

the many-toned greys and lilacs of Saint Michael's daisies; the rosy dahlias, and countless other delights in full strength and blossom; looking beyond this blaze to the purple hill and Corrie Glas dimpling its top. Between the hill and flower-border stood the semi-veil of wood—horse chestnut, oak, and beech, tinted and mellowed by the breaths of autumn, in exquisite blending with the stronger verdures of fir and coniferæ.

I gazed and gazed, and felt it was as nearly an earthly paradise as eye could wish for; I would fain have wandered round that garden most of the autumn day, adoring or planning changes and improvements for another year with its ruling genius, discussing whether to repeat those beds of French gladiola, or to substitute roses for currant-bushes on such and such wire fences; whether to cut in two this long bed in view of a possible monotony in colouring, or have marguerite carnations in conjunction with white stocks. And—special charm—let us devise so to place a bed of mignonette that its breaths may waft into the windows of the mansion-house.

But a voice interrupted my reflections: 'Where are you? What are you doing? Go and get your clothes on.'

'The lord' had spent the morning writing up arrears, consulting with the estate manager, &c., and now was very like a boy released from school. There was no resisting his strenuous command. I left the garden delights, and as I passed through the house glanced longingly at a delightful French volume of correspondence between Marie Thérèse and her hapless daughter, in which I had hoped to have buried my mind later sitting on the garden-seat. But neither horti- nor other culture was to be mine. I rushed on 'the clothes'—short tweed skirt, greased shoes (well-nailed) and gaiters, stalking cap, and telescope—swallowed down, without the forty munches of wisdom, an early lunch, climbed on a small black steed, half mane and tail; and off, trying to keep up to the stately pacing of his lordship's famous chestnut, *Dearg*.

Along the glen we rode, stopping a moment to spy the 'Wollaton Stag,' a grand importation, who had aggregated to himself about fifty wild hinds, and being of park birth and upbringing, allowed our approach much closer than his wild brethren would have done.

We remarked on the warmth and beauty of the afternoon, when I pointed out that the mist had gradually descended from sky to hill-top, and that Corrie Glas, on our left, was

already harbouring the soft but sombreing visitor in her bosom. We climbed up the shoulder, rounding its first corner, where we met the head stalker and various satellites with a deer pony. We dismounted, and, settling to our telescopes, were shown the object of our quest, a fine stag on the opposite braeside, at the very head of the glen. He had only three hinds with him, and all were quietly feeding.

After considerable discussion, plans of attack were made, and once more we turned up the hill, leading our ponies, as one side of the path is a deep burn, quite dangerous as to precipices, and a shy of the ponies might settle matters most unpleasantly for themselves and riders. When Lassie, our beloved black collie, went close to the brink it made one shudder, and I hastily called her away.

We reached the top without incident, again sat to spy around, observed more hinds on the rocky bluffs to our left, and following them up soon found their stag. We also observed the stealing mist slowly pushing forward and gradually obliterating the herd ; however, mist is a quaint and unstable quantity, and it might as easily roll by as advance upon us. Owing to the direction of the wind we could only approach our stag from above.

It is one comfort in the slaying of this noble beast that, given a good marksman, the stag rarely knows of his death, has no terrors of anticipation, no horrors of pain or self-pity ; the rightly directed bullet goes straight to its end, and, perhaps, after chewing the peaceful cud of his last meal, the stag rises to fall for ever—a contrast to the doom of hapless 'cattle beasts,' driven to the blood-reeking shambles one is told of as existing in towns, or even the sheep at a home-farm in foodless confinement for twenty-four hours before he meets his fate.

Now we again mounted, and followed a fresh path to our right, which we pursued till Hay, head stalker, called a halt, and we got off, while 'the lord' proceeded to give directions as to the disposition of the ponies. My husband and I discarded all incumbrances save his coat and my cloak, and our glasses (not much use for those), and leaving the easy path behind us we three—or four, counting Lassie—boldly took the hill.

By this time the eldritch mist had lowered her volume, gradually obscuring the whole landscape, and the glory of the morning, and the memoried charm of our recent ride through the glen, were alike blotted out from an unrealisable past. It was not a nice walk, and the men—used to the stones behind

hummocks, whereover I tripped; or the tussocky footholds in bog, whereon I slipped; or the pool they strode over, wherein I dipped (sole or ankle-deep what cared they?)—marched on like the bog-trotters and mountaineers they were, till my feeble pants for mercy won them to 'gentle' the pace.

Now there uprose a wind, a wicked sort of breath, that, instead of dispersing our enemy the mist, simply brought volumes like smoke, and blew it hither and thither in most tantalising fashion. We could not see a thing forty yards from us. At last Hay stopped suddenly and assumed the prowling gait of a Red Indian approaching a camp of Whites. He had identified through the fog a rock, noted from the glen below as being close to the quarry. With crouching form and stealthy foot he turned off in a different direction lest the animals should get our wind, we and the dog, now on a string, following. When we had got into a safe quarter we proceeded to wait, in the hope of a lift in the mist which might give us a chance at our stag.

Did it lift? Not at all; but presently a fine, close, though not heavy, rain began to—not fall, but drive at us, along with the clouds of smoke-like fog. It was very unpleasant; objects twenty yards around us were invisible. We tried a whispered conversation—on my part mainly regret for that garden of enchantment, wherein I might now have been basking, dipping alternately into that desirable French volume, and then into the waft and blaze of scent and colour around; on 'the lord's' side smothered chaff at the 'holiday sportsman'; and gentle deprecations concerning weather and 'mists' in general from the head stalker. I was standing on a stone in the midst of a pool watching, for lack of better employment, the drip from cap to cloak, from cloak to skirt, when Hay (the stalker) brought me a stone to sit on. I accepted for courtesy's sake, and sat, Lassie cowering her soaking person close to me. I knew that stone would be cold, and soon found it was angular, so to escape perforations I presently rose. The close drizzle had now changed to heavy rain, and I felt, through the medium of a wet coat-collar, that my backbone was in jeopardy. 'When are we to go home, it will be quite dark soon?' I inquired plaintively about 3.30 P.M.

'Oh! we'll just wait a half-hour yet, and see if she (the mist) will rise!' says Hay firmly.

I suppose my face showed my feelings, for my husband

broke into a smothered laugh. There we did wait however, and *she* rose not at all; but the rain thinned off, and finally ceased for a while.

We now moved on, taking a wide circuit, and following Hay in single file, 'the lord,' myself, and Lassie, led by me. I could not see the stalker, but the blurred form of my husband was guide. Suddenly a sort of rent in the mist showed us our stag, not two hundred yards away. Down we squatted on whatever ground we each happened to tread; mine was not ground, in strict sense, at all, but just a 'soft place'—*i.e.*, a shallow bog, and I pressed Lassie low into it beside me.

In this delightful position we remained, scarce breathing, till the mist had again closed, and we rose and went back on our tracks for what appeared a very tediously long way. I was now fairly chilled; my skirt, despite surreptitious wringings, weighed heavy with wet, and the soaked gaiters struck cold to my ankles. I suppose men do not mind these things, but I wish they donned skirts once in a way to realise our woes.

After a time of this heel-way wandering Hay pointed off rapidly in another direction, whether north, south, or what I certainly could not say, being by this time as much fogged in mind as in body; but after many minutes of crawl and creep I nearly jumped out of my shoes at hearing a roar just close to us. Lassie, all praise to her, only cocked an ear and did not bark, but such a sudden stroke on your hearing, when you are groping in grey darkness, is very hard on the strained nerves of either beast or woman. Down again sank the four of us, trying to still our very breaths, so alarmingly near seemed the desired prey. (On these occasions a vivid imagination sometimes gives added zest, by picturing oneself lost in the wilds, and dependent on chance for your dinner should failure follow effort.) Well, this stag must have been moving as we moved, and there was nothing for it but to wait another rise of mist, which we accordingly did.

How one hates a fog, even a clean Highland cloud! You feel so smothered, so powerless. I was reminded of a journey from a farm called Inverbain, some miles beyond the very spot where we now cowered, when our guide, we felt certain, had lost his way in the dense drizzle and mist, and my sister-in-law and I, leading our ponies, as riding was impossible, and having to stop every few minutes to wring our drenched petticoats, toiled on through the sopping gloam, an awful, trackless road of the hill; wading through swollen burns, struggling in heavy

bog-ground, crawling and dragging the steeds up rocky steeps, for what appeared endless hours, till the ever-closer mist fairly encompassed us, and we wondered if we were to see home that night; when, good luck! female voices caught our ears, and some lasses, journeying up from the coast, loomed through the grey, and showed us where to strike the right track for the glen. From this experience my mind wandered to the glory of the past morning, and I became dreamily absorbed in arguing, mentally, whether a new garden we were planning on a slope, whence a view of sea and mountains of Skye should enchant, was to have a path winding into the fernery pit or round its top; and whether an avenue of hollyhocks leading to the greenhouse should be blent with sunflowers or stand alone, when I was roused by a gentle 'Hist!' and saw that the sportsmen were on the move.

This time it was down hill, and slithering and slipping, pulled back or onwards by the black collie, as often sitting as stepping, I followed, still in the murky grey gloam. One good result of this more violent exertion was that it warmed one. And the lower we sank the hill the sparser grew the mist.

Suddenly halt! What? Hinds! There they were, three of them, and a calf or two, feeding leisurely within shot.

Right about face and up the hill again, with bodies bent to crawling, and I confess to more than one good tumble, unseen by the well-accustomed hunters in front of me. I happily never let go the dog, though Lassie, aware that something *beasty* was near, strained and tugged and tried to break loose. I had to threaten and even tap her with my stick before she resumed her rearward position.

Fates were maddeningly adverse though, for when we imagined ourselves well out of ken of the hinds, the renewed bellowing of our stag at no great distance showed us he might yet be in dangerous proximity. Hay pulled a bit of bog-cotton from his pocket and threw it up into the still air. Its feeble meandering reassured him as for the direction of the wind, and we crept on and up till we finally rounded a shoulder, where some big rocks offered good cover, and there we sat and waited, as the second roar proved that the stag was moving in our direction, probably in search of those truant hinds.

It had been latterly fair, but now came again gentle distillations from that heaven we had long ceased to see. Soon one was again a sop. When I tried to pierce, visually, the fog, the drip from my stalking-cap obscured what seeing was left, and,

sliding down the nose tasted peat and tweedy whenever one opened mouth. But no matter, it was becoming intensely exciting, the rifle was taken out of its cover, and my husband silently arranged for a good 'rest.' I covered Lassie's head with my soaked cape, and with breathless eagerness listened, all ears.

'*Uarrraów—urgh! urgh! urrrgh!*' That certainly was near, and I heard 'the lord's' heart-beats as distinctly as I felt my own. Hay might have been carved in grey rock, so still he sat. Another two minutes or more and the mist slowly rose. He was there, standing, his head back-thrown, mouth open for another bellow, what a shot!—when came a puff of unexpected wind, and that cruel veil blotted out the whole picture as though a curtain had dropped between it and us.

The rifle was laid down to an exclamation (*sotto voce*) from Hay that was perhaps best in Gaelic, and when the second bellow did come its author had evidently moved well away, probably driving in the straying ladies to the body of his family.

Well, well! there was nothing for it but to wander down hill again and creep away in the direction of the last roar.

A shower or two varied the discomforts, still having no real effect on the mist, which rose slightly and fell darkly at intervals. I felt to be growing very tired, for Lassie was a drag, and I could not expect either of the sportsmen to relieve me, as their whole minds were perforce given to the game. We were now on the more level grounds giving on to the river, and the 'Monarch of the Glen' evidently meant to spend the night somewhere amid the green flats on her banks (a river is always female in N.B.). It was getting so late in the afternoon that our sport must be speedily brought to some conclusion; as it was, the gloaming would overtake us homing across the glen, so we toiled rapidly on. My backbone had been well reached by this time, as my wet hair trickled through kerchief and collar, and soaked lower and lower. My elbows struck cold in moving, cape and skirt defied wringing, gloves were poultices, and I heard the wet squelch in my shoes. But I was quite excited and therefore warmer.

A few crawls, nearly worm-fashion, a few quick runs in Hay's sleuth-houndlike mode, a down-charge squat into bog, watercourse, heather, or what came handy, and we were rewarded by a more peaceful bellow from our hero within comparative reach. Joy! we could not fail now, and our toils

would not be for naught, nor would that deer-saddle return home 'toom' (empty) like that of *Bonnie* George Campbell in the ballad : 'Toom cam' his saddle, and never cam' he!'

We stopped for a final consultation as to the best approach, then a little more movement in the right direction and he would undoubtedly be ours ; when my husband, noticing for the first time my efforts to restrain the lovely black lady with the white-powdered nose, who seemed to grow livelier in proportion to her mistress's fatigue, and observing that mistress's fagged though interested mien, told me to let her off the string, as she would be quieter so, and there was now no fear of her straying from us.

I stooped, untied the knot, and freed the collie. Whatever tempted her I know not, it was quite unexpected and unusual on her part, but no sooner did she feel the tension gone than with a couple of jubilant bounds she broke into a loud and cheerful vocal recognition of her liberty!

The mist-demon had got into her blood, and the joyful but inexpressibly exasperating noise she made must have scared all the deer within a radius of miles.

I think the only end to this little adventure that need be recorded was that we went home. I wish some one had kodaked Hay's face.

A hot bath and an evening spent with Marie Thérèse and Mércy-Argenteau made me forget my damp distresses and misty vicissitudes.

HORSE-RACING IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND

BY RICHARD ORD

'How comes it that there are no racehorses in the North?' Thousands have asked both others and themselves this pertinent question, more particularly during the concluding part of the last decade, but few have given sufficient thought to the matter to evolve any solution of the problem, the great majority contenting themselves with the undisputed fact, and wondering only when, if ever, a bright star would appear in the equine firmament worthy of being classified not with the tens but hundreds which in days of yore shed real lustre upon the sequestered Yorkshire training-stables. How comes it that Malton, Middleham, Hambleton, and Richmond, in the zenith perhaps of their glory in the 'forties' and 'fifties' and 'sixties,' can no longer boast of an animal worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with the celebrities of those days? Hambleton, associated with the early fortunes of the peerless Alice Hawthorn; Richmond, with Voltigeur, Skirmisher, Fandango, Vedette, Qui Vive, and a host of others; Malton, with Meteor, Cotherstone, Daniel O'Rourke, West Australian, Blink Bonny, Caller Ou, Blair Athol, all classic winners, *multis cum aliis*, that may be fairly written down as of almost equal merit, though perhaps less well known to the present generation of racing men. Malton too—inseparably associated with the matron Queen Mary, destined to exercise so important an influence upon the blood of future generations; Middleham, memorable for its connection with the Dawsons, Osbornes, John Fobert, who trained for Lord Eglinton, and Bob Johnson, the trainer of Beeswing and Nutwith, winner of the St. Leger in 1843;

ever famous for its Ashgill, Thorngill, Brecongill, Tupgill, and Spigot Lodge, whence in their days issued forth such giants as Charles XII., Our Nell, Blue Bonnet, Nutwith (already alluded to), Gildermire, Van Tromp, The Flying Dutchman, Ellington, Pretender, Bothwell, Apology, with innumerable others scarcely less distinguished, though not included in the classic scroll, such as Grimston, Jonathan Wild, St. Bennett, Inheritress, Ellerdale, Ruby, Mark Tapley, Aristides, Saunterer, Manganese, The Miner, Tim Whiffler, Agility, Thorn, and Lily Agnes, dam of the invincible Ormonde. As Malton had its Queen Mary so Middleham too had its Agnes, by Clarion, unknown to fame on the turf, but the founder of a most distinguished line of posterity, with Duke of Westminster, who started so well and may redeem his character as a representative.

A good many of the great historic winners attached to North-country stables have been mentioned, and some of them, no doubt, bring to your readers pleasant recollections, though not unmingled perhaps with a pang of regret that they have not left a worthy representative to continue what was at one time an almost unbroken series of triumphs. Take the last five or six years racing in the North of England ; peruse it with care, and you will fail to find a dozen horses that can be conscientiously described as much above plating form. Begin, say, with A.D. 1897, and you have such horses as The Docker, Laughing Girl, Grasp, Sardis, Lammermuir, and Burnock Water standing as representative perhaps of the best 'mile or upwards' form, whilst, for speed, you must be content to admit that Royal Flush, Whittlebury, and Anklebiter are at the top of the tree; true it is that at one time a two-year-old of exceptional merit was supposed to be sheltered at Malton, but the son of Bend Or and Jenny Howlett soon belied his pedigree, and is now comporting himself in selling hunters' races. The Baker, another promising two-year-old of the same year, similarly failed to improve with age, or might have done something for the credit of Yorkshire. The year 1898 produced King Crow (a very smart handicap horse), Royal Flush (improving with age), Cunctator, Chackbird, Carnatum, Athel (invincible at Thirsk), and Gyp, with a really first-class two-year-old in the colt by Enthusiast out of Noble Duchess, afterwards called Lord Edward I., and destined, owing to want of ordinary care in his management, to belie what might and ought to have been a much more distinguished career on the Turf. A useful two-year-old must Deuce of a Daisy, too, have been on the day when

in the Friary Nursery at Derby she gave London (now one of the speediest of our sprinters) thirteen pounds, and was only beaten by a neck, with Merry Methodist, receiving twenty-four pounds, a length and a half behind; but she likewise has hitherto failed to reproduce such form. In the year 1899, Gyp and Merry Tom were perhaps the best representatives of handicap class, with Royal Flush at the top of the weights in the shorter races, but it was a terribly poor year all round; class was absolutely wanting, and the two-year-olds, save perhaps Lumley Moor, were wretched in the extreme. Low be it said that in 1900 the cream of the North in handicaps was comprised of Little Grafton, Dandy Fifth, and Bencher, with Laffan (destined, like all the promising Northern youngsters for two or three years, to break down early in his career), the best by far of an extremely moderate lot, and naturally at all meetings where North and South country horses competed, the latter swept the board; the Scotch-trained Melete alone, if I mistake not, winning a handicap at York! Last year showed no improvement upon its predecessors so far as relates to Northern form, though Syneros was at one time the hope of the Tykes for the St. Leger, but he trained off as the season advanced, and made no show in the great race. With such animals as Dandy Fifth and the hurdle-racer Master Herbert at the top of the handicaps the poverty of class is well illustrated; Melete showed consistent speed, if not of the highest class, but the two-year-olds were not removed from selling plate form, Lady Ormac being perhaps the least moderate.

Such is the tale of recent years, and it would appear almost beyond conception, did we not know the reality, that the once all-conquering training stables of the North, and more especially of that county of horses, Yorkshire, should now be unable to send forth a horse within two—nay, I am almost tempted to say, within three stones of classic form. Yet, allowing that the past four or five years have been exceptionally bad, satisfactory reasons, or rather, I should say, sufficient reasons (for they cannot in themselves be but unsatisfactory), for this terrible and pronounced falling off, commencing in the 'seventies, and gradually more and more intensified up to the present time, are to be found in the altered condition of circumstances relating to both man and horse, brought about mainly by those two all-powerful reformers, steam and electricity. In the old days, when horses were compelled to travel by road, and it mattered not whether they had the luxury of a van or not, the Yorkshire stables were

well-nigh invincible ; the introduction of locomotion enabled owners and their horses alike to be carried about much more expeditiously, and it was seen by aristocratic and wealthy patrons of racing, accustomed hitherto to train and race in the North, that with Newmarket as their head racing-quarters, and the Metropolis their abode during a considerable and very important portion of the racing season, a system of centralisation would be to their advantage, placing them in closer communication with London, and at the same time in constant touch with their trainers and stud : the result was that, as the railway system was perfected, and the comforts and rapidity of travelling improved, they gradually settled down in what may well be termed more palatial establishments at Newmarket, the improved railway facilities of each year enabling them, where disposed, to run their horses at the principal Northern meetings, such as Newcastle and Gosforth Park, Stockton, Redcar, York or Doncaster, with considerably less loss of time than was formerly occupied in walking or road-vanning them to the meetings from their North-country quarters; and nowadays the Newmarket specials seldom fail to forward their goodly contingent of runners, and winners too, to the above-mentioned meetings, to say nothing of Ayr, Edinburgh, and the principal meetings north of the Tweed.

In a minor degree the electric telegraph has assisted in the changed condition of things, for now all distances are practically brought together, and the same centralising influence has exercised its powerful effect. There is yet another reason, and that may be found in the Crœsus-like stakes that are run for in the South of England as compared with those that are the subject of competition in the North. There was a time, not so far distant, when all stakes were small, and when it required three or four wins to make up a sum total of £100. It mattered not then where horses ran provided that they reaped some of the spoils ; but in these days of colossal stakes, which may be more consonant with the spirit of gambling than beneficial to the improvement of horse-breeding, there is no doubt but that the more fashionable training-stables are those which are in fairly close proximity to the meetings where these huge stakes are run for, such as Sandown, Kempton, and others within the metropolitan district ; thus the South is well catered for in the way of rich prizes, but the North contents itself with its St. Leger, Northumberland Plate, and Ebor Handicap, besides some valuable juvenile stakes. Scotland boasts of its Ayrshire

Handicap, but the value of its other races is small, and the Lincolnshire Handicap and Manchester Cup would seem to belong to the Midlands rather than the North country.

This withdrawal by the wealthy owners from the country training establishments to a more central position at Newmarket is somewhat akin—*parvis componere magna*—to the influx into towns of the rural and agricultural population in most parts of England; and its influence and bearing upon Middleham, Malton, Richmond, &c., has proved in relation to sport as far-reaching as the depopulation of the country districts has turned out in relation to agriculture. That it will continue is more or less likely for a definite time, though it is by no means certain that the same dearth of good animals that has characterised the last few exceptional years will have to be annually deplored. Let us sincerely hope that it will not be so, for there are as able trainers now in the North of England and in the Yorkshire stables as there were in the middle of the last century. Surely the hand of John Osborne has not lost its cunning; give him the same stuff as he had to work upon in the 'sixties, and he will put the finishing touches on many a winner yet. Give others the same opportunity and—but, alas! you cannot, for money 'that makes the mare to go' is wanting. The descendants of the influential and wealthy patrons of the Turf whose delight it was to train in Yorkshire and race in the North fifty years ago have either retired from the pursuit or taken themselves to South-country quarters, making annual expeditions on the Northern circuit, with more or less success, generally, be it said, with far more than falls to the lot of their Northern compeers. The latter, with one or two notable exceptions, are for the most part either men of lesser means who make a business of the sport, or commercial men with local associations who find 'the Turf' a pleasant recreation after the cares of business. Whereas in days gone by the noblemen who trained and raced in the North were satisfied only with the best blood that their money could purchase, the present Yorkshire buyers cannot compete with their richer brethren in the South, who will not be stalled off by thousands when they have made up their mind to purchase a well-bred and nicely-turned yearling, nor is it any secret that a large proportion of the two-year-olds which compete for the more modest Northern stakes will be found to have cost a comparatively trifling sum as yearlings; indeed there were several instances last year of stakes being carried off by juveniles whose cost price barely ran into double figures!

There is one little piece of consolation left: bad horses make as fine finishes as good ones ; and let it not be for one moment supposed that, owing to the dearth of even fair class horses in the North, the sport there is devoid of interest, flat and unprofitable ; on the contrary, it is still deeply interesting, not only for its local associations, but for the genuine enthusiasm for the thoroughbred which still seems to pervade the breasts of every Yorkshireman. If you wish to see a huge concourse of people gathered together from purely sporting instinct, and love in many cases almost amounting to adoration of the thoroughbred, go to Doncaster racecourse on a Leger day. You may find a mightier crowd at Epsom or Ascot, but you cannot find one on the face of the earth so thoroughly saturated with horse-worship as that which is annually collected at the feast of St. Leger. It has been frequently remarked in sporting newspapers that the races north of the Trent, especially of recent years, are for the most part more closely contested than those run farther south, and no doubt the very mediocrity of the Northern trained ones is responsible for this, for they are all so much on a par, as far as class is concerned, that they find it more difficult to get away from each other than their brethren in the South, whose disparity is naturally more marked, considering that those of the highest class are a good two stone or more in front of their North-country contemporaries ; the selling plates, curiously enough in the two districts, are on more of an equality, or, at any rate, are not marked by any such extraordinary difference of merit.

Perhaps one of the most striking features connected with a Northern or Yorkshire meeting, apart from pure racing, is the unbounded hospitality which is so generously dispensed by the local magnates, let your destination be York, Doncaster, Thirsk, Stockton, or Redcar ; or farther north at Gosforth Park—without an equal perhaps as a racecourse in the United Kingdom, whether you consider its advantages from a spectator's point of view, or you look only at the super-excellence of the course, which is rendered as well-nigh perfect as possible, by reason of the unremitting attention and care, not once only, but at *all* times and seasons of the year, bestowed upon it by the ever-watchful Company and its indefatigable manager. You will find open house at almost all these meetings, thanks to the liberality of the local noblemen and gentry who support them right loyally ; though with, perhaps, the solitary and notable exception of those of Mr. R. C. Vyner, their horses are not

trained in the district; but they appear to vie with each other in making their friends as well as strangers leave a meeting always with the pleasantest recollections. Nor is there any falling off in this respect farther North. At Carlisle and at the Scotch meetings the same open and friendly hand is extended, and those whose good fortune it has been to be present at the meeting at Ayr, to say nothing of the balls, dinner-parties, and other festivities connected with the Western gathering, never tire of expatiating on the hospitality of the present inhabitants of the Land o' Burns.

One word on the management of the North-country meetings. This is as it should be, and the various clerks of the course, who are, without exception, a most efficient body of men, may congratulate themselves that ruffianism is practically unknown at their meetings. Welshing, to some slight extent outside the rings, will occur wherever there is a concourse of people for the purpose of witnessing horseracing, and is fostered by the innate simplicity of some people who are such willing dupes, but the writer is able to vouch that whilst he has been present at practically every meeting on the Northern circuit during the past five years, he has neither witnessed nor heard of a single case of robbery from the person on the racecourse, the greatest crime committed to his personal knowledge being a pirating of the race-cards, which cannot, as a rule, produce very remunerative results, though it causes endless confusion and annoyance to clerks of courses. That the sport of horseracing will always flourish in the North of England is as certain as the succession of the seasons, and let us express a hope, ay, and a confident hope, that, though it may not be our good fortune to witness the training-stables of Yorkshire send forth such a succession of classic winners as they did in the period from the 'forties to the 'seventies in the last century, they may from time to time shelter a racehorse worthy to be classed with such household names as Alice Hawthorn, Beeswing, West Australian, The Flying Dutchman, and Voltigeur. *Non si male nunc et olim sic erit!*

Photo. Rouch.

A START.

UNIV. OF MICH.

A SUTHERLANDSHIRE HOLIDAY

BY DOROTHY HAMILTON DEAN

To the jaded London mind there are few more welcome havens of rest than a Scottish fishing inn. Once safe across the border, the broad Scotch spoken by the very ticket-collector seems to herald new delights. Shed are the conventionalities and affectations of civilised life, both sexes relapse with keen delight to their natural state of comfortable frumpiness, the man casts aside with contumely frock-coat and tall hat, and dons instead an antediluvian tweed suit and heather mixture stockings ; the woman discards her smart clothes for the unbecoming but eminently useful short skirt, well set off by strong boots with a good square toe. Wearied and exhausted with the excitement of the season, we turned with relish to thoughts of packing our boxes with our oldest and therefore most comfortable attire.

We started on the long journey to Sutherland with feelings of peace in our hearts. Our first thoughts were given to arranging ourselves comfortably in the railway carriage, by no means an easy matter, it being crammed with rods and guns, fishing-baskets, landing-nets, and all the small impedimenta of the sportsman ; for we had started on our holiday armed with the latest inventions in flies, minnows, potted prawns, and all the paraphernalia necessary for the capture of the wily trout. We felt ourselves fully equal to the task we had at heart, namely

that of rendering our names famous in the columns of the fishing journals, and of causing all other sportsmen we might chance to meet to break their rods in despair at our success.

In spite of unpromising appearances, however, we managed to make ourselves fairly snug with the assistance of rugs laid across the carriage on a substratum of umbrellas and sticks, as far as Perth, our peace being only marred by one of the improvised couches succumbing under the weight of one of the largest of the family. At Perth the atmosphere at once became one of sport. The platform was covered with small kennels full of spaniels and pointers, who added their share to the noise and confusion, objecting strongly to the confined nature of their temporary quarters, while their owners made the most of the short night's rest allowed them before being ruthlessly disturbed for the Highland express.

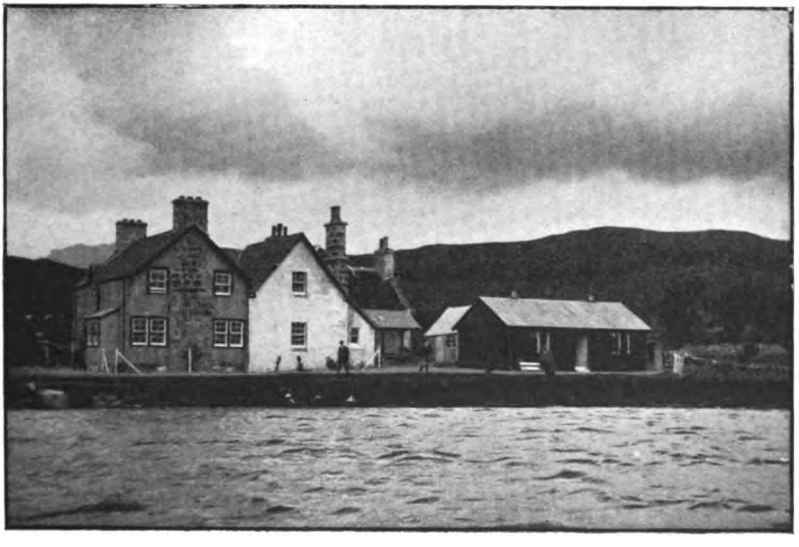
The hall in the hotel was piled high with gun-cases, fishing-gear, bicycles, small bewildered little dogs on chains, and countless bundles of rugs. Calculated to strike terror to the heart of the slothful traveller was a large slate marked with the number of each room and the ghastly hour at which the occupant was to be called.

The next day's journey was a weary one, through miles of wood and leagues of heather, and though the scenery was truly gorgeous, six or seven hours of it palled. At Dingwall there was a slight diversion. The platform was full of Skye fisher-women, who looked charmingly picturesque with their bare feet and heads, scanty skirts pinned above their knees, tartans across their shoulders, and freckled ruddy faces.

Everything comes to an end at last, even a journey on the Highland Railway, and we gladly alighted at Invershin, where we found the carriage waiting to take us the thirty-five mile drive across the moor to our destination. The driver greeted us as old and valued friends, and deftly packed away our numerous goods and chattels, while we tried to ensconce ourselves comfortably into the machine, and off we started. The first few miles were spent in seeking rest and finding none in the shaky conveyance, and at every turn we came into painful contact with sharp corners of boxes and tackle-cases. The road was constantly blocked by flocks of sheep driven by crofters and cleverly kept in order by half-bred collies, which last paid little heed to the truculent growls of our terrier, who, finding himself once more in his native land, appeared to be under the delusion that the whole country was under his special

charge. There were a good many steep hills on the way, and we were thankful to get out and take the stiffness out of our legs by climbing up and down them; the waggonette toiling along behind us, the old shoe that served as a brake squeaking like a lost soul at every steep descent.

At last the joyful moment arrived, the last corner was turned, and we came in sight of the inn, a veritable haven of refuge after our long journey. At the top of the last rise we halted a little to admire the view. Beautiful enough it was with the evening sun shining on the purple hills, and the deep

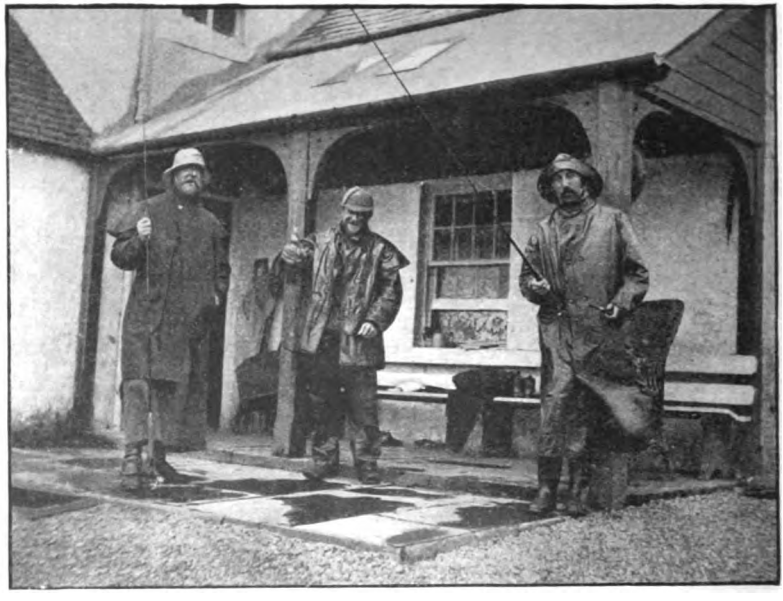


A FISHING INN IN THE HIGHLANDS

waters of the loch. It all looked as though at some remote age the whole valley had been one vast loch, supplied from several rivers, and the *débris* brought down by them had transformed the greater part into peat-bog. The loch itself was perfect, and the whole scene was a glorious example of Caledonia stern and wild. While we gazed the driver told us legends of how in bygone times this peaceful spot had been the scene of much fighting and skirmishing between the McMenzies, the clan in possession, and the McLeods, their hereditary enemies, and how one night the McMenzies attacked and took the castle on the loch, and murdered all the McLeods they found. Another story was of how one McLeod held the bridge of the castle in the darkness, a Scots Horatius, and as each

man came up he dropped him silently over the parapet into the dark waters beneath. At this point the air seemed to get chilly and with a shiver we stopped the driver's flow of anecdote, and hurried him on to the hotel. Very cheerful it looked as we drove up and saw the landlady standing at the porch to welcome us to a fire, and a real Scotch tea of scones and honey.

At first sight the inn seemed hardly more than a stone house, and looked rather bare; but we knew from old experience

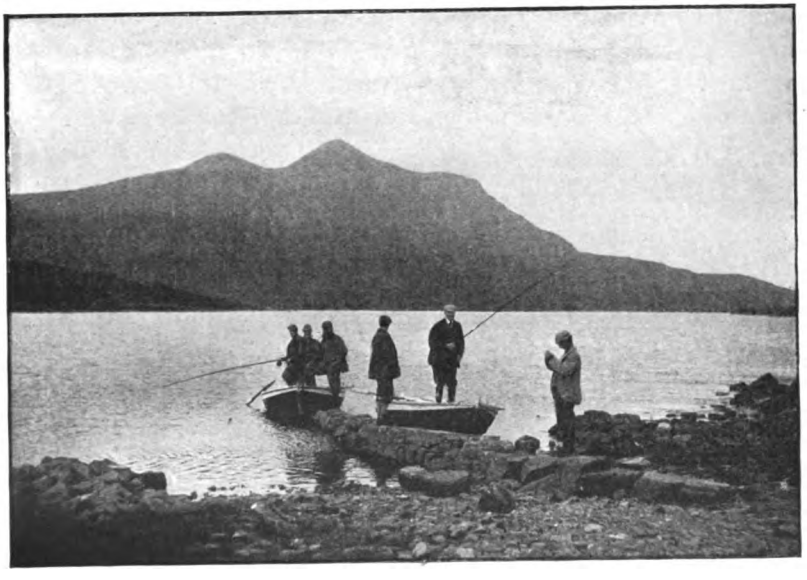


A WET DAY. READY TO START

what solid comforts lay within, and were not to be daunted by bare walls and a bleak aspect. The landlord and his wife were a delightful type of their class, anxious to do anything for their lodgers' comfort. He, a regular Scotchman, broad-shouldered and tanned, wearing a kilt, ready to discuss the latest basket brought in and fishing news of every kind, or to listen with an admiring deference to the triumphant angler who has the luck of the day as he proudly describes how he rose the monster trout, and after wonderful escapes landed his prize safely. The landlady is of the old-fashioned sort who presses the weary traveller to have tea at all sorts of unholy hours, whose ideas flow with wonderful ease from sandwiches for lunch out-of-

doors to haggis for dinner, and who has a ready sympathy for the jaded guest who trudges wearily home with empty creel and a ferocious temper.

We had indeed a royal welcome; our terrier made friends at once with an uproarious little Scots mongrel, with a very long body and very short legs, and with two collie pups, chiefly remarkable for legs out of all proportion and boot-button eyes with no expression in them. The very atmosphere of the inn seemed to breathe comfort, the peat-fires throwing a cheerful



FIXING CASTS

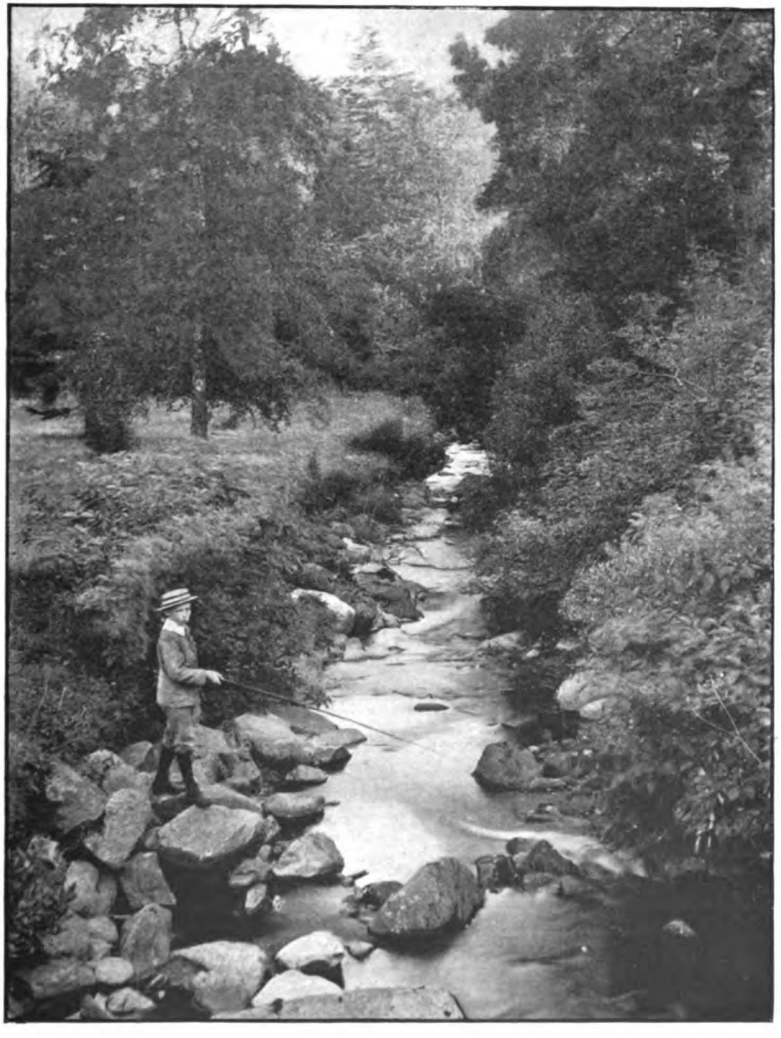
glow into the small hall, where, tumbling over our boxes, we soon found ourselves. This hall was lined with stuffed fish in cases, the fruits of many a happy day spent on Loch Assynt and Inver. Our dinner waiting, we betook ourselves to the long dining-room and soon forgot the weary day's travel in our first Scotch meal, followed by a well-earned repose.

Oh, the joys of the next few weeks! The anglers fished madly, regardless of torrents of rain, which indeed they looked upon merely as a delightful spate. The non-anglers led a peaceful out-of-door existence, tempered by the study of men and manners afforded by fellow guests. The different types to be met with were most amusing. There was the middle-aged church dignitary, a cathedral canon, taking his holiday here far

from the madding crowd of ecclesiastical meetings and sermons. Every morning, accompanied by a favourite gillie with neat rod and the newest thing in creels, he sallied forth, his cap well over his eyes adorned with flies and casts, his portly legs encased in the thickest stockings, nothing, in fact, to betray his calling but the air of almost ostentatious respectability shed around him. Then there was the smart woman who, terribly out of place in this world of sport, had unwillingly come with her husband, and feebly tried to enjoy the life, neatly dressed in a rather short (but not short enough) skirt of smart tweed bound with leather, and shod in thick soled boots to protect her from the damp of the moor on which she hardly ever walked. She regretted bitterly the day when she wedded her man of sport who was rather red in the face, wore riding-boots, had a voice to match, and talked loudly of his experiences, past and present, on the lochs and rivers of Scotland. We must not forget the up-to-date angler who convulsed the entire inn with envy of his dazzling array of hooks, lines, landing-nets, and other dainty trifles of his craft. He did not seem to catch more than any one else, in fact, rather less, which was surprising, considering the splendour of his ostentatious outfit. There was also the dowdy lady who cast all appearances to the four winds of heaven, appearing in a get-up which would strike terror to the stoutest heart. She wore a strictly useful skirt which had long since seen its best days; thick, yes, wickedly thick boots, and a boat-shaped hat stitched with a dejected feather in it, fastened to her head with pins strong enough to defy the strongest wind that ever ruffled the waters of any loch. The smart woman and the dowdy lady regarded each other with horror and refused to make friends at any price.

There was blessed peace all day until about 6 P.M., when the absentees began to straggle home. It was easy to see by a glance the angler's luck and to trace by the very expression of his back the history of his day. Approaching home whistling, his rod swung carefully over his shoulder and his whole air one of beatitude, the gillie walks solemnly beside him carrying proudly a heavy net full of shining speckled trout, or perhaps a silver salmon hanging from a hook, his glistening side showing the mark of the cruel gaff, which drew him panting and exhausted from the loch's blue waters. But how different is the weary man creeping dejectedly down the road, as empty-handed he returns to tell his dismal tale! There was always an excellent reason why the angler had no luck; wind, thunder, sun, the

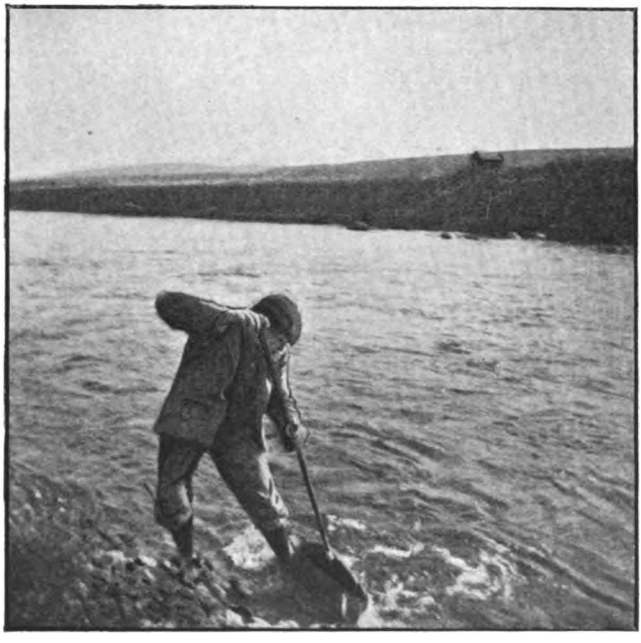
wrong bait, something was always in fault which made it impossible to catch so much as a parr. The business of weighing was one of the excitements of the day. A huge pair



FISHING FOR TROUT

of scales was brought into the hall or, more often, the whole assembled throng flocked to the kitchen while the baskets were gravely weighed in a breathless silence, the happy man looking unconcernedly on, accepting with a modest pride the tribute of his fellows.

One day we returned in the evening from a walk to see a row of disconsolate sportsmen seated on a bench in solemn silence, too depressed to smoke. No questions were asked, none were needed, the dismal tale was told. To an inexperienced observer this scene might have meant a national calamity, but we knew better : it had merely been a really bad day for them all. The smoking-room was the scene of many a fishing orgy. The adventures of Baron Munchausen were not to be



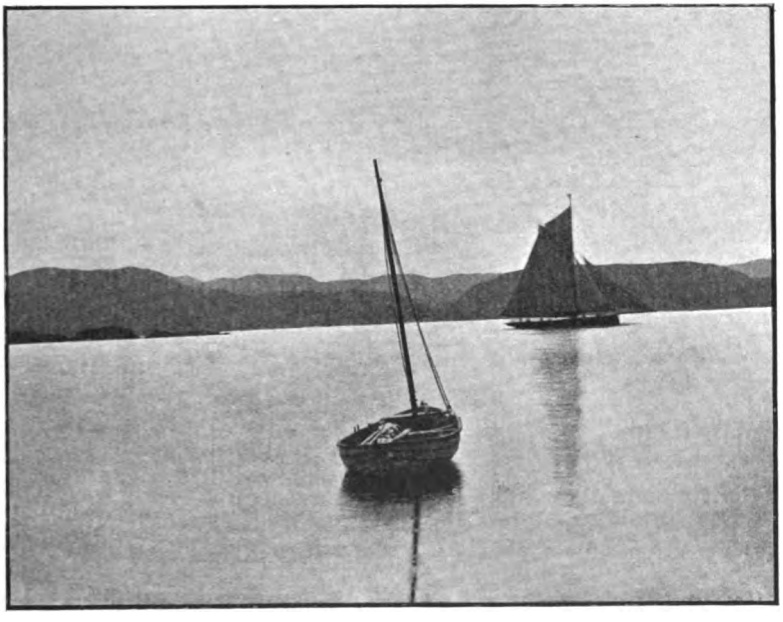
GAFFING A SALMON

compared to the stories which were nightly told within its hallowed walls ; poets' licence is a nothing to anglers' exaggeration. The middle-aged canon told tales of his daily doings on the loch which would have brought tears to the eyes of his bishop. The air is thick with the adventures of the crowd of younger men who sit smoking round the peat-fire, living again those moments of intense excitement when they landed their first salmon.

The Scotch Sunday is an experience in itself. All relics of the week are carefully stowed away, no cheerful clickings of reels are heard, gone are the groups of gillies waiting to sally forth to the fray. The canon, clad in the black coat of his

order, heads a group sauntering to the river, where they look lovingly at the waters rippling gently over the dark stones where a big trout lies cosily hid. This is the day for long walks over the heather, scrambling over the rocks, up the steep cliff where the raven hoarsely croaks over her nest.

No description of Scottish inns would be anything but terribly incomplete without a mention of the pipes. Scotland is the land of pipes, as it is the land of grouse and salmon,



A SUTHERLANDSHIRE LOCH

cakes and dogs, romance and astounding appetites. Every tinker and gipsy who wanders over the country side plays the pipes, though he may be too poor to possess them. To hear the 'Land o' the Leal' played by a stalwart piper ashore, while drifting lazily in a boat on the loch on a moonlight night, is exquisite enjoyment to a lover of the beautiful.

There is no land like Scotland, and our spirits sank as each day brought us nearer to a return to the civilised life which we had almost learnt to forget. But no good thing can last for ever, and one evil day our last fish was hooked, and a heart-rending leave taken of our gillie, Angus McLeod. The last astounding tale was told in the smoking-room ; our terrier had his final skirmish with the dogs of the house, whose happy lot

lay all the year round on the Highlands instead of in the unsportsmanlike air of London. We only just escaped taking the canon's mackintosh, there being a strong likeness between the piles of such articles of apparel which hung in the hall. Had we done so, we should never have escaped alive, as the poor canon had been already rendered speechless with passion by some one having laid sacrilegious hands on his treasured split-cane rod, which valued possession is to the angler what a mitre is to a prelate.

We however avoided this final catastrophe and departed mournfully amid showers of blessings, fortified by our last Scotch breakfast, carrying with us a splendid trout of 5 lbs. to be stuffed—a treasured relic of Sutherlandshire. We shall never forget the blissful days spent at the fishing inns of Inchnadamph and Altnacealgach, to whose good cheer and excellent sport we owed the happiness of our Sutherlandshire holiday.

FAMOUS DOGS OF FICTION

BY C. W. JAY

My cousin Hubert, belying the associations of his name, does not suffer the attentions of my Clumber 'Dash' as gladly as I could wish—perhaps that admirable animal is too young to have learnt what tact in regard to strangers means—and when I ask him if he likes dogs, he is apt to reply somewhat loftily, 'Oh! I like all animals; but, you see, a literary man who divides his time between Manchester Square and Fleet Street cannot take the practical interest in them which you can, you who have what Lumleys would call "park-like grounds" in Cumberland, big enough for a whole menagerie to roam in.'

Hubert is a journalist of some literary pretension, and he likes to bring a heap of strange books with him when he pays me a visit, and to express a mild and slightly patronising surprise at my ignorance of their authors' names. But I think it will be some time before he ventures to let off any literary airs before me, since I convicted him the other day of an ignorance of Scott, and a want of taste for Dickens, which, in any one professing to know and appreciate English books as he does, is what I call pretty good cheek.

I had taken him with me to call upon a parson recently come to the neighbourhood, who was reported to be the owner

of some nice dogs. We found the good man sitting in his library, reading the paper, and surrounded by a tribe of Dandies. 'Come and be introduced,' he called to them, when, our greetings over, the family showed no disposition to make acquaintance, but sat erect and looked coldly on, their expression of indifference tempered with suspicion. At his bidding they came slowly to the front, and each lifted an unwilling paw as he heard his name—'Pepper,' 'Mustard,' 'Ginger,' 'Spice,' relapsing immediately afterwards into a posture indicative of weariness, not to say disgust.

'Their manners are not conciliatory,' said our host, 'but I hope they will soon get to know you, and behave like the Rev. Dr. Brown's dogs, whom Praed knew— What?

> And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
> Upon the parlour-steps collected,
> Wagged all their tails and seemed to say
> Our master knows you, you're expected.

You'll forgive the quotation, I trust; the fact is I have a vice —I am always quoting something. Ah, then! lie down, my dears,' this he added, as with one accord the Dandies rose to their feet, bristling with indignation at the arrival of Dash, who, left as I fondly hoped outside, had found his way into the hall, and now pushed open the door and came wriggling across the carpet.

'Your pets would seem to be animals of some character,' said Hubert, anxious to please and also to seem discerning. 'But their names are homely; in naming dogs one should aim at originality. Do not they deserve what should be more characteristic, more descriptive?'

A look of perplexity came over the Vicar's countenance.

'Homely!' said he, 'characteristic! Shade of Sir Walter! These names are dynastic, sir, and true of the Dinmonts. Surely you know that these names are those of the first famous Dandy Dinmonts of whom the world has record? You have surely read "Guy Mannering" and Sir Walter's Journal, and know that the original terriers at Dinmont's farm in Liddlesdale were all called "Pepper" and "Mustard," and that Sir Walter's own, through whom the race is descended, were "Ginger" and "Spice"?'

I do not think that Hubert blushed at the rebuke; he is too Manchester Squareish to be capable of a blush, but his voice was not so confident as usual as he replied, 'I have not

given that amount of attention to details which would enable me to remember the names of dogs in bygone works of fiction Now Meredith and Henry James ——'

But he got no further, for the Vicar, with a horrified gasp, interposed : 'Is it possible that Sir Walter is forgotten, or that any one can have ever read him and forgotten his dogs, those dogs to whom he gave life as real as that which he breathed into his finest human creations? Who that has read of the Dominie forgets Wasp, and Tearum, and the Peppers and Mustards, or who has read the Life and knows not of Ginger, and Spice, and Bran, and Maida, and Nimrod?'

The worthy man got warm and excited. I could picture him in the pulpit with his surplice on.

'Loving and understanding dogs as Sir Walter did,' he went on, 'it has often struck me as strange that he did not oftener introduce his favourites into his tales. Perhaps it was his very fondness for them which restrained him from painting their portraits too frequently—he did not like to seem to make too common a use of them. Or was it that he feared to bore his un-dogloving readers? though I am sure he wished never to have any such.'

He took breath and looked up inquiringly. 'Does it bore you to talk about dogs and those who have loved them and written about them? For myself, I would always rather chat about dogs or books than gossip about people, and if I can get any one to talk to about them both, then I am perfectly happy.'

We both assured him—I with sincerity, Hubert with courtesy—that we quite agreed on this point, and our host seemed gratified. He stood up in front of the fire, and, as if we were seated in a pew below him, proceeded to expound his subject.

'Among the great novelists, Scott was, no doubt, equalled by Dickens in love of dogs— What?' (Here I noticed a little uneasiness on the part of Hubert.) 'It used to be said that Dickens did not know how to draw a gentleman, and he did not, so far as I remember, attempt any description of aristocratic dogs, unless the bloodhound in "Little Dorrit" was an aristocrat. But do you remember Diogenes, so rough, so faithful? Dickens fails, perhaps, in some of his pathetic scenes, but he doesn't fail when he describes little Paul Dombey so anxious to be remembered with affection at Dr. Blimber's that he even conciliated the great hoarse, shaggy dog

chained up behind the house—a dog which had formerly been the terror of his life—in the hope that the dog might miss him! And Diogenes was a dog who had never in his life received a friend into his confidence before Paul. Mr. Toots, you know, buys him and gives him to Florence, Paul's sister, after Paul's death, saying: "He ain't a lady's dog, but you won't mind that, will you?"'

'I never read "Dombey and Son,"' put in Hubert, 'it represents a type of book which I do not understand—which, perhaps, I do not wish to understand.'

'Oh then,' cried the Vicar, 'allow me to read you the description of Diogenes, and you will have to admit, I think, that whatever he may not have been able to do, Dickens could at least describe a dog.'

The mute protest on our faces availed us nothing; the volume was soon found, and the Vicar read, not without a certain dignity and sympathy. '"Though Diogenes was as ridiculous a dog as one would meet with in a summer's day, a blundering, ill-favoured, bullet-headed dog, continually acting on a wrong idea that there was an enemy in the neighbourhood whom it was meritorious to bark at; and though he was far from good tempered, and certainly was not clever, and had hair all over his eyes, and a comic nose, and an inconsistent tail, and a gruff voice, he was dearer to Florence than the most valuable and beautiful of his kind."

'There,' and he shut the book with a bang, 'that shows that Dickens' heart was right about dogs. Besides, Diogenes is not brought in just once or twice in the story for effect's sake, but he acts his part as Florence's faithful companion till he must have been a very old dog indeed. He is a real dog and not overdrawn. I must put the book back, or I should be tempted to read you a dozen other passages which show how accurate and sympathetic an observer of dog nature was Dickens—What?'

'I don't think I had realised that,' said I quickly, anxious to say or do anything which might save us from being read aloud to. 'When I get up to my club, I'll get hold of "Dombey," and look up the passages myself. The only dog I can remember in Dickens was an awful beast—the one which belonged to Bill Sikes.'

'Ah yes,' said the Vicar, 'it must have required some courage to draw the picture of so unattractive an animal. Bull's Eye his name was, a white, shaggy dog with pink eyes. But though

he mayn't be pleasant to read about, one can't help feeling that if he hadn't belonged to a burglar, he might have been some one's Diogenes. He had pluck, for he bit his master when he ill-treated him ; he had sense, for he detected Sikes' intention to drown him and made off in time ; and the final scenes show that he was faithful to the awful brute beside whom he was as a good Christian. I was always sorry for Bull's Eye. A much more detestable dog, whose creation I can never wholly forgive, is Snarleyow. How Marryat could have brought himself to conceive such a creature passes my comprehension. I have always had a suspicion that Marryat cannot have loved dogs properly, else he would not have permitted himself so gross a libel on their race. Don't let me be too hard upon him, though. He has other dogs which are fine, and Snarleyow is perhaps more of a caricature than anything else. I hope I am not a cruel man, and I don't think I was a cruel boy, but I remember still the unfeigned satisfaction I felt whenever Snarleyow got kicked, and when his tail was cut off by Smallbones I am sure I jumped for joy.'

'I remember Snarleyow,' said I, 'and with all his faults I would rather have had to do with him than with a Dickens dog that has just come into my mind—that little beast Jip in "David Copperfield," who growled within himself like a little double-bass. Dickens must have suffered from some acquaintance with a little horror like Jip, and had his revenge. What a pity Dora ever found him! I wish that Mr. Walter Long could see his way to the extermination of the whole race of yelping lap-dogs.'

'H'm,' replied the Vicar, 'I am not quite sure that I agree with you : women must have their pets. But if you don't like poor Jip, I am sure you must like those performing dogs so ideally described in the "Old Curiosity Shop." They come into the "Jolly Sandboys," and Nell wants to feed them but she mayn't, and the poor old fellow who is leader of the troupe is not allowed to have any dinner because he has lost a halfpenny. One's heart bleeds for him as he looks appealingly, and without effect, at his master on hearing this sentence, and one longs to follow him into the corner where he is made to turn the handle of the organ— What?'

Here Hubert saw his opportunity, and cleared his throat. 'If you care to read what has been written about dogs by a man worth reading, a master of style, you should get that rare little book "Ménagerie Intime," by Théophile Gautier. His

delicate touch and graceful fanciful style will refresh you after you have been toiling through the coarse comedy of your English writers.'

The Vicar started, and was about to denounce such an expression as 'coarse comedy' when Hubert checked him with an ineffable gesture, and went on: 'Gautier tells us first about his wondrous cats, and then, having defended himself for liking those treacherous beasts, he shows that dogs also played a not unimportant part in his life story. He had clever dogs, he had beautiful dogs, and there is a passage which would assuredly pierce your sympathetic hearts, an account of his arrival in Paris from the Pyrenees at the age of three, and the absolute inability of parents or nurse or Paris toy-shop to console for the absence of Cagnotte, a dog left behind at Tarbes. Eventually the nurse reports that Cagnotte is coming to Paris by diligence, and going forth, she purchases a dog bearing some slight resemblance to the regretted favourite. The children are sceptical at first, but are brought to accept the creature as the real Simon Pure by the assurance that travelling always changes a dog's appearance. But read the book and you will be rewarded; its art is simple and delicate. What brought it to my memory was your mention of performing dogs. For Gautier's dog "Zamor," seeing a troupe of dancing dogs, is forthwith seized with desire to imitate them—"Moi, aussi, je suis danseur," he cries: and at night he practises dancing by himself with such success that ultimately he is able to perform in the courtyard to an audience of admiring friends.'

'That would indeed be a pretty story,' remarked the Vicar, somewhat drily; 'your author must have a sort of wit, at any rate. I will promise to read him, sir, if you will promise to read "Guy Mannering."'

Hubert sighed: 'So long as you do not ask me to read Dickens I will see if I can decipher a novel of Scott's. If, indeed, there be art in his presentation of your dog's ancestors, perhaps I shall succeed. Come here, Salt, or whatever your culinary name is.' But Ginger, thus addressed, merely eyed the speaker mistrustfully, turned his back, and said nothing.

It was now time for me to take up my parable, so I thought to make a good beginning by asking if the Vicar approved of the dog in a favourite book of mine, the 'Story of a Short Life.' It struck me that possibly the good man might find 'Sweep' even more truthfully drawn than some of his pets in Dickens. He smiled as he answered, 'Sir, Mrs. Ewing never wrote a line,

whether about dogs or any other animal, which was not true to nature and invested with a simple charm. But it is my opinion that her best remark about a dog is that in "Mary's Meadow" about Perronet, the dog that the children had saved from drowning, when they say, "When people asked us what kind of a dog Perronet was, we never knew, except that he was the nicest kind." In some respects the nicest dog I know is not a creation of fiction, but a recent acquaintance in the parish of Thackwood near here. You must let me tell you his story, for it should be published far and wide. It's Mr. Lambert's bob-tailed sheep-dog, a gruff old man of eleven years, and as he thought him past his work, Mr. Lambert sent him away to his brother's farm near the Scotch border, twenty miles off, as they wanted a watch-dog there. This was a fortnight ago. He was taken to Carlisle, and transferred to his new owner, who presently wrote to say, "Robin takes kindly to us all, and doesn't seem to regret his old home one bit." But this was only Mr. Robin's diplomacy, this settling down so contentedly, to lull suspicion. For last Saturday was Carlisle market-day, and Robin knew it, and early in the morning he broke his chain. Away into Carlisle he runs, and into the "Greyhound" yard, where he knew his own proper people put up, and amongst all the carts there he finds his own, and getting in he hides himself under a heap of sacks. Now the pretty part of the story is this, that when Mr. Lambert, Robin's master and friend of eleven years, came to put in his horse, Robin restrained himself—a Joseph before his brethren—and neither moved nor spoke. It was not till they were all safe in the well-remembered stable-yard at Thackwood that he emerged from the cart, to the bewilderment and rapture of all who saw it. I need not say that he won't be sent away again. Surely this is as remarkable an instance of self-control as one would wish to hear! Think what Robin's feelings must have been when he heard the well-known voice, and yet had to school himself and say, "I must not speak to him now; I must not let him know I'm here or I shall be sent back to Longtown once more."'

'Hear, hear!' said I, and even Hubert seemed impressed. 'Good old Cumberland sheep-dog. I had not heard the story, but I know old Robin, and I'll believe anything good of him. Hubert, you and I will go and see him and invite him to dinner! Dash, you vagabond, you shall have company at your table to-morrow, so mind and mend your manners.'

'I shall be very happy to see Robin,' replied Hubert, 'but

I think you will have to carry the invitation yourself, for I shall be shut up with a wet towel round my head, preparing to pass an examination in the rudiments of literary dog-lore. Have you any other authors to recommend me' (turning to the Vicar) 'that I may become the more proficient?'

The Vicar took no notice of the politely ironical tone, and said with decision, 'Certainly I have—certainly. No one has drawn better dogs than George Eliot— What?'

('Shade of Ruskin,' murmured Hubert, and I could see his lips forming the words 'Sweepings of a dog's-home omnibus').

'I think I could pass a good examination in George Eliot's dogs. On the whole, hers is the most perfect dog-drawing in fiction. I have heard that Ouida has some good dogs in her books, but with all my love for the race, I cannot read them. Bob Jakin's bull-dog Mumps in the "Mill on the Floss" is a dog I know by heart. George Eliot calls him a bull-terrier, but he really was a bull-dog of brindled coat and defiant aspect. "Her' a dog, miss," says Bob to Maggie Tulliver, "they're better friends nor any Christian. I can't give you Mumps, for he'd break his heart to go away from me. But I could get you a pup—his mother acts in the Punch show, an uncommon sensible bitch—she means more sense wi' her bark than half the chaps put into their talk from breakfast to sundown." Oh, a delightful man was Bob. "Mumps isn't a cur?" asks Maggie. "No, miss, a fine way off that. Why, the gentry stops to look at him, but you won't catch Mumps a-looking at the gentry—he minds his business, he does."'

The Vicar spoke it all off as if he were a prize scholar reciting before the school, and he went on with kindling interest in his subject.

'The day comes when Mrs. Bob Jakin appears on the scene, and Maggie wishes to know how Mumps gets on with her, for Bob had feared that Mumps would never allow him to marry. "Eh, miss," he says, "he made up his mind to it when he saw what a little 'un she was. He pretends not to see her mostly, or else to think as she ain't full-growed." And later on, when Maggie is in trouble, there is a baby Bob whom the father puts into her arms in the friendly desire to comfort her. Mumps sniffs anxiously at the baby, to ascertain if this transference is all right (that's a true touch, isn't it?), and when the baby has to go back to its mother, Bob thinks that Mumps might replace it as a companion for Maggie. "Happen you'd like Mumps for company, miss. He's rare company,

Mumps is. He knows iverything, and makes no bother about it. You'd better let me leave him, he'll get fond of you. Lors, its a fine thing to hev a dumb brute fond on you—it'll stick to you, and make no jaw."'

'Bob was wrong there, however,' put in Hubert, as Dash at this juncture rushed to the door, with that fine baritone bark of his, which always reminds me of Mr. Kennerley Rumford's lower notes, almost upsetting the butler who came in with the tea-things, while the Dandies raised their ears and dropped their eyelids in protest against this ill-bred effusiveness on the part of a stranger.

The Vicar made the tea, talking incessantly while he did so. 'You won't mind drinking your tea out of a saucer, will you? This is an exceptional kind of gunpowder—comes to me direct from Formosa, and it would spoil it if I put it into a cup—What was I saying? Oh yes, about George Eliot, wonderful woman to penetrate into the secrets of dog nature, and to observe and describe the manifestation of it. Take "Adam Bede," that novel has the most finely observed dogs in it of almost any book I know, not even excepting Miss Rhoda Broughton's dogs in "Joan"—Mr. Brown and the rest of them, though they are in their smaller way perfection. Parson Irvine has a setter with two pups, and a pug who at one time dozes with her black muzzle aloft like a President, and at another, while the pups are rolling over each other by their mother, whose tail beats the floor with a calm matronly pleasure, Pug sits unmoved on a cushion, with the air of a maiden lady who looked on these familiarities as animal weaknesses, which she made as little show as possible of observing. Then Mr. Rann, the sexton, coming into the room with great boots and an ample, worsted pair of calves, Pug is not to be conciliated by his two deferential bows, but barks up to reconnoitre the legs, while the puppies regard the ribbed stockings from a much more sensuous point of view, and plunge and growl over them in great enjoyment. May I give you some tea, or perhaps you would like some soda and whiskey better? No!'

The Vicar could not stop even to dilate on the perfection of the pale straw-coloured liquid which he now handed us in deep saucers of thin china, so bent was he on the communication of information.

'Not less true to nature is Vixen, old Bartle Massey's companion. She was a brown and tan-coloured bitch,' he went on,

balancing a spoon as he spoke, 'of that wise-looking breed, with short legs and a long body, known as turnspits; and when we make her acquaintance, her affections are painfully divided between a hamper in a corner and her master whom she feels bound to greet. There are two extremely blind puppies in the hamper, and Vixen gets into it and gets out the next moment, and behaves with true feminine folly. You see I know it all by heart. "What a fool I am," says Bartle, "to let a woman into the house. See what it's brought me to, the sly hypocritical wench—contrived to be brought to bed on a Sunday at church time too—I must give her her supper, confound her, though she'll do nothing with it but nourish those unnecessary babies. That's the way with these women, they've got no headpieces to nourish, so the food all runs to fat or to brats!"'

'You hardly agree with Mr. Massey,' said I, as Mrs. Mustard and Mrs. Spice began climbing up the legs of their extraordinary master, and were rewarded with bits of bread and butter.

'No,' replied the man of quotations, calling up Pepper and Ginger, who were doing their best to keep in front of Dash now that there was a chance of something to eat, 'male or female, I think I get on with them all, and I don't know that I like one sex better than another. But if George Eliot had been Stonehenge himself, she couldn't have shown more knowledge of dogs' minds than she does in this marvellous book. A whole system of dog-philosophy might be gathered from the ways of Adam's dog Gyp. It's Gyp who supplies shrewd old 'Lisbeth Bede with that fine illustration when she is trying to persuade Adam that he really loves Dinah Morris: "Why, thy eyes follow her about welly as Gyp's follow thee"; and it's Gyp to whom Seth compares his brother, "Thee't like the dog Gyp—thee barkst at me sometimes, but thee lickst my hand afterwards."'

We finished tea, and got up to go. Hubert had not found opportunity to shine during the conversation, his one effort about the French dogs having hardly met with the success he had hoped for it. And he ought really to have been ashamed of himself being convicted of not knowing his Scott.

The Vicar accompanied us to his gate, still chattering about his hobby. 'What a pity it is that Jane Austen did not write about dogs; except for Lady Bertram's pug, I hardly think she mentions one. Mrs. Gaskell, too—"poor dumb Carlo," the fat wheezy little brute at Mrs. Jamieson's, is the only one I know. Perhaps dogs were voted vulgar in Cranford. Thackeray too

—if he had only given to dogs some of that humour and observation which he bestowed on mankind, what a treasury his novels would be! Miss Crawley had one of those lap dogs which you so much dislike, but it is only brought in as a piece of machinery when Becky and Rawdon are trying to attract the old lady's attention in the Park, and Mrs. Bute pretends to be entirely occupied with the creature, calling him "a sweet little zoggy, and a dear little pet." By the way, have you read the "Experiences of an Irish R. M."? It is the most amusing book I have read for a long day, and if you haven't, there's a dog in it—Maria—who will make you die of laughing — What?'

We were already a good way in advance of him, but he pursued us almost till we were out of hearing. We could distinguish a word here and there: 'Visits of Elizabeth'—'Rab and his friends'—'the black poodle,' till we had turned the corner out upon the road.

Hubert began with a word which I will not repeat, and went on, 'From parsons and bores of every description, Good Lord deliver us.'

'Not a bit of it,' said I. 'He seems an uncommon good sort of chap, in spite of his tea and his talk. Rides his hobby too far, maybe, but I like a man that's keen, and look here, don't you set up for a literary man and then say you don't know Scott and you can't read Dickens, that's all.'

THE YORKSHIRE ELEVEN

BY P. F. WARNER

THERE is such a keen appreciation of the Yorkshire County eleven among all classes of cricket lovers, that it is certainly an attractive subject to write upon. As a team they not only give us the best bowling and fielding with several great batsmen, but they represent that true spirit of sport which is, and must be, the very bed-rock of the claim for cricket as the greatest of games. It has always been recognised that 'captaincy' can make or mar a side, but probably never in the history of the game has one man's influence been so generously reflected, his tact and temper so readily responded to, as in the case of the present Yorkshire leader. I have been asked to attempt to give some notes on the 'personal' element of this eleven, an eleven which must become historical. Undoubtedly, from captain to the eleventh man, they have the quality of 'personality.' Let us then first take the Yorkshiremen in the field; for it is here—not forgetting their powerful batting—that they are seen to the greatest advantage. The match, we will say, is at Lord's, and Hirst will begin the bowling from the pavilion end. You take guard, watch him bowl a few down to see if he is swerving, and then shut your teeth and stand up. And look out if he is swerving, for he is, on such an occasion,

a most unplayable bowler. The umpire calls 'play,' and Hirst bounds away at you. On his swerving days the ball will start in the direction of short slip, and finish up on your middle and leg stump. Don't, if you would wish to stay in, play right forward at him, for the swerve and the break from the pitch will beat your bat, but watch him all the way and play him 'half cock,' and you may get him round on the leg side—not to the boundary, unless you are very lucky—for should it be one of his swerving days, you will find seven, and possibly eight, men on the on side. But his nastiest ball is one which swerves in from the off on to your off stump, and strikes the ground with a phizz and a spin which, should that particular ball hit you on the thigh, you will have cause to remember. Three or four years ago, before he had acquired the knack of swerving in the air, Hirst was a good, but not a really difficult, bowler; in fact, on a hard, true wicket he was rather a nice bowler to play, but nowadays Hirst is quite independent of the state of the ground, for he is just as likely to knock a side on a perfect wicket as on a bad one. The first half-dozen overs from him are always the most difficult, for after the newness has been rubbed off the ball, the swerve becomes perceptibly less.

At the other end who will oppose you? Rhodes, of course, smiling and cheerful, always looking fresh and fit, and eager to trick you out. Watch his first over carefully, for he will for a certainty send you down a fast swinging yorker on the leg stump. Sometimes this ball swings a bit too much, and you get four to leg; but watch him again, for if you don't he will have you out. He has the knack of making the ball drop shorter than, at first sight, it appears to do, and he will hardly ever bowl a bad length. The ball leaves his hand with a distinct buzz, and on hitting the ground is full of life and spin.

But to see Rhodes in his element is when he is attacking you on a sticky wicket. He pitches the ball on the leg stump, it comes across very quickly, and you are either bowled off-stump, or stumped by David Hunter, or snapped up by eager and lengthy John Tunnicliffe at slip. On such a wicket thirty runs take a deal of getting; for you have not only Rhodes to think of, but sturdy, thick-set Schofield Haigh as well. He fires at you with a long striding gait, and on his day bowls a most vicious break-back. His slow ball is a beauty, and he will not forget to send you down a fast—a very fast—yorker, which does not look a yorker until it is right on you, and may

be when the leg stump is lying on the ground. A great bowler is Haigh! We in Middlesex fear him, perhaps, more than any other bowler in England.

There is yet another bowler you must be prepared to face —none other than F. S. Jackson himself, who batting, bowling, or fielding, always looks, as he certainly is, a cricketer every inch of him. He will come almost waltzing up to the crease, it seems, with a smooth graceful action, a little above medium pace as a rule; but with a cunning slow halt to lure you to destruction.

On a perfectly true wicket Jackson presents little difficulty, but let the wicket help him at all, and he makes the ball come back very abruptly. I have not seen him bowl this year, so I shall probably have to alter my opinion as to his merits on a hard wicket, not judge him as a bowler in his form of three seasons back; he was not then particularly hard to play on anything but a sticky wicket. I am told, however, that he has improved his bowling immensely, a fact he has conclusively proved by his performances this season.

Well, then, if you can make a hundred runs against Yorkshire you ought to feel proud of yourself, for you have not only mastered Rhodes, Hirst, Haigh, and Jackson, and what county ever had four such bowlers at the same time, but you have been opposed by the best fielding side I have seen. By many able judges Yorkshire are considered the finest eleven ever known in county cricket; and though some of the Notts elevens in the eighties, and one or two Surrey teams were, perhaps, their equals, that they are the best fielding side this generation has seen practically every one is unanimous. There is John Tunnicliffe, who will go down to posterity as one of the greatest short-slips we have ever had; George Hirst at mid off, and David Denton in the long field; I take these three names as perhaps the *three best* in an eleven where all are not only good, but *very* good fielders.

And then there is David Hunter behind the wicket, so neat and sure, and always ready to encourage friend and foe alike with a 'well bowled Wilfrid,' or 'that was a good stroke, sir,' in that slow pleasant voice of his. And again there is Lord Hawke, the born and finished captain. No man has done more for the game of cricket, not only in this county, but all over the world. His maxim is discipline, and he has his splendid eleven under control as a good officer has his company. He is firmness itself, but he is withal most kind, and in him

the professionals have a good friend. His Yorkshiremen adore him, and, though he does not make as many runs as formerly, he is worth a place in the side if only for the high standard of efficiency, thoroughness, and discipline he sets up. Yorkshire cricket owes almost everything to Lord Hawke, for it is no secret that when he first took over the captaincy—nearly twenty years ago now—things were, to say the least of it, far from satisfactory. And here I may perhaps allude to a feature of Yorkshire cricket management, and that is the system of marks introduced by Lord Hawke. There is no talent money in the sense in which the phrase is usually understood, but over and above the usual remuneration, each man is marked according to his work in a particular match. For instance, five and twenty runs on a bad wicket at a critical time, or the bowling out of, say, Ranji, for a small score, or a fine catch would be rewarded according to the merit of the performance in the eyes of Lord Hawke, and I well remember John Tunnicliffe being given an extra ten shillings, that is two marks—for each mark is worth five shillings—for catching me out at short slip with a fine one-handed catch off Hirst's bowling in the Middlesex and Yorkshire match at Leeds two years ago. This system of marks has worked well, and might with advantage be adopted by other counties.

The above is only one instance of the interest Lord Hawke takes in his beloved Yorkshiremen. He is a personal friend of the professionals of his team, and his every thought is for their welfare. Yorkshire are indeed a fortunate side.

And now it is Yorkshire's turn to bat, and out come Jack Brown, with his square massive jaw and determination written all over him, and John Tunnicliffe. Their names suggest long partnerships—for do they not hold the record stand for the first wicket?—554 runs for Yorkshire against Derbyshire at Chesterfield in August 1898. Sussex and Middlesex, too, have had many a weary though pleasant hour endeavouring to part them. And it is 'Steatthdy, John' and 'I'm coäming, Jack' all the while, and point, mind you stand a bit behind the wicket for Jack Brown, and do not forget to have an extra slip as well, for Jack Brown's favourite stroke is the cut, and you may by chance catch him out early in his innings in the slips. And his tall comrade John Tunnicliffe. A hitter by nature—you can see this at a glance—but apt of late years to play rather a quiet game. But do not imagine that he cannot hit, for he can and often does, a hard drive rather wide of mid on and often high

in the air, but well away from the long field. A nice player to watch this big man from Pudsey and a capital judge of the game.

Next comes David Denton, who times the ball beautifully, and lets fly at most things. Extra cover a yard or two back please, and third man the same, and Albert Trott look out in the slips. For Denton is dangerous, and scores at a great pace in a delightfully neat style; but he is a bit of a dasher and is apt to hit the ball up on the off side before he has got the pace of the wicket.

Fourth on the list comes F. S. Jackson, full of confidence, and with the whitest pads and cricket boots in England. A great player Jackson, one of the greatest we have ever had, and with every imaginable stroke in his *répertoire*. You will enjoy his batting, for it is all grace, and possesses an attractiveness which to the real cricketer is fascinating. I can never make up my mind which stroke of Jackson's I admire most, but perhaps the one that pleases the eye best is his off drive.

One place below Jackson in the batting order comes T. L. Taylor, a fine player on a soft wicket, and extremely strong on the on side. We must have a short leg, and perhaps another man behind the umpire, for this part of the field is where Taylor makes most of his runs. But he has many other strokes, and half volleys are not lightly treated by his bat. He has pulled Yorkshire out of many a tight place by his cool and determined batting.

And so they come. Frank Mitchell, when he used to play county cricket, with his splendid defence and powerful driving, a most difficult man to shift, and the best batsman in Yorkshire last year. And George Hirst with his daring pulls, and hard cuts and off drives, and Wainwright, who, one could almost swear would make runs if all his comrades had failed before him. And so on through Lord Hawke, and Rhodes, who, if he were not a great bowler would be a great batsman, down to David Hunter, who plays with the straightest bat in England.

What a batting side! a sound, grim, determined, never-say-die lot, except, perhaps, when they are playing Somerset, for Mr. S. M. J. Woods' men do without a doubt inspire a very wholesome respect, if not fear, in the hearts of this powerful eleven. And why is it? for man for man the Somerset eleven cannot in any way compare with the Yorkshiremen. Is it Mr. Woods' personality that does it—for the fact remains that Somerset are the only side who have beaten the Yorkshire-

men in county cricket since Kent achieved a memorable victory on the Tonbridge ground in August 1899? Taking the seasons of 1900, 1901, and 1902 up to the end of June, Yorkshire have played sixty-six county matches and lost but two! What a record!

And they play such a truly sporting game that it is a delight to play against them. Of course we are all eager to lower their colours, but it is only in a spirit of admiration that we so desire. One feels that it is something to beat Yorkshire.

They have done much that is good for cricket, these Yorkshiremen, for they are an example of what a county side should be. In short, an almost ideal eleven.

BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN RUSSIA

BY E. MUSGRAVE SYKES

BIG-GAME shooting in Russia is not what it was ten or fifteen years ago, and until quite recently the indiscriminate slaughter of both male and female bids fair in a very short time to extinguish it altogether. Fortunately the Government has stepped in and, aided by the various shooting-clubs, has to some extent put a curb on this wanton destruction of wild game.

To shoot a cow-elk, for instance, is an offence punishable by a fine of 50 roubles (£5), and this in many shooting-clubs is raised to 500 roubles (£50), while the close season of the bull extends from January 1 (about which time the rutting season begins) to August 15. In Finland elk-shooting is absolutely forbidden, and it is a source of great satisfaction to know that there at any rate there is no fear of elk being exterminated.

Although of course there is no restriction placed on bear- and wolf-shooting, Nature herself has put a very effectual embargo on that sport for a great part of the year, as winter, when there is plenty of snow on the ground, is the only time when it is possible to track them and get them within range of a gun.

At the present time the best all-round shooting is to be had in the government of Kostroma. Wolves are fairly plentiful in the governments of Tyla and Smolensk. Elk are to be found

in most of the governments and are even to be had quite close to Moscow. Since elk-shooting was forbidden in Finland, elk have been very plentiful on the borders of that country and Russia, while in Finland itself they have become so numerous and tame as to enter the gardens, and even come close up to the verandahs of the 'dachas' (country houses).

There are two methods in vogue in Russia of shooting wolves. One plan is to secure a sucking-pig in a sack, and drive through the woods on a moonlight night with it in a country sleigh, to which is attached on the end of a long string a piece of raw meat. The sucking-pig will howl lustily the whole time, and will attract any wolves that may be in the neighbourhood. If one lies perfectly quiet in the sleigh, the wolves growing bolder will approach and try to seize the piece of meat trailing behind. It is at this moment that one must shoot, although, as can be imagined, to fire from a moving sleigh in such a deceptive light is far from being an ideal shot. *A propos* of this method, a tale is told of two men who went out and fell asleep in the sleigh, only waking up on their arrival home, to find that the pig had escaped and that the meat had been taken while they slept.

The second and more general method is to employ trackers to locate the wolves and then to hold a 'drive.' The Moscow sporting clubs employ several of these trackers who do nothing else but travel about from one place to another on the land rented by the clubs, in whose employ they are, for sporting purposes, getting news from the villages as to the whereabouts of the game. These men who mostly come from a place called Pskoff, from which the Russian term, 'psquichi,' for huntsman is derived, are wonderful trackers and possessed of great endurance. It is marvellous how they can tell you and tell you correctly too, how many wolves or elk have gone by, when to the inexperienced eye the 'spoor' of only one animal is to be seen.

Their method when after wolves is as follows: Having heard from the villages that wolves have been seen in the neighbourhood, they will go out, find the tracks, and follow them up for thirty or forty versts, if necessary. They can always tell when the wolves intend staying in a certain place, because, before they settle down, they will turn and circle again and again on their tracks in order to put any pursuers off the scent. When the tracker sees these circles, he knows the wolves are not far off, and turns back. He next has a dead

horse or cow brought as near to the wood the wolves are in as he dare, and goes away quite confident that they will not go very far from the dead carcase, or, as the Russians call it, 'padal,' which he has had laid down. Even when the wolves have been shot at and frightened, they will, as a rule, always come back to the 'padal.' I myself have been to the same place seven weeks running, and shot over the same wolves from the one 'padal,' and during the whole of that time our operations were within a radius of from four to five versts.

Let us select, for an example, a shoot that took place in December 1901. The tracker has come and reported that a pack of nine wolves has been located. We make up a party of six guns, and leave Moscow by train in the evening for the nearest station to where the wolves lie. On our arrival, after a three hours' journey, we hire four country sleighs, each with a pair of horses, driven tandem on account of the narrowness of the road, and about 10 o'clock at night snugly wrapped in thick furs we start off on our forty-mile drive. The drive itself is a delightful experience. It is a beautiful starlight night, and the vast expanse of white, glittering as though studded with innumerable diamonds, is pleasantly varied by the huge woods through which we pass, whose branches, heavily laden and bowed down with snow, form one long continuous archway along our route; while a more perfect accompaniment than the jingling bells of the horses, together with the musical cries of the drivers, it would be impossible to imagine. Now and then we pass through some village wrapt in slumber, whose only sign of life is the barking of the watch-dogs as they rush out at us on our way through. Wolves when half mad with hunger often enter these villages at night and seize and carry off their watch dogs. Their *modus operandi* is almost human in its ingenuity. Three wolves will enter a village, and while two of them lie concealed one on each side of the doorway of a hut, the third will approach and try by various strategies to tempt the dog out, taking care to retreat each time the dog advances, and so draw him farther away from his place of shelter. If the dog is rash enough to leave his retreat, the two concealed wolves spring upon him and tear him to bits.

Having arrived at our destination, a village of about 200 inhabitants, we go to the 'Starosts' or headman's hut to get a few hours' sleep. At 7.30 we get up, and having had our breakfast, await with what patience we can the return of the tracker. He left about six in the morning to go to the 'padal'

PRIVATE SHOOTING-CLUB NEAR SERPUKOFF WITH RESULT OF DAY'S SHOOTING

where the wolves will have been fighting and quarrelling over their food most of the night. From there he will have followed their tracks to the wood where they intend to lie up for the day. This they will always do in the daytime, unless the weather be extremely cold or wet, when they will set out and scour the country round for a distance of twenty or thirty versts, never stopping on the way, and only returning to the 'padal' at nightfall.

This time the weather is ideal, and the tracker, having followed the wolves to a small wood, makes a half-circle round it. Finding tracks leading out of it, he follows them on to the next wood, and so on until he arrives at a thickly wooded piece of land, from which no tracks are to be seen issuing. He then encircles the wood with string on which are fastened at intervals of about a foot little red flags. This will keep the wolves in that wood for at least twenty-four hours, as each time they attempt to move out they see the red flags, and through sheer cowardice turn back.

The tracker then comes back and announces that he has the nine wolves safely harboured. We immediately get into our sleighs and with beaters from the village make our way to within a quarter of a mile of where the wolves are lying. Here we put on our snow-shoes, and leaving the horses move in strict silence to that side of the wood at which the tracker has settled to place us. We then draw numbers for our places and take our stand about fifty yards apart, as much concealed as possible, and wait patiently till the beaters have worked their way round to the opposite side of the wood. At the first shout of the beaters we load up and stand with our eyes glued on the wood in front of us. For the first few seconds all is silent save for the shouting of the beaters. Then suddenly two shots ring out in quick succession on my right, followed by a single one on my left and then a whole fusillade. It seems as though I am going to be the unlucky one of the party, but no! what is that patch of brown that is coming towards me on my right? I stand perfectly still, scarcely daring to breathe, till the patch of brown, which a nearer view shows me to be a good sized wolf, has come within twenty yards of me. Then I raise my gun with a movement which I know will catch his eye and cause him to stop for a second, half turned as it were, and give me the chance of a lovely shot behind his shoulder. This is just what he does, and I drop him at the first discharge. I have

scarcely time to reload when I see another wolf moving across my front, about forty-five yards away. I fire and miss, then a second time, and from the way her ladyship stops for a second to bite her flank and then moves on again with tail down and at a much slower speed than before, I know that part of my shot, at any rate, has found its mark. Then a single shot on my left tells me that she has received her quietus.

By this time the shouting of the beaters sounds quite close at hand, and as they begin to appear through the wood we leave our posts and exchange experiences.

Out of nine wolves we have accounted for seven, which is a most excellent result. The other two have broken out through the flags at the sides and, while we eat our 'za kuska,' or light lunch, the tracker is off to see if they have gone far. He soon comes back with the news that they have been thoroughly scared and that we shall see no more of them to-day; so we make for the village, settle up with the beaters and start off on our long drive back.

Up to the beginning of February it is comparatively easy to round up the wolves, as a litter whelped that summer will stick together till the breeding season commences, but after the beginning of February they begin to move about alone and cover great distances in search of mates, so that shooting after that date becomes very uncertain, as a wolf may be here to-day and fifty versts away to-morrow.

Elk-shooting is very similar to wolf-shooting, in that both wolf and elk are so timid that the greatest caution is necessary in harbouring them. The least noise will start them off and they will go miles before stopping. In driving elk, after having surrounded them with red flags, the beaters, moving with the wind will, in most cases, scarcely shout at all. I, personally, much prefer quiet 'driving.'

When startled the cows will always go first with their calves closely following in their footsteps, while the bulls will come last. Sometimes when the cows and calves have been allowed to pass through the line of shooters in the hope that a bull may be behind them and come on undisturbed, we have waited a little and then left our posts, only to hear afterwards that we had left a bull wandering about in the circle; so that it is well to remain some considerable time at one's post, even if everything in the circle seems to have passed through.

In shooting driven elk, if you wish to fire with any certainty

of killing, you must wait till they are within forty or fifty yards before firing, although a friend of mine last Christmas dropped a bull-elk in his tracks at a distance of 213 yards.

Another and less general way is stalking. But this, on account of the depth of the snow and the keen scent and hearing of the elk is most difficult and uncertain, and in nine cases out of ten the beasts will take fright and not stop till they

BULL ELK

have put ten or fifteen versts between themselves and the stalker. To my mind this way is by far the more sporting, but unfortunately the depth of the snow makes it impossible to stalk on foot, while the 'swish-swish' of the snow-shoes can be heard some distance away and generally gives ample warning.

Bear-shooting is by far the most dangerous sport in Russia. Wolves will never attack you unless ravenous with hunger; and there is no danger from elk unless a bull, when wounded, turns savage and tries to get at you with his fore feet, in which case, should he succeed, your chance of life is small indeed. But it is quite exceptional when a bull does this.

With a bear it is quite different. The shooter will be

standing in deep snow and should he only wound the bear, Bruin, in seven cases out of ten, will turn and go for him.

When the snow comes the bear chooses a comfortable spot under some big tree-root and lets the snow cover him up. It is then only by the steam caused by the heat of his body, which is seen rising over where he is lying, that one can discover his hiding-place. I know one instance where a peasant came in and said that he had discovered where a bear was lying by seeing some steam arising from the ground. A party was made up, the shooters and beaters put in position and the 'drive' started. But the bear was not to be roused. They poked his hiding-place with sticks, but still he would not come out. On disturbing the snow they found there never had been a bear there, and that the vapour had been caused by a heap of leaves that were rotting!

The finding of a bear in his winter retreat is mostly chance. When, however, the villagers have the good fortune to discover one wintering on their grounds, they send one of their number to the nearest big town to try to sell him. This is no difficult matter as there are lots of sportsmen only too eager to buy him. A bear will fetch as much as 100 roubles to 150 roubles, which sum is divided up among the peasants of the village on whose ground the bear was found. Bruin, having been bought, is left undisturbed till his owner comes for him. Perhaps he will have been bought in November and his owner can leave him till January without any fear of losing him. When his purchaser wants to kill him, he either goes alone or with a friend to the village on whose land the bear was found, and then a drive is arranged and the bear disturbed and driven out and shot. A short time ago a bear was found on an estate belonging to a friend of mine, between Moscow and St. Petersburg. One or two friends and myself were invited down to join in the shoot. The bear, which was only young and small, came out on our host, who fired twice, hitting him in the neck and body and knocked him over. He got up and we didn't see him again for forty minutes, when he again came out on my friend who this time killed him. How he managed to go so strong for so long a time with a gaping wound in his neck, which alone was sufficient to prove fatal, was a great puzzle to all of us.

WHIST *V.* BRIDGE

BY C. B. HARRISON

IN the library of one of the American Universities there is a shelf devoted to 'insane' literature. Under this heading are grouped the manifestoes issued by the present-day Jacobites, all books written to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, the proceedings published by the society which exists for maintaining the belief in the flatness of the earth's surface, and papers by mathematicians who have discovered the secret of perpetual motion ; and to many card-players an article that attempts to reopen the question of Whist and Bridge will seem merely worthy of being classed with these. For indeed the battle seems to be over and the victory complete. Whist, it must be acknowledged, has been banished from Society where once it reigned supreme, the problems and hands which appear in the papers now deal with Bridge instead of Whist : already there is a literature on the subject, while 'Cavendish' will soon be classed with 'Paradise Lost' as a book that should be in every gentleman's library, and with other classics which every one should possess, yet no one ever reads. There is, moreover, no generosity in this triumph of Bridge : it adopts the language and tone of a conqueror ; it is not content to rejoice that now we have two good card games where formerly we had only one ; or if for a moment writers on Bridge appear to put the two games on an equality, in the next they are found referring to Bridge as the 'King of Card games,' for the most part they assume that Bridge

is the better game and only refer to Whist with the epithets 'antiquated' and 'absurd,' and to those who play it 'as old fogies, who, unless they hasten to learn Bridge, will find no one to join in a doomed and tottering game to banish dulness from their declining years.' Yet this is the game which not long ago was described as 'without question the best of all our intellectual games,' 'combining skill and chance to the right degree,' and demanding 'boldness, caution, prudence, foresight, care against deception, promptness of decision, soundness of judgment, fertility of resource, ingenuity of contrivance, and such a general course of thought and action as must, if it is to be successful, be dictated by competent and well-trained mental powers.' Well may we wonder when we are told a greater than Whist is here, well may we hesitate to join in the cry, '*Le roi est mort, vive le roi.*' There may be some who distrust a chorus of approbation as general as that which greets the latest work of a religious novelist or dramatic poet, who regard as suspicious in its assertiveness the reiteration with which we are told that 'Bridge has come to stay,' who think that perhaps amid this brilliant Rupertian charge the '*veni, vidi, vici*' note has been sounded prematurely, and that there may be waiting somewhere in the background some steady old Ironsides who are not to be led away by the attractions and novelty of Bridge: and almost inevitably at such a juncture doubts will suggest themselves whether a generation which prefers a society novel to Jane Austen, and considers ping pong a game worthy of the lords of creation, is a fitting judge of the merits of a game and the qualities it should possess if it is to be more than a passing whim.

And now that the confusion of the struggle is over, and the dust caused by the onslaught has had time to settle down, it may be possible to discern with greater clearness the form and features of the invader, and to raise one's voice in opposition without having it drowned by the din of battle and the cheers of the victorious host and its camp followers. For here let us briefly put out of the way objections and comparisons based on the minor details and working of the two games, which occur wherever the question is discussed; they do not vitally affect the character of the games, and the balance indeed works out to be six of one and half a dozen of the other. In many cases these defects can be done away with by amending the rules and altering the mode of scoring, or else are due to the imperfections of human nature.

If in Whist you can be squashed flat by honours though you win the trick, if you can win seven rubbers out of eight, and yet lose one point, in Bridge you may win the rubber and yet lose your money: in Whist it is pointed out that an opportune mistake may enable you to score honours next time and get out, or a finely won additional trick prevent such a consummation; but what is such an objection compared to the imperfection of Bridge, in which a moment's hesitation in declaring or doubling can give invaluable information? Questions as to the gambling possibilities of the games are beside the point; the interest in them is not dependent upon the stakes; vast sums have been lost at Whist, while for raising the points at Bridge you and your partner are alone responsible. Lastly, it is not fair to urge that Bridge is the greater trial to the temper and patience; it is a fact, and admitted by 'Badsworth,' and so far bears out the belief that Bridge has not that repose and soothingness which is the characteristic of Whist; yet this is due to the imperfection of the players. We remember that Mr. Miller did not speak to the pippin-faced gentleman for an hour and twenty-seven minutes after a rubber at Dingley Dell; and the amenities and inanities that are met at Bridge are all anticipated in Major Drayson's types of Whist players.

What then are the real differences between Bridge and Whist? They are, first, the declaration of trumps by the dealer instead of the turn-up card, involving as it does the doubling on the part of the adversaries and the differential values of the suits; and, secondly, in the play of the hands the dealer's partner lays his cards on the table. One can imagine Sarah Battle's sentiments on hearing of such changes: her beloved quadrate game reduced to a fight of one against two with the fourth as spectator! What becomes of those close alliances and partnerships and those hard fights where each enters on the new hand with equal chances? And what would she, whose rigorous mind would have done away with the turned-up trump card as an unnecessary appendage, have said of the decision of trumps by the dealer according to the suit in which he was strongest? or to the different values of the suits, when she objected to them even being of different colours? In her condemnation of Quadrille she has said much that might be applied to Bridge in the present day. 'Quadrille was showy and specious and likely to allure young persons—the giddy vanity so taking to the inexperienced of playing alone; above

all, the overpowering attractions of a "Sans Prendre Vole" (something equal to a Grand Slam in No Trumps?), to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching in the contingencies of Whist. All these, she would say, make Quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic; but Whist was the solider game; that was her word.'

Yet while admiring Mrs. Battle's sentiments, let us not make an appeal to authority, however excellent, but examine what is the effect produced on the character of the game by the above-mentioned variations.

Now, first, it is claimed that its popularity is deserved because it is a game that more people can play. 'The elevation of Whist into a study lessened its general attractiveness.' 'Bridge,' we are told by 'Badsworth,' 'is much more amusing.' Whist is said to have been killed by American leads and other conventions, the beginner at Bridge is flattered by being told that he and the Whist-player start at the same point, and we all know that every one thinks he can play Bridge. Such statements might pass, such beliefs might be true in the infancy of Bridge: they were only true because Bridge was in its infancy; but those happy days are numbered; Bridge will soon be as scientific and specialised as Whist. It is not to the Whist-player the beginner will be compared, but to the Bridge-student—and found wanting. Already we have statistics as to declarations, and the discovery of the magical number 14. Mr. Whitfeld has published figures in the *Field* which look like a table of logarithms or a ready-reckoner. There are conventions as to the meaning of a double in no-trumps, and the invention of the 'Reverse Discard.' So far, indeed, is Bridge from being able to do without American leads, that Mr. Dunn, for instance, bases his whole system on the idea that you start with a knowledge of them. And if it is thought that at least any one can make the declarations, Bridge-players are the first to disavow such a notion. We are told that is the most difficult part of the whole game, and needs the greatest judgment and experience, as it involves the greatest disaster. Already we have Bridge-experts who feel aggrieved at having to play with inferior players, and Bridge-novices who, when asked to play, say 'They are so frightened of playing with Mr. A.—he is so awfully good.' A century ago as many people played Whist as play Bridge now: it is not the superior merits of the latter game which bring so many devotees, but its novelty, which has

prevented it as yet being made scientific ; but it is the spirit of the age to make a science of its amusements, and Whist has only followed the course of croquet and lawn-tennis. Bridge is bound to do the same, only the pace will be accelerated. The ordinary Bridge-player, who a year ago thought any one could play Bridge, will soon hesitate to play with an expert, until he feels qualified to play Whist with a Cavendish and poker with a Spanish-American. No, the theory that more people can play Bridge than Whist is a fallacy, and a fallacy which is being found out in this transition-stage with much sorrow and anger on the part of many.

Bridge, then, must give up its appeal to the populace and appear in the court of those competent to play and appreciate the games. Now the alleged superiority of Bridge over Whist must clearly be in the declaration of trumps, doubling, differentiation of value in the suits, matters which are antecedent to the play of the hand, and not due to the fact that the dealer's partner lays his hand on the table. For despite all efforts to prove the contrary on the part of Mr. Dunn in his paper Bridge *v.* Whist, which appeared in the *Badminton* and has since been reprinted, the play of the cards is simply dummy Whist. It is in vain for Mr. Dunn to find four qualifications necessary in the play of the cards, *i.e.*, (1) ability to plan out the hand ; (2) card memory ; (3) observation and power of drawing inferences ; (4) skill to act correctly upon such inferences, and to award the palm for superior skill to Bridge. Without stopping to inquire whether this analysis is comprehensive or distinct, we will simply ask, Do you think that for all three players there is more enjoyment than at Whist ? If so, why has not dummy Whist been played for choice all these years ? Nor is it any argument to say the hand passes round and each plays dummy in turn ; for can it be said that either as one of the partners or as dummy's partner there is more enjoyment ? If there is in the latter case, we may ask, why then has not double-dummy been played ? It is too late in the day, in fact, to pretend that dummy Whist is the better game, yet in Bridge it is to dummy Whist that the play of the cards is reduced.

Now let us consider what peculiar merits Bridge possesses to counterbalance this defect.. It will be clear that it is in the declaration, combined with the other variations mentioned, previously to the play of the cards, that Bridge has the advantage over Whist ; for these points of the game involve greater judgment and excitement than anything found in Whist. The

mistakes made in this part of the game and their results prove the need of the greatest experience and judgment, in fact the greatest qualities in card games—so much is admitted. The counterpart to this in Whist, less showy and perhaps seldomer called into action, yet demanding a subtle judgment and great experience is the knowledge when to play a forward game or not, and the success of a hand of Whist often depends as much on this as a hand of Bridge on the correct declaration ; yet this is a point that the champions of Bridge often ignore.

But this declaration of trumps carries with it certain drawbacks ; for instance, it will be admitted that at Whist it would be a great disadvantage if the dealer were always allowed to declare trumps ; to start the hand with the knowledge that the majority of trumps are against you—which is the case in most hands at Bridge—must rob the game of some of the interest ; yet besides this the dealer has the advantage of playing dummy's hand : truly to him who hath is it given ! Instead then of the even tenour of Whist where all enter on the new hand with equal hopes and chances, at Bridge the greatest opportunities for skill and the greatest advantage are concentrated into one hand in four. Is it to be denied that every other hand is taken up only with the hope of staving off defeat till the next ? and it is only human to look forward to the one hand in four when it is yours to command. Even this shifting of the centre of interest from the play of the cards to the declaration of once in four hands might be admitted an improvement if the actual enjoyment of playing the hand were equal to that of Whist. But it is dummy Whist, and dummy Whist with a fourth player standing out : the result is, that for the exaltation of one hand in four, the enjoyment of two others is greatly diminished, while the fourth player is debarred from any practical participation in the game ; and the play of the hand which lasts five minutes is sacrificed to an act of judgment of a most exciting nature, which is as quick or as slow as thought.

To those who found in the steady continuity of Whist its great charm, these ' variations ' of Bridge will not seem an improvement. It is useless to scoff at Whist as dull when it is the game in which statesmen, philosophers, and German field-marshals have found their greatest relaxation and keenest enjoyment. It is a national trait to play our games seriously and Whist is a national game. There are many, no doubt, who find Bridge more attractive for the addition of all the excitement of poker and only twenty-five per cent. of its danger !

But let it be remembered that Bridge is not an improved and glorified Whist and therefore a better game, and its claim to supplant it as such is unreasonable. It is only a variation, and it has yet to be shown that it is a variation fitted to survive. It may be the change has involved the sacrifice of essential qualities; to some Whist may seem, to use Mrs. Battle's word, to have the solider merits, and in spite of the present rage for Bridge and the rising generation, likely to remain when Bridge has joined its former more brilliant rivals 'Swobbers' and 'Quadrille.'

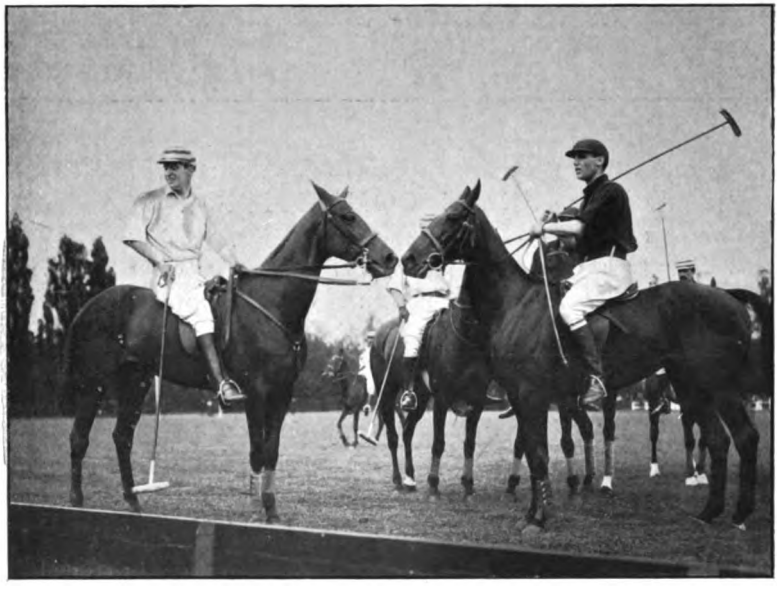
A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Several other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE JUNE COMPETITION

The Prize in the June competition has been divided among the following competitors: Miss Broughton, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.; Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington; Mr. A. E. Burke, H.M.S. *Terrible*, China; Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down; Mr. W. Brown, Pitlochrie, Perthshire; Mr. R. O'C. N. Deane, Southport; Mr. C. Lacey, Burford, Oxon; Mr. Russell Richardson, Scarborough; and Mr. David J. Lee, Youghal, co. Cork. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

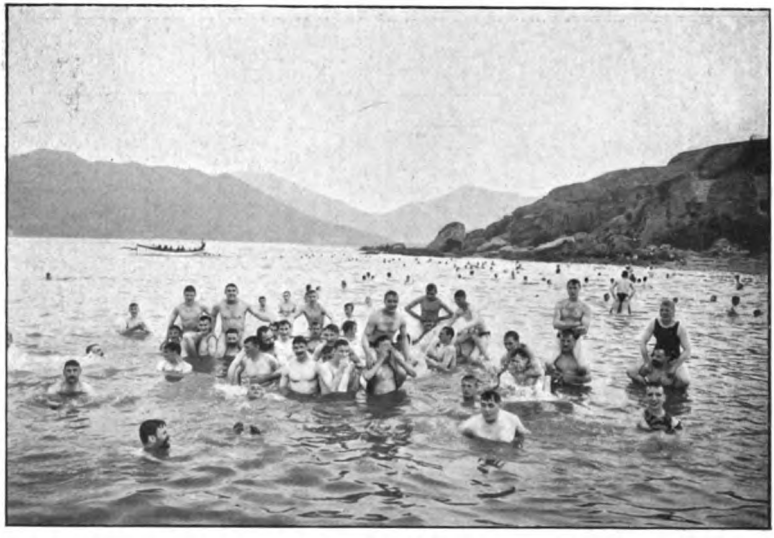


ENGLAND *v.* AMERICA AT HURLINGHAM

Photograph by Miss Broughton, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.

TEDDINGTON LOCK

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington

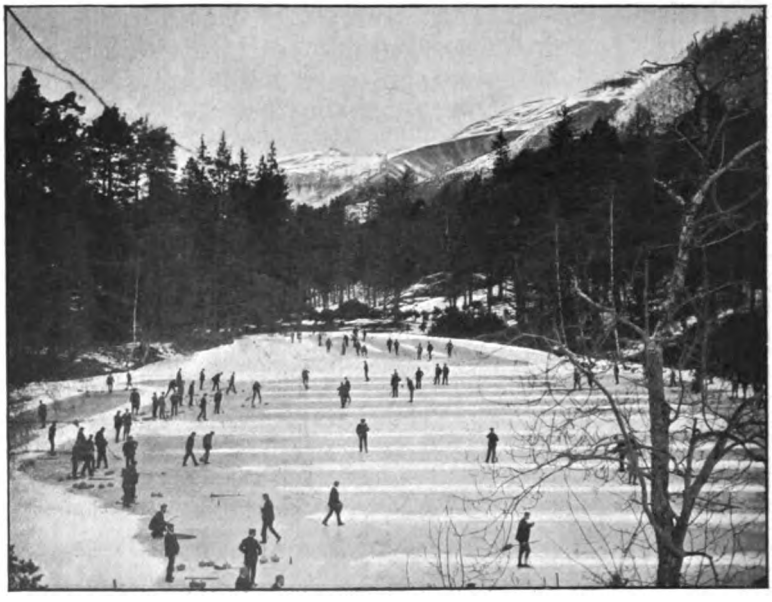


H.M.S. 'TERRIBLE'S' MEN BATHING ON THE BEACH AT HONG KONG

Photograph by Mr. A. E. Burke, H.M.S. 'Terrible,' China

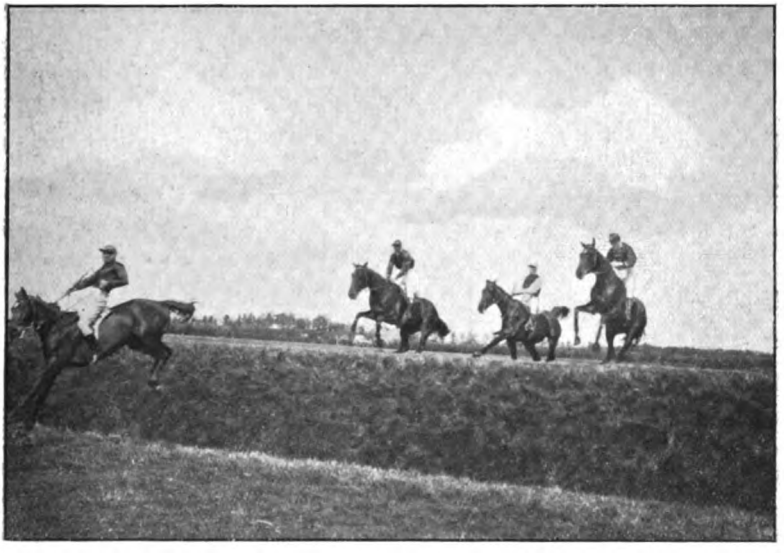
THE DOUBLE BANK AT THE N.E. AGRICULTURAL SHOW, BELFAST

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down



A 'BONSPIEL' ON LOCH DUNMORE, MARCH 1902
Photograph by Mr. W. Brown, Pitlochrie, Perthshire

BLENCATHRA FOXHOUNDS, KESWICK. SADDLEBACK MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE
Photograph by Mr. R. O'C. N. Deane, Southport



THE 'DOUBLE' AT PUNCHESTOWN
Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down

FIGHT FOR THE KENNEL
Photograph by Mr. C. Lacey, Burford, Oxon

TROUT FISHING IN BISHOPDALE, NORTH YORKSHIRE

Photograph by Mr. Russell Richardson, Scarborough

START FOR THE JOHN PEEL PLATE, YOUGHAL STEEPLECHASES

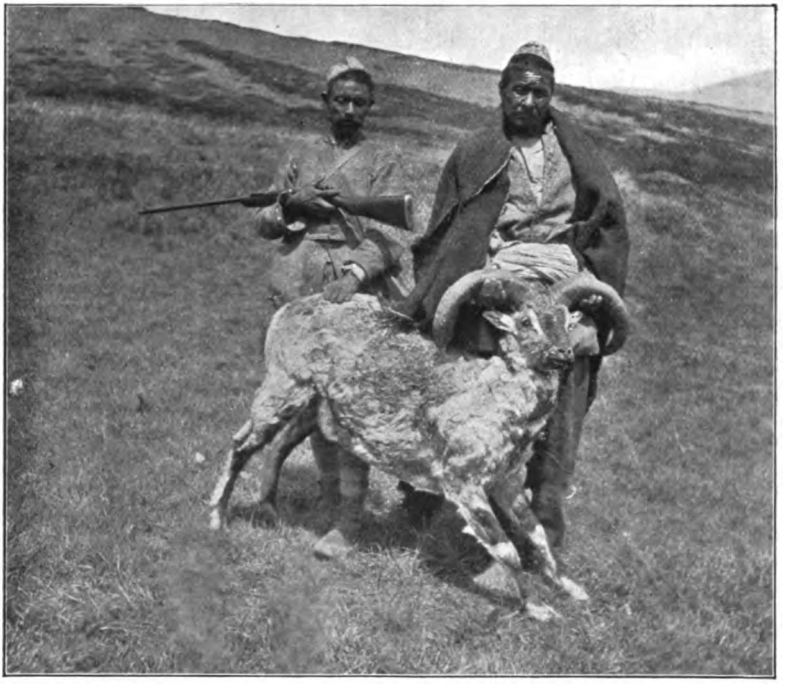
Photograph by Mr. David J. Lee, Youghal, co. Cork

LORD ONSLOW'S FOUR-IN-HAND. LORD ONSLOW AND SIR PERTAB SINGH, THE MAHARAJA OF IDAR, ON THE BOX SEAT

Photograph by Miss Constance Peel, Ebury Street, W.

ONE OF THE LAST MEETS OF THE QUEEN'S STAG HOUNDS, OPPOSITE THE ROYAL ASCOT HOTEL

Photograph by Miss da Costa, Gloucester Square, W.



'RAM BURREL' SHOT IN THE UPPER HIMALAYAS. LENGTH OF HORNS 26½ INCHES

Shot and Photograph taken by Mr. G. Kendall Channer, Lieut. 3rd Gurkhas, Almora, India

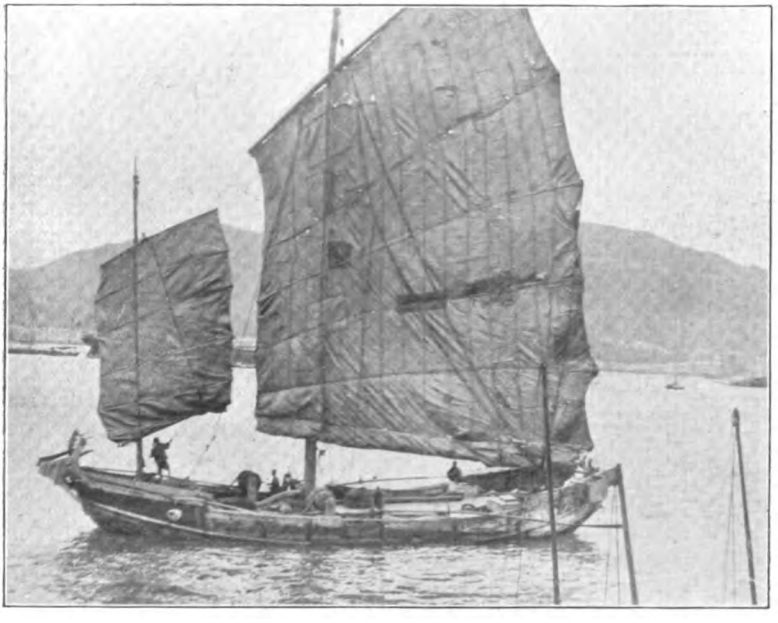
A ZULU IMPI AT TOOVERHAARSRUST, CLOSE TO THE ZULULAND BORDER

The Zulus trekked in to ask General Bruce Hamilton to let them fight for the British

Photograph by Mr. H. H. R. White, Lieut. King's Royal Rifles, South Africa

'KITTY,' SECOND IN THE MEMBERS' LIGHT-WEIGHT HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE AT OAKHAM. MR. 'SNIP' RIPLEY UP

Photograph by Mrs. Wilkinson, Burleigh Mansions, W.C.

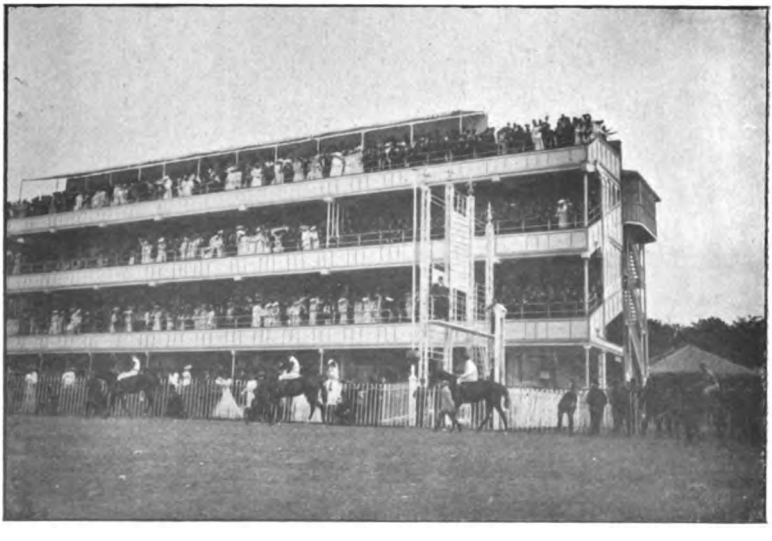


A CHINESE JUNK. THE ISLAND OF HONG KONG IN THE BACKGROUND

Photograph by Mr. Guy Stopford, H.M.S. 'Argonaut,' China Station

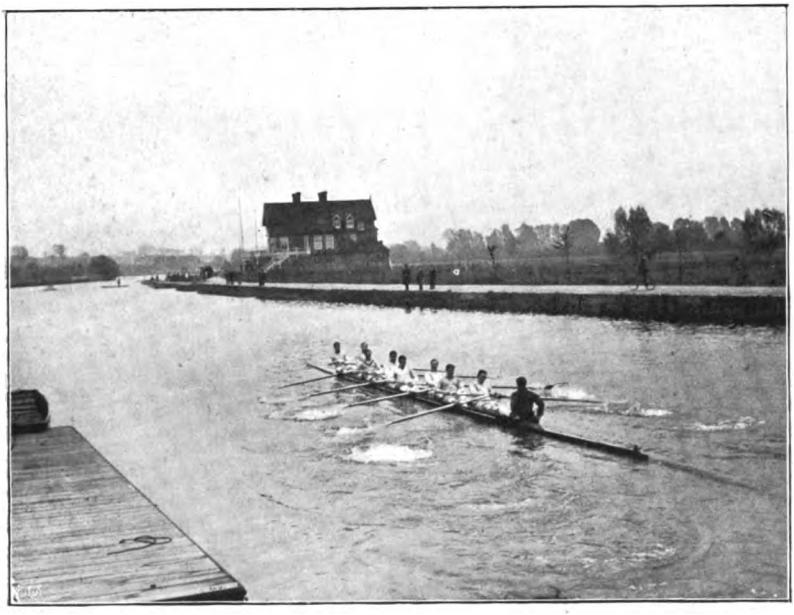
THURLES RACES. RAILWAY PLATE. 'NOUGAT' HITS LAST HURDLE AND FALLS

Photograph by Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough Queens Co.



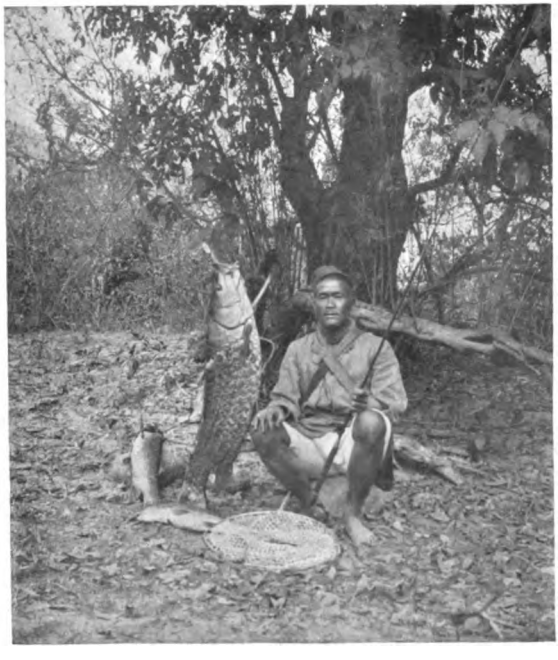
PARADE FOR THE GOLD CUP, ASCOT

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington



MAGDALEN EIGHT PRACTISING FOR EIGHTS'-WEEK AT OXFORD, 1902

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down



A 30 LB. MAHSEER AND ITS GAFFER

Photograph by Captain J. G. Edwardes, 3rd Gurkha Rifles, Almora, India

TRAINING FOR THE PENDLE FOREST HUNT POINT-TO-POINT, APRIL 1902

Photograph by Miss Mabel Eccles, Blackburn

MR. W. B. THOMPSON AND HIS DEERHOUND, 'WHISKEY'

Photograph by Mr. C. J. Thompson, Brampton, Cumberland

Photo. Rouch.

SCEPTRE.

THE COLOURED PICTURES

SCEPTRE (Persimmon—Ornament) purchased by Mr. R. Sievier in July 1900 for 10,000 guineas, the largest sum ever paid for a yearling, has proved one of the cheapest bargains ever made, as her owner, after winning back more than he had given, could have sold her for something like four times the original price. I believe the actual offer was £36,000, but rumour had it that Mr. W. Vanderbilt, who races in France, would have given another £4000 if he could have secured her for the money. Periodically a discussion breaks out about the wisdom of paying more than £1000 for a yearling, but as to this obviously everything depends upon circumstances. As a two-year-old she ran thrice, and though she disappointed expectations by finishing behind Game Chick and Csardas in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, won her other two races, worth £2455. This year, beaten a short head for the Lincolnshire Handicap, owing to the indiscretion of her jockey, as many people suppose, she won the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas, and the Oaks. Mr. Sievier having declined the offer made for his mare after her two victories at Newmarket, to which, it should be said, she subsequently added the St. James' Palace Stakes at Ascot, worth another £2500. Sceptre's St. Leger chances are referred to in the Notes. 'A Start' gives, we think, an excellent idea of the newly invented gate, which occasionally saves time and enables horses to jump off on even terms, whilst not seldom there is considerable delay, starts are exceedingly bad, and sometimes, as in the Wokingham Stakes at the Ascot Meeting, a veritable fiasco is the result. On the whole it can scarcely be said the advantages more than counterbalance the disadvantages, and a great many owners and trainers who were opposed to the introduction of the machine have by no means been converted by what they have seen of it. The yacht *Columbia*, which has been thought a suitable subject for the present month, is too well known to need description, nor need we dwell upon the shooting incident, also a topical illustration.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

LORD GRANBY'S article on Sport at the beginning of the last century will certainly be read with great interest by all men who shoot. It is amusing nowadays to come across some of the prophecies made when railways were first introduced, to the effect that all game would inevitably be driven out of the country, just as it was thought that hunting must come to an end. Imagine three men at the present time going out shooting on a great estate, as the Duke of Rutland, T. Thoroton, Esq., and Beau Brummell did almost a century ago at Belvoir, and coming back with three head of game, one having fallen to each gun ; and the year before, 1803, it is on record that the Beau killed one pheasant. In 1804 Lord Granby records that twenty-eight pheasants were shot at Cheveley. Whilst looking for a privately printed record of grouse shot in Yorkshire by the late Duke of Beaufort and friends in the great grouse year, when perhaps the best moors in the country were leased by the Duke, I came across a card of four days' shooting at Cheveley in which I was privileged to take part ; and as a contrast to the twenty-eight pheasants shot a hundred years since, I have thought it would be interesting to reproduce this list in the handwriting of the owner of the estate. With reference to the big day here, I may remark that it would have been very much bigger still but that two beats which had been part of the plan were left untouched. The total is not at all remarkable for Cheveley, especially as it will be seen that half a dozen guns were 'skirmishing' on the first day, and on the last we were occupied with partridges and left the coverts alone. Some of the contributors who took part in the discussion last year as to the proportion of the various birds and beasts now shot in England

CHEVELEY PARK.

Game killed on the 29th 30th 31st and 1st days of October & November 1895

DATE.	BEATS.	GUNS.	PHEASANTS.	PARTRIDGES.	HARES.	WOODCOCKS.	RABBITS.	VARIOUS.	TOTAL
October 29th	Banstead	6	152	9	21	.	8	3	193
30th	O W Hollow. Heath Trinity. Cheveley Belt	8	803	23	155	"	26	30	1037
31st	The Park	9	1546	30	306	"	11	15	1908
November 1st	Wood Ditton Road	8	84	310	75	"	4	2	475
	Total		2585	372	557	"	49	50	3613

PARTY

Captain Hon A Somerset. Sir Ralph Blois Captain Corse Scott
J. Murray Bannerman Hugo de Bathe A.E.T Watson M Tharp
H M Calmont. with Major Crabbe (31st only) and Captain Machell (Nov 1st only

will observe that in these four days, out of a total of 3613, we only got 49 rabbits, one fewer than the 'various,' the component parts of which half-hundred I forget, though I know that some of them were pigeons.

A correspondent writes to me: 'For a long time past I have been vastly entertained with your remarks about betting, occasionally in the *Badminton*, but more frequently "in another place" years ago. You have not referred to the subject lately; have you nothing to say? I remember your laboriously working out the proportion of favourites that won during a period of three years, and finding that about four in nine were successful. I say "laboriously" with some feeling, as I have followed on for the same period of time and find that practically the same proportion still prevails, as nearly as possible eight in nineteen; but as the odds are not on an average a shade over two to one against the favourite, obviously backing favourites is a bad business. I had an idea of supporting second favourites if I fancied them, or rather unless I had some reason not to fancy them. But a great difficulty often is to discover what is really second favourite, and when you have backed one horse, you very often find that another passes it in the market, or sometimes a couple do so, or you back what you imagine has started second favourite and learn when the account of the day's racing is published that it did not do so. There is a pitiable want of enterprise and imagination in merely "following the money," but perhaps that is not the worst way. What do you think? Do write a few notes on this always interesting subject.'

I scarcely think that I have anything new to say about backing horses, for it is not a fresh discovery that in the long run, and very often in the short run also, the backer will probably lose his money. With regard to first favourites, the reason they should not be followed persistently is given by my correspondent, and it has before now been pointed out that the favourite almost invariably starts at a false price; for the reason that a great many people back it simply and solely because it *is* favourite. As for 'following the money,' that is often a very judicious course to adopt if only you are sure whose money you follow. Two or three times of late I

have known of hot favourites, who not only did not carry the confidence of their stables, but were supposed to have nothing better than a very modest outside chance. None of those to whom I am referring won, and to have 'followed the money' in their cases would have been an expensive mistake. I was talking about this at Newmarket the other day, and nearly every man present—they all chanced to be knowledgeable people, closely connected with horses—furnished similar examples. My correspondent's experience of second favourites is merely in the nature of things ; any one who has been racing observantly for a short time could have told him what he has found out.

One fatal mistake which is constantly made by numbers of people who ought to know better is the habit of what they are pleased to call 'saving.' This is not a new idea, but it is so constantly disregarded that the repetition of the warning may be worth while. A man backs a horse, he thinks something else might beat it, and he backs that also to save his stake ; somebody tells him of something else that he 'ought to have a tenner on,' and the tenner is put on accordingly ; then at the last minute, after perhaps one or more of his fancies have gone badly in the market, there is a general rush on a supposed 'good thing' ; he asks about it, one bookmaker will make no offer, he asks another, the reply is a shake of the head, and in his eagerness to 'get on' he is prepared to take any price that any one will offer, the price being in all probability an absurdly short one. If he wins at all he wins very little, if he loses he loses a great deal. Now and then, of course, some animal on which he 'saved' does win, and it is highly gratifying to watch it run home, and see its number up, after his chief fancy has vainly made its effort and dropped back beaten. That, of course, inspires him to try and 'save' next time ; but this business of saving is one of the greatest mistakes that a backer of horses can make. I am very intimately acquainted with some one who speaks from long experience on the subject. Back one horse and have done with it, if you must bet ; on very rare occasions there may be an excuse for backing a second, if, for instance, your first fancy has 'gone out,' or you hear something which convinces you that you have made a mistake ; but as a general practice nothing can be more disastrous. Then there is, of course, well nigh the commonest of all errors, 'betting to get

home.' You do not want to wind up a loser on the day, a most natural ambition, but though you really have no strong fancy for the last race, even after having taken a vast deal of trouble to find one, you bet to 'get home' in stakes far larger than you would have thought of risking earlier in the day before you were 'out.' That is all that it occurs to me to reply to my correspondent at present, and if it will not enable him to win money it may prevent him from losing, if he takes my advice—which, of course, he will not do.

The report of the House of Lords Committee on Betting shows that the sittings were a waste of time, as every one imagined would be the case, every one, that is to say, who understood the matter under discussion; for when four men who understand a subject, and five men who cannot be made to understand it, meet together, the result of their joint deliberations can hardly be of value. The Committee pronounced that betting is 'not a crime,' but as no one imagined that it was, this cannot be regarded as a discovery. The Anti Gambling League will, I suspect, not be at all pleased to observe that betting on race-courses is recognised by the Committee as inevitable, and that they do not even propose to make any attempt to interfere with it, only requiring that it should be carried on in recognised places. A highly objectionable point in the Report, and one which will assuredly get up the backs of a great many people, whether they are foolish enough to back horses or wise enough to abstain, is the recommendation that postmasters shall be permitted to open envelopes which they suspect may contain coupons and circulars with reference to racing. It is most important to maintain the inviolability of the post. Postmasters and postmistresses are not exempt from curiosity, in numerous cases, too, they delegate their duties to clerks, not seldom to lady clerks, who may in some cases be no less curious than their trousered colleagues; and if these were allowed to open any letters that they were pleased to 'suspect' had reference to betting, private correspondence would be at their disposal whenever they wanted a little amusement, or, perhaps, recognising familiar handwritings, wondered what the letters were about. The report of the Committee is, however, really of no moment, as Lord Salisbury practically gave notice that he should pay no attention to it.

Half the racing year is over, the Woodcote, Coventry, New, and July Stakes have been run ; by this time, as a general rule, the best of the two-year-olds have been out, though it was not until Goodwood that St. Simon was seen, and Ormonde did not make his first public appearance until an autumn meeting at Newmarket. If seems doubtful indeed as regards the two-year-olds whether Rocksand, Baroness La Flêche, Rabelais, Quintessence, and Greatorex, will not hold their own to the end of the season. Before these notes appear Rabelais will have run at Sandown in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, and probably Lavello will have been out for the Chesterfield, so that there is no use in speculating as to what this latter filly may be, though I may remark that Mr. Houldsworth, who is one of the last of men to be sanguine, has a really high opinion of his daughter of Ladas and Caserta. Also it would not be profitable at the present time to speculate as to whether these two-year-olds are good or bad. The general disposition annually is to exaggerate early merits, and observing this not a few critics are apt to go to the other extreme and underrate them. The one thing which seems certain is that no real 'smasher' has as yet appeared amongst animals now in their first season. With reference to the three-year-olds again, Ard Patrick and Fowling-piece will have run before these notes appear, but Sceptre will not have done so and consequently the St. Leger problem cannot have a very exhaustive light thrown upon it. The great question is whether she stays, and whilst many good judges are convinced she does not, others, including, I believe, her owner, are of a different opinion. Fillies often do great things in 'the mares' month,' and I am inclined to think that in the case of Sceptre almost everything depends upon how she is ridden. Who is to ride her at Doncaster I have no idea, except that I am given to understand Randall will not do so, Hardy has been mentioned. If some jockey is secured who understands her peculiarities and is able to afford the fullest scope to her ability it seems highly probable that she will be successful.

I have a few books to which unfortunately only brief notice can be given. It is a rare pleasure to come upon the author of a volume on racing who really knows his subject, and that is emphatically the case with Mr. Edward Spencer ('The King's Race-horses ;' a History of the Connection of his Majesty King Edward VII. with the National Sport ; London : John Long,

1902), and he has been fortunate enough to secure the supervision of Lord Marcus Beresford who is of course the supreme authority on everything connected with Egerton Lodge and the Sandringham stud. The book is of unwieldy shape in order that justice may be done to the illustrations, which, however, are so admirable that one must conclude that the size and shape were well chosen. A second edition has just been issued of Captain E. D. Miller's 'Modern Polo' (London: Hurst and Blackett, 1902). It need scarcely be said that Captain Miller is about the best of all possible guides to a game which no one understands better than he, and though the general reader may grudge the 150 pages given to the lists of existing polo ponies (in somewhat unnecessarily large type), many players, and probably not a few who watch the game, will turn to the list with interest. This second edition is edited by Captain Hayes, who has also translated, 'Breaking and Riding' by James Fillis, *Encuyer en chef* to the Central Cavalry School at St. Petersburg (Hurst and Blackett, 1902). That the author thoroughly understands his subject his position abundantly proves. A great deal of excellent advice is given, though it must be admitted that some of it is not easy to follow, as, for instance, that 'riders of pulling horses should take care never to allow them to get out of hand.' Riders would be delighted if they could succeed in the attempt. It is of no particular service to remark that, 'if the rider of a runaway horse finds himself alongside a stream he ought to force the animal into it.' How often does a man who is run away with find a stream in his course? Moreover, he may be unable to force the animal in, for one thing, and for another, the banks may be so high that a dangerous fall would be the result. So, too, the recommendation to get behind a tree on a plain or a lamp-post in the street to avoid a runaway is frequently not practicable because of the absence of lamp-posts and trees. On the whole, however, the book should prove as serviceable to the student of horsemanship as any volume can. That I have a very high opinion of Mr. C. J. Cornish's 'The Naturalist on the Thames' (London: Seeley and Co., Great Russell Street), will be understood from the fact that some of the contents have previously appeared in this Magazine. Mr. Cornish is a devoted student of fur, feather, and fin, and he has, moreover, the gift of so writing about them that he conveys his enthusiasm to the reader. The book is copiously and admirably illustrated.

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The Badminton Magazine

MASTERS OF THEIR ARTS

IX. ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

BY R. E. FOSTER

IT is not the intention of the writer to enter into a dissertation upon the merits or demerits of professionalism in football ; it is sufficiently obvious that there must be two sides to such a question, as there are to most questions ; but as the matter has been so thoroughly discussed and so carefully considered by eminent authorities during the past few years, it were best left severely alone. The legalisation of professionalism has brought with it many striking changes ; in fact, it has entirely altered the character and main conception of the game ; for from being viewed as it used to be as a game pure and simple to be played by those who could afford to pay for the privilege of taking

part in it, football has now in a large number of cases come to be looked upon as a commercial undertaking in which the partakers receive remuneration for their services. This fact alone has been sufficient to undermine the early notions of the game ; the supersession of the 'dribbling' game by the 'passing' game ; the gate-money question and the introduction of national and local cup competitions have played their part for some years past, and the consequence has been a complete remodelling of the aspect of our great winter pastime. Whether these changes have worked for good or evil is a matter about which there is bound to be a diversity of opinion, and the writer must not be taken to give his vote unreservedly to the one side or the other ; but this he can say, that players of the old school sadly deplore the importation of professionalism into a game which could have held its own so well without it.

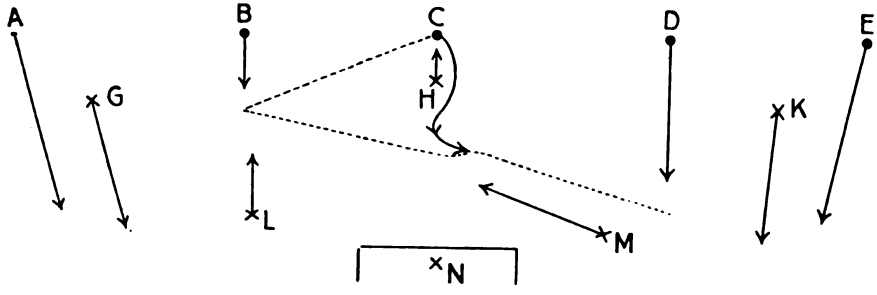
A few points, drawn from personal observation, on the difference of style exhibited by the amateur and the professional might not come amiss. That there is such a difference of style will be readily acknowledged by those who have watched the leading teams of the present day perform. The amateur notion of the game is quite at variance with that of the professional player ; the teaching of the public school and that of the professional nursery are entirely opposed to each other ; professionals differ in every way from amateurs, not merely in individual style but in tactics both of attack and defence. In watching the forwards of an amateur team perform—by this is meant a team of first-class amateurs—one is instantly imbued with the idea that their one aim and object is the goal, not merely to get there, but to get there as straight as possible. Now the professional is equally desirous to get to the goal, but he seems to evince no anxiety to get there straight ; he will turn and twist about ; he will, as often as not, go backwards ; and although he may eventually arrive at the same conclusion, his evolutions will not so readily commend themselves to the eye of an unbiased critic. To see a good line of Corinthian forwards playing at their best and executing a combined run through the opposing defence is as pretty a sight as can be witnessed anywhere on the football field, and, what is more, a sight which no one will ever see the best professional team in the world equal. The amateur idea of the forward game is to go down the field in line, the centre-forward acting as a pivot, the other forwards, to use a military term, 'taking up their dressing on him,' by the left or right as the case may be. The

professional centre-forward, on the other hand, seems to say to himself, 'I will make for the goal as quickly as I can and leave the others to follow'; his outside wings are well in advance of the rest of their companions, while the two inside forwards are doing their best, by dodging to and fro across the ground, to give their mates, who by this time are supposed to be in a favourable position, a good opening for a certain goal.

But what is the result? Spectators who have witnessed matches at the Queen's Club between the cream of amateur and professional talent cannot fail to have noticed how the Corinthian backs have at once grasped the situation and with little difficulty have placed more than one of the professional forwards 'off-side.' It may confidently be asserted that professionals more frequently infringe the 'off-side' rule than do amateur players; and do not these forward tactics, as described, largely conduce to that result? It will readily be seen, by what has been said, that the amateur forward is a far more striking personality than his professional brother. The amateur centre-forward keeps his line together as much as possible and his fellows act up to him; the professional centre-forward acts for himself. In the former case the short passing game, so much in vogue among the leading amateur teams of the day, is made far more easy than in the latter; in the former each forward knows where to find his leader; in the latter each player has to trust more to the elements of chance. The amateur centre-forward receives the ball and draws the opposing centre-half-back on to himself; he then turns the ball over to one of his inside forwards who is lying alongside of him; this inside forward is then attacked by one of the backs, so he returns the ball to his centre-forward, who has evaded the embraces of the hostile centre-half, so that a brilliant run has thereby been executed, and this, too, without any disarrangement of the respective positions of the forwards. It will be objected that there yet remain the two 'wing-halves' of the opposing side, to say nothing of one of the backs; but it must be remembered that the other back should be 'taking' the remaining inside forward, whilst the wing 'halves' are watching the outside men, and to desert that position to attack the inside forwards leaves the wing players quite unmarked and ready at any time to co-operate in the combined movement. It is obvious that such tactics as these do not always result successfully; if they did so, football as a game would indeed suffer; but, when everything is going on well, the first-class amateur side will not find itself very much

behind a professional eleven, and history has told us how often the amateurs have come out on top.

The movement, as above described, is not an easy subject for explanation ; perhaps the accompanying diagram will serve to elucidate the main features of the attack more clearly.



A, B, C, D and E are the amateur forwards in line ; C has the ball and draws H, the opposing centre-half, back on to himself ; C transfers the ball to B, who draws L, the left-back ; B gives the ball back to C, who has freed himself from H ; M, the right-back, attacks C, who thereupon passes to D, and the movement is executed. The dotted line denotes the passage of the ball.

In this rather complicated illustration the writer wishes particularly to emphasise the 'in and out' passing game which is to such an extent the feature of amateur forward play. Now professionals, taking them as a whole, never have adopted, and, so far as can be seen, never will adopt, this style, although it proves itself to be so effective and needs so much less personal exertion. The professional method is briefly this : The centre-forward receives the ball and passes immediately to one of his forwards without drawing a single one of his opponents on to himself ; he then goes as hard as he can towards goal till he finds himself, it may be, twenty yards ahead of his fellows ; here he hopes to receive the ball. Sometimes one of his men manages to give him a good pass while in this position, though whether the ball will ever reach him is sure to be largely a matter of chance. Suppose he does gain possession of it ; is he favourably situated either for scoring a goal himself or for enabling one of his mates to do so ? If the backs know their business it may emphatically be said that his position is a hopeless one ; he has no friend near by to whom he can pass, he has two backs to deal with, and even if he has not he is not much better off,

because the cunning back has at once risen to the situation, and by going well forward he will place his enemy 'off-side' nine times out of ten. And what has been the result of all this? The whole forward line is out of gear, the opposing backs can afford to neglect the centre-forward as being, or likely to be, 'off-side,' and each individual forward is marked.

The writer would not wish to convey that this is the universal method of professional attack; he has frequently seen paid players indulging in the 'short passing' game with such success as to make him believe that if they more frequently adopted this style they would oppose even a more formidable front to the enemy than they do by the present system. But that such a complicated method of forward play does exist is undoubted, and, in consequence of it, how strange has been the jumble of amateurs and professionals in the international matches of recent seasons!

To turn from attack to defence. For some reason which is not at first, perhaps, quite obvious, the professional half-back is immeasurably superior to the amateur half-back. The professional is more versatile; he is quicker on his feet, and seems to be more capable of taking in the situation at a glance. The interval between the moments when he is called upon to attack and to defend seem shorter than in the case of an amateur; he does not go in so hard, but he worries more, and has an overwhelming advantage in the use of his head; he keeps up closer to his forwards; often he adds to their complications by coming right into the front line, and he scores more goals off his own boot than does his amateur brother half-back. The easiest explanation of this undoubted fact is that it is pre-eminently in the position of half-back that condition and stamina will tell; it is probable that if a professional half-back came on to the field untrained he would suffer in comparison with the amateur who, by reason of his 'going in' harder, would instil a feeling of reverence into the mind of the paid player. It can be nothing else but the assiduous training and constant practice that a professional can, and does, enjoy that gives him the marked superiority over the amateur in the half-back line.

At full-back there is little comparison between the play of amateurs and professionals. Training, again, must play an important part, especially if a player hopes to get through the season satisfactorily both to himself and to his club. There is a tendency on the part of the professional backs to go in for 'big' kicking and—what is worse—high-kicking, better known

as 'ballooning.' This practice can only have two objects: first, to give the side which is in the position of holding the lead an opportunity of wasting time; secondly, it is an outward sign of 'gallery' play. Both are to be equally condemned as against the true essence of sport. Moreover, there are many practical disadvantages in 'ballooning.' The wind, if wind there be, has more than its fair share of the game; the ball being constantly dead outside the limits of the field of play, the process of re-starting so frequently does not find favour with the onlookers, who give vent to their disapproval by shouting forth the name of a certain famous riverside town; and last, but not least, those who indulge in it must remember that they are giving the least possible assistance to their own forwards. There are few greater difficulties to be met with in football than for a forward to gain possession of a ball which is coming down to him from a great height. Amateur backs never forget that there are nine other players in the field besides themselves; they seem always to be more direct factors in leading up to a goal than do their brethren.

With regard to the goalkeeper there is not much to be said; he is an extraordinary individual because he never seems to play well or even indifferently; he always plays *very well* or *very badly*. The best goalkeepers vary very much, and at some times they are more noticeable than at others. There is little doubt that the standard of goalkeeping has risen during the past few years; fifteen seasons ago there were very few really brilliant keepers, but now their name is legion. At the present time professional goalkeepers are much to the fore, amateur talent having suffered a temporary decline. The constant practice in which the professional goalkeeper can indulge must account for this; practice is absolutely essential to the training of a good goalkeeper, and this is exemplied by the fact that so many of the crack amateur players of recent years hailed from the Universities, where frequent matches gave them all they desired in the matter of constant practice. Is it not possible, too, that the superiority of the paid goalkeepers is largely to be attributed to the introduction of the penalty kick? Amateurs do not so often have to undergo these penalties, and the professional talent are thereby enabled to steal a march on their unpaid brothers.

As a general rule it may be stated that while an amateur has only one way of scoring a goal the professional has two ways: the amateur must content himself with the aid of his

foot, the professional can count on the assistance of the two extremities, his foot and his head. It is quite true that there are many brilliant amateur 'headsmen,' yet it cannot be gainsaid that the professional here holds the advantage. 'Heading' at the present time plays a large and important part in the game; hundreds of goals are yearly scored by means of the cranium, and in the great struggles that take place between paid and unpaid players it is often the advantage that the former can claim to have in the matter of 'heading' that decides the result against the amateur eleven. The writer cannot repress a sigh that it should be so; he has vivid recollections of a wet day, a greasy, lead-like ball, a splitting headache, and an early bed—all occasioned by his attempting to do that which was neglected in his education! But it has all been in vain; such occasions can never be looked back upon with satisfaction. There appear, from personal—often distant—observation, to be two different species of 'heading.' The amateur novice heads the ball because he cannot help it; he cannot put his foot where the ball is, else he would gladly do so, and for very shame he cannot turn his back and pretend he never saw it. The ball descends on a stiff and unwilling pate and bounces off in whatever direction caprice will take it, usually towards one of his opponents; he is heedless and even careless of its destination; he can only smooth his scattered locks and implore his fellow men to 'keep the ball low.' The professional goes to work as if 'heading' was the most pleasant part of the whole game; he watches the ball descend and prepares himself for a great effort; he jumps up to meet it, as if it were a welcome old friend, and, with a deft turn of the head, he steers it in the direction that he wishes, not, as in the case of an amateur, where the ball itself seems to wish. The amateur applies a rigid head to the ball. The professional's head is a pliant head, and he uses the neck for a pivot, receiving the ball frequently on the side of his head and striking at it as if he were 'driving-off' a golf ball. The science of heading is much neglected at our great public schools; there it is looked upon as a useless innovation which can have no direct bearing on the issues of a game. But this is a mistaken idea. It is all-important that if amateurs are in future to hold their own with the paid players they should be taught not only how to 'head,' but how to 'head' properly.

In drawing the distinctions which he has drawn between the styles of amateur and professional, the writer is well aware that

there are many exceptions to the theories which he has propounded. For example, the professional forward will say, 'How many times have we made rings round you and given you a sound thrashing?' The half-back will mutter, 'We will show you that we can go in hard'; while the full-back will complain that he never indulges in gallery play. The amateur, on the other hand, will object to his so-called want of stamina, and during the coming season will use his head in such a way as to belie the criticisms of his detractor. Certainly there are many professionals who do not indulge in gallery play, and many amateurs whose heads show a versatility that is little short of marvellous. But the writer is convinced of the truth of the general outline which he has sketched, acknowledging, at the same time, that an apology is due to many who should not come under the ban of his criticism. Taking the matter as a whole there seems, to use a hunting metaphor, to be more 'drive' about a first-class amateur side when they are at the top of their form, more dash and more cohesion, than exists in the ranks of the professional eleven. In short, were it possible to pick the best amateur team which could be got together, put them into strict training, and keep them trained throughout the season, it is practically certain that they would beat the best eleven professionals that could be put into the field. It is want of training that prevents amateurs from occupying the position which they once held, and would continue to hold, were it possible for them always to be in the pink of condition. It is quite marvellous that they play so well against their highly trained professional opponents as they so frequently do.

During the past season the football world suffered a great loss indeed through the early death of Mr. A. T. B. Dunn. It was not only as a great player that Mr. Dunn was so famous; above all, he instilled into the minds of the young that keenness for true sport which he, their master, so dearly loved. Mr. Dunn represented his country against Scotland and Wales in 1892, and on three occasions was chosen to play against Ireland; he was one of those few players who have figured in the most important matches, both at full-back and at forward, and in both positions he was always conspicuous. His place will be difficult to fill, and his many friends will always remember him as one of the kindest and most congenial companions man could have—in short, as one of nature's gentlemen.

Two of the greatest exponents of the game—G. O. Smith and W. J. Oakley---will probably be seen no more figuring in

important contests. The football community have of late come to look upon G. O. Smith as an evergreen ; but there must be an end to everything, even to football, and 'G. O.' has earned a rest if any footballer ever did. The old Carthusian has indeed done wonders for the game, and no player has been more widely known or more deservedly popular than he ; he has worn the International cap on no fewer than twenty occasions, and on most of these occasions he has captained the English team with a skill which it would be difficult to over-estimate. What W. N. Cobbold was to the dribbling game, G. O. Smith was to the passing game ; in fact, it may be said that he was the pioneer of the present system, and certainly by far the ablest exponent of it. As a centre-forward he has never been equalled, and it will be long before his like will be seen again. As a captain, his unrivalled knowledge of the game, his capacity for keeping his men together, and his popularity with his fellow players, made him a born leader, and England, the Corinthians, and the Old Carthusians will have the greatest cause to regret his retirement from their ranks. He was a great tactician and a clever dribbler ; his lightning shots seldom failed to take effect, and some of the goals he scored have become historic ; he had the ball always under his complete control and was very quick at turning. One of his cleverest evolutions was his pass to his outside wings ; he would receive the ball and draw the field in pursuit of him towards the left wing, and when he saw an opening would send one of his long low passes to the extreme outside right, who knew his captain's methods well enough to be on the alert to steal a march from his opposing half-back ; many a goal was scored in this way, the scheme being all the more successful as it was unexpected by the enemy. The rising generation will do well to model their play on the lines of G. O. Smith, the greatest centre-forward the world has ever seen.

Sixteen International caps have fallen to the lot of W. J. Oakley, and he, too, well deserves the repose which he now contemplates. As a full-back he has had few, if any, superiors. He was a splendid judge of the game, always cool and collected. His speed enabled him to give several yards to the fastest players, and it has often been noticed how quickly he over-hauled redoubtable professional sprinters and gave them plenty to think about when he came up with them. But then Oakley was a splendid sprinter, too, and had usually a great advantage over his opponents in the matter of stride, and it was this stride

that made him so noticeable to spectators, who cannot fail to recollect how often they have seen him tackle a player from a distance almost incredible; by this means he was extremely skilful at intercepting the passes of his opponents, and the magnetic attractions of his foot were most bewildering to novices at the game. He always kept the ball low when kicking and played up to his forwards with consummate skill; his cleverness in heading the ball, in which he shone above most amateurs, frequently pulled him through the hottest attacks on the goal which he was defending. He was a delightful man to play in front of, and his retirement will be a cause of genuine regret.

While on the subject of players who figure no longer in matches of importance, the writer cannot refrain from noticing two whose names were but a few years ago in the mouth of every lover of the game, and whom he remembers having seen performing so splendidly at the end of their careers as to make him wonder what they were like when at the height of their fame. At half-back and outside-right respectively, Reynolds of Aston Villa, and Bassett of West Bromwich Albion, can have had few superiors. Neither of them was a young man, but age undoubtedly brought with it cunning, and to these two players must be attributed a very great deal of the success which has attended the efforts of the two Birmingham clubs. Reynolds worked untiringly; he was always 'there or thereabouts.' Above everything else he excelled in the use of his head, which was a conspicuous object to the many thousands whose favourite he was; he never knew when he was beaten, and was in his element in a hard-fought cup tie. Bassett combined speed with cleverness in a wonderful way; a stranger would have found him a difficult man to play with on the wing; but it did not take him long to discover Bassett's methods, and when he did discover them he had a more or less simple task before him. A great many players who can lay claim to such speed as the West Bromwich man possessed always utilise that speed in trying to 'make rings' round their opposing half-back, and on very many occasions with indifferent success. Not so Bassett; if he thought that there was the least chance that he might come off second best in his attempt to circumvent the enemy, he got rid of the ball as quickly as possible, but not in the orthodox fashion of sending it to his inside companion lying in a line with him in the direction of mid-field. He did not care about this method, thinking that the centre-half of the

adversary might interpose. On receiving the ball he darted down the field till he came close to the opposing 'half' and then with extraordinary cleverness he would 'back-hoof' to his inside right who was following him, not in a line with him, but directly behind him. The inside right was thus unmarked and able to put quite a new complexion on the attack. It was not the practical utility of this trick so much as the skill with which it was executed that made it so remarkable, and it is only one feature out of the many in which Bassett excelled. He, too, was a great cup-tie player and a glutton for work.

And now to turn to present day players. There are so many great exponents of the game that it is not an easy task for the writer to discriminate between them all, and in confining himself to five—two amateurs and three professionals—he means no injustice to the many others who are in the very front rank. There can be no two opinions about Ernest Needham; he is *facile princeps* among the wing-halves of the present day. It may well be wondered what Sheffield United would have done without their great International; he has led them to victory in the English Cup, he has helped to place them at the top of the League, while his position has always been assured year by year in the representative English teams. He makes up for any deficiency in the matter of stature by a super-abundance of cleverness; he is full of pluck, full of resource; he watches the ball more closely than do most half-backs, and is never slow in making up his mind as to how he will proceed. Playing against him, even the most experienced footballer begins to wonder whether Needham will ever leave him alone; his energy is marvellous, and want of stamina can never be attributed to him. When his side are making an attack, he is always to be found close behind his forwards ready to receive any pass they may wish to give him, and he scores many a goal, and that, too, with shots which give the goalkeeper little chance of saving. Many English clubs have a rich supply of half-backs, but Sheffield United is by far richer than them all.

Frank Forman, of Notts Forest, is first and foremost amongst centre half-backs of the day. This is to say a great deal with so many competitors in the field, but the writer is emphatic in his opinion, which is drawn not only from observation but also from experience. Forman is a splendid type of a footballer, being taller than the average professional, which enables him to use his head so advantageously, especially in clearing his own goal. He knows the game well and makes full

use of his knowledge; as a tackler he has few superiors, as a 'trier' he has none.

Stephen Bloomer, of Derby County, is in many ways the most brilliant forward of the day and quite indispensable to the English International team. He is very quick in his movements, and has perfect control of the ball. He also excels in one very important direction, namely, his power of adapting himself to the various conditions of the ground; if the surface is at all greasy, Bloomer is at his best, and he is always one of the most difficult players to tackle. Further, his style of play somewhat resembles that of the amateur brigade, and when he likes he can always play a beautiful short-passing game. But the difficulty with him is that he is not consistently on the same level of excellence, with the inevitable result that the attack is much disorganised. It is a great pity that a player of such sterling ability should vary in energy and skill.

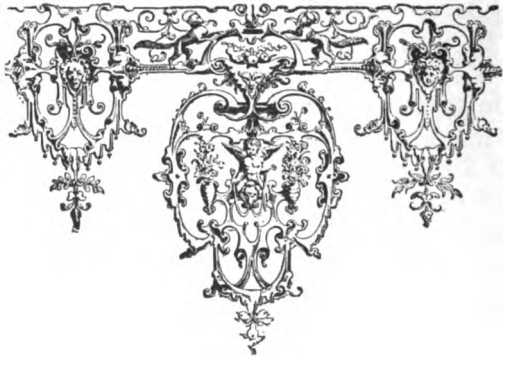
Amateurs have of recent years rarely been deemed worthy of international honours, but surely no player more richly deserved his cap, and yet was more unjustifiably passed over, than was C. B. Fry during the past season. In choosing his name for a few eulogistic remarks the writer does so solely because he considers Fry to be one of the finest footballers of the day; it is not because he indulges in the faint hope that by saying a few words complimentary to this great athlete the latter will overlook the shortcomings of a poor and struggling literary competitor. Fry as a footballer is the Fry of every other form of athletics he chooses to take up; he plays the game because it is a game and not because it is a business; he plays as if he enjoyed it, and there is no doubt he does enjoy it. His excessive speed, his dauntless kicking, and his sturdy tackling have won for him a reputation second to none amongst the great full-backs of the day. He runs risks, but always with a successful termination; he often wanders afield, but is always back again should any emergency arise; nobody appears to evince any desire to run into him; while the discreet forward on his approach gives up possession of the ball to a neighbouring friend as soon as may be. It is little short of extraordinary that Fry was not included in the English side last season; he did all the work while his brother back got all the praise. The fact of his not being able to play on the left side seems but a poor excuse for the passing over of such a versatile and famous exponent.

The last name to be mentioned is that of H. Vickers. Like

Fry he hails from Repton, which has been the nursery of so many well-known athletes. Vickers is probably the best amateur half-back before the public. And yet there may be many enthusiasts who have not even heard of him ; let them then pay a visit to London when the Corinthians are playing at the Queen's Club, and they will see how half-back play is taught at our great 'socker' public schools. They will certainly not go away disappointed. Vickers does not get all the credit he deserves ; critics are apt to decry the ability of amateurs to play the half-back game, but they seem to forget that the life and habits of an amateur do not permit him to train the whole season through. An amateur plays for all he is worth so long as stamina will allow him, but his energy must necessarily be of shorter duration than that of the highly trained professional. So it is with Vickers ; it is delightful to see him before the strain of the game begins to tell upon him ; he is always to the fore, especially when there is a necessity for hard tackling ; untiringly he shadows his opponent, and never knows when he is done. The harder the game the more he likes it, and he is as cheery on the field as his many friends know him so well to be when off it. He is a player upon whom the Selection Committee might well keep an eye, for pluck and dogged determination are two of the main essentials for an International match.

We hear a great deal in these days about cup competitions and the important part which they play in football. But those who know what football was some fifteen years ago are not loud in their praises of these competitions, nor optimistic as to the future of the game should challenge cups be so freely presented as they are nowadays. Many players, too, of the present time agree that cup competitions should be curtailed as much as possible, introducing, as they do, much of that which is worst in football. But the football enthusiast decries friendly matches ; he can get no excitement from them ; he likes to see the heroes of his sporting fancy come out 'on top' in a struggle for superiority over the heroes of his neighbour ; he knows that his favourites are trying their very hardest, and he does not mind any more than they by what means success is achieved, so long as success does eventually come. Can it be seriously put forward that a footballer who plays the game just for the love of it enjoys a cup-tie scramble as much as he enjoys a friendly match ? The answer must surely be in the negative. And yet, year by year, cup competitions are on the increase, and friendly

matches correspondingly decline. Whether this will always be so is a moot point, but it may be confidently asserted that so long as financial gain can be reaped from the attractions of a cup competition, and there is little such gain to be derived from a friendly match, the cup competition will hold sway. It were far better otherwise, and the writer wishes unhesitatingly to put in a plea in favour of friendly matches; he would like to suggest that amateur clubs should eliminate from their fixture card as many cup competitions as they conveniently can, entering only for such as are run on the soundest basis of amateurism. They will enjoy their matches more, and there should be nothing to mar that good feeling which should always exist between the players.



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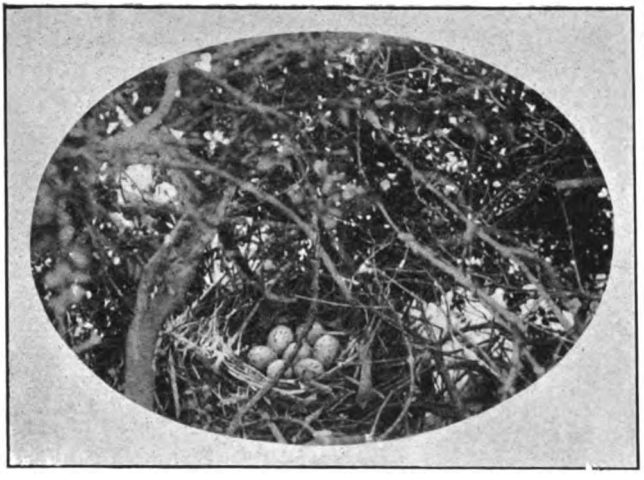
THE AMERICAN GROUSE AT HOME.



MOORHEN

BIRD-NEST PHOTOGRAPHY AND ITS RELATION TO SPORT

BY J. C. CROWLEY

SPORT, of whatever nature it may be, is not true sport unless carried out in a sportsmanlike way from start to finish. To get to the root of the matter it is necessary to have a clear understanding of the meaning of the word 'sportsman,' so often improperly applied. Surely a man is a true sportsman who takes up some pursuit or game for the love of the thing itself, who plays for the sake of the victory, and not for the sake of inflicting a defeat. A good huntsman hunts for the sake of the kill, and not for the sake of the killing ; a good shot shoots fairly and squarely, giving a fair rise or run, as the case may be ; he pits his skill, knowledge, and exertions against his quarry, and when he secures a good bag after hard work is justly proud ; he prefers well-earned victory to anything, and abominates slaughter. What is more annoying for the M.F.H. than to see his fox head.d and chopped in the covert, or for the host than to see a covey 'browned'? How all this bears upon bird-nest photography may seem rather ambiguous, but I maintain that my ideal sportsman once indulging in this pursuit will become

most attached to his small bird friends ; he will also see with disgust how much bird life is annually destroyed, and in his own coverts, too, and will ultimately take steps to prevent this destruction. The man I wish to appeal to is he who shoots all through the winter and has little to do in the close season ; such an one ought to take great interest in his coverts all the year round, and unfortunately many certainly do not. Why not visit them more frequently in the spring, and make a collection of charming little pictures from nature direct ? It is far better than filling several albums with the every-day snap-shots and inflicting private views of the same on your long-suffering friends. The answer may be, 'I am no photographer ; it is far too difficult ; besides which I have no patience.' But please observe that I am not talking about bird-life photography, and also let me confess that as a scientific photographer I am bad to indifferent ; be prepared, moreover, for a flat contradiction—it is not difficult.

You will obtain some very fascinating pictures without aspiring to be on an equality with well-known experts ; you will not require a very expensive camera, though a stand camera is absolutely essential, as also is a little knowledge about plate-speeds, stops, light and shutter-speeds. By far the most easy photograph I took last spring is one of a pheasant sitting. The picture as shown here was taken on a very wet day, hence the bedraggled appearance of the bird. At first I approached her very cautiously, but as she made no attempt to move off I set up my camera behind her and exposed my plate ; the day being dull I did not venture on a snap-shot, as the result was sure to have been thin and unsatisfactory. I observed that the bird moved her head following each movement I made, so by standing perfectly still and removing the cap sharply, and keeping my hand motionless just beneath the lens, she remained staring at my hand without flinching until I put back the cap ten seconds later. The nest being very open I intended to photograph the eggs, and tried to move her off by a gentle pull of the tail, but I was reckoning without my hostess ; she pecked savagely, and was so plucky that I had not the heart to drive her away. I then took away some of the surrounding foliage, smoothed the bird down a little and secured a full-face picture.

A man could easily get many excellent photographs of his own pheasants in his own coverts ; the very fact of their being his own makes them especially interesting.

An almost invariable companion of the pheasant in the South

of England is the nightingale. I have never taken a good photograph of one, partly owing to my own stupidity and blunders, and partly to robbers of nests. No fewer than three nests last year did I find not only robbed, but torn out, and the eggs broken around them. You have a fair choice of small fry in your coverts, to name a few—hedge-sparrow, white-throat, robin, wren, bullfinch, chaffinch, &c., to say nothing of innumerable blackbirds and thrushes. Most of these nests are easily photographed,

PHEASANT

being generally less than ten feet from the ground. Before you have spent much time wandering about you will hear the well-known 'smack, smack,' of the wood-pigeon's wings as she leaves her nest hurriedly at your approach. Fir-trees are their favourite nesting-places, and as a rule a fir is easily climbed. The picture here was taken last spring under difficulties, for the wind was blowing strongly, and sending snow showers scudding in amongst the swaying branches in a most disconcerting and penetratingly chilly fashion, particularly as I was without a coat or waistcoat. It was not really a difficult picture to obtain, though the nest was high up. Wearing a faithful old Norfolk

jacket, I slipped the waistband through the loop on the camera case, and climbed with the camera on the small of my back. To make a table for the camera to rest upon was the next move. The Norfolk was again utilised, and by spreading the coat over two more or less parallel branches, and buttoning the band around the whole, a support was arranged. By aid of waistcoat and handkerchiefs the camera was at length induced to look into the nest. The exposure in this case was perforce

WOOD-PIGEON

a snap-shot—1/25 of a second at stop 8 with rapid plate. I spoiled three out of four plates in that tree ; the camera support was not sufficiently stable, and the tree and all its belongings were gently swaying. The only negative I have kept is very thin, as may be seen from the print.

An apple orchard is a splendid place for chaffinches, fly-catchers, and goldfinches. Generally speaking, an apple-tree lends itself better than any other to photography, the leaves and their veins coming out very clearly and distinctly. A flycatcher generally nests from eight to fifteen feet from the ground, and not on branches ; she rather selects a hole or

hollow in some ivy-covered stem. To obtain a view into the nest you must be in such a position as to be able to look from above, and this necessitates the use of a pair of steps, unless a neighbouring tree is sufficiently close at hand. The photograph below was taken from steps. The camera is easily tied on to the supports of the steps at such an angle that it points into the nest. Pocket-handkerchiefs are best used for tying purposes, as they hold more firmly and are less liable to slip than string.

FLYCATCHER

Patience is sometimes required ; it was so with the nest below, for the day was gusty and every leaf on the move. I had to sit on the shaky steps and whistle for a lull. The experience is very like being becalmed and whistling for a wind, but less comfortable and far more irritating. As it was my patience did not hold out, and the picture is far from perfect owing to a few of the ivy leaves being on the move. It was taken in dull light, with 5 seconds exposure at stop 16.

Leaving the home coverts, and going on to the hills to take a turn round the big bury, how different it all looks now from when you were there shivering in an east wind waiting for the bunnies to bolt, and then when quite benumbed the

last ferret laid up! Now all is warm and pleasant. By going quietly along you see the very smallest of rabbits playing about in the sun, a sight that does all men good to see. Still going on to the summit you suddenly put up a stone curlew, which utters its weird whistling note; then follows a protracted search for the eggs, which are so obvious when found, but so admirably do they harmonise in colour with their surroundings that the finding is none too easy. This bird is distinctly uncommon in the South of England, though personally I have

STONE CURLEW

seen three nests in the last two years on some inland hills, two of which nests were robbed this year. Nothing can be more easy than to photograph these eggs, as the surroundings will not move, being generally solid flints. The nest shown here was found when both eggs were laid, though they did not hatch until the twenty-third day. Being bent on obtaining a photograph of the eggs as they hatched I visited the nest every day, and I think I can consider my efforts rewarded in the end, as I obtained a good series of pictures, including the young birds when one day old. Counter attractions caused me to lose sight of them, and I never found them again, otherwise I should have wasted many more plates on the fascinating little fellows.

Coming away from the hill tops you suddenly observe a wheatear dart out from an old rabbit-hole. That is quite sufficient to give the show away : a nest is there without a doubt. A very pretty nest it proves to be, with a thistle-head built into the outside and seven pale blue eggs on the delicate lining. Generally such nests have to be dug out, being perhaps as much as four feet from the entrance ; the one in question was barely further back than six inches, so with the aid of a pocket-knife a sufficient opening was made to disclose it. It is

WHEATEAR

as well to remember when digging out a nest that the loose earth will probably fall into the nest and mar the whole appearance ; try how you may you will fail to extract it all, and leave the nest as comfortable looking as before, but by simply placing a piece of paper over the nest you will catch all the earth and leave it clean and fresh.

Although dug out and considerably disturbed, as the nest had to be, the bird, I am glad to say, was sitting again as cheerfully as ever five minutes after I had patched up the opening, and eventually she hatched six out of the seven. As may be seen from the picture a little more patience was necessary ; the sun had cast a hard shadow over the furthest eggs, which rather

spoils the effect. This shadow could have been remedied in two ways : either by waiting until the sun was rather lower and all the eggs were fully in the light, or by casting a shadow over the whole nest. On passing off the hills and crossing over farm land your attention will very likely be attracted by the screaming of the plover all around you. It is no easy matter to find their nests, or rather eggs ; plovers' eggs may be found on nearly any soil, plough and pasture, heather and shingle are all alike to them, so well do their eggs escape notice. The nest

PLOVER

shown here is not such a very poor attempt at building ; the bird has at least supplied the straw to make the bricks with, but completely failed at combination.

Should you be the lucky possessor of a piece of water bordered by a marsh, or even a little stream, you must necessarily be drawn towards this pond during the springtime. How many scenes come back when walking the strip of marsh ! You remember that dull, muggy November day brightened up by bagging four and a half couples of snipe and a teal, without a single miss—how extraordinarily well the birds did lie that day, and yet, when everything was favourable, a sharp frost had set in, you went round in hopes of a pleasant few minutes, but the

only two snipe you saw got up so wild that you never fired off a single barrel. There is no accounting for the vagaries of snipe, so let us leave old dreams and other people's theories and wade out to that coot's nest, built without the slightest attempt at concealment, a particularly good nest, with water all round, one which lends itself admirably to the photographer. Do not miss the chance, but photograph it straightway ; some one is sure to take the eggs one early morning ; they make far too good a meal to be allowed to hatch off there.

COOT

While you are waist deep in water feeling in every pocket for cap, shutter, dark slides, &c., and gradually sinking into the soft mud, you notice the drumming of a snipe, a noise not unlike the distant bleating of a goat. You naturally take the cue and search the marsh high and low when you have returned to *terra firma* once more. A snipe's nest is often very hard to find, but when found they give me nearly as much satisfaction as a good right and left does on the same ground in winter. The photograph shown here was certainly taken under difficulties. I journeyed from one end of Surrey to the other to search for a nest, and had the best of luck in discovering one the very evening of my arrival ; but my luck stopped there, and I had to contend

with a perfect gale of wind for the photograph. For two days there was such a hurricane that I spoiled plate after plate in futile efforts to keep the camera steady. Before leaving I was again lucky in finding another nest, so I made up my mind to go home and come again at the end of the week, which I did, eagerly watching heavy storm clouds from the train and trying to convince myself that the trees were not blowing about with the wind, but merely from the draught of the train. My hopes were distinctly shattered when I embarked on the five-mile drive

SNIPE

in a deluge of rain and a regular gale. I found the first nest hatched and the young nowhere to be seen ; the second was still intact, and I managed to get a fair photograph considering all things. The exposure was 1/70 of a second, stop 8, very rapid plates being used.

Before leaving the marshes it would be well to wander along the stream. You are sure to find a few moorhens' nests in the reeds or under the bushes which overhang the water. Moorhens always conceal their nests far better than the coot manage to, and often escape the notice of the very keenest observers.

By the end of your first spring it will be strange if you have

not obtained some very pretty pictures, and are not thoroughly fascinated with the glimpses of bird life around your favourite coverts. At any rate the majority, I am sure, will say that they have passed a very interesting spring indeed, not wholly unmixed with regret at the remembrance of nests they have watched for days, only in the end to find destroyed.

Just a few words about the nest robbers. Birds have two principal human enemies—the village children and the so-called scientific collector, both being utterly devoid of any sense of sport whatever. Take the children first. Their destructiveness arises from ignorance. Why they should destroy I never can see, but the fact remains as you will find, and find in the very holy of holies of your coverts, especially on Sundays. It rests with you to put a stop to this sort of thing now that you are armed with many pictures, which, during the long winter evenings, you have made into lantern slides. You can assemble the whole village into the village school-room, and deliver a lecture on bird life around you, and wind up with dire threats, which will be executed in the spring on any young scamp robbing a nest within miles of your all-seeing eyes. The second enemy is a bad case—very bad indeed. Why cannot expert collectors be content with one or two eggs of a species? Why have hundreds? I saw, this summer, over two hundred eggs of a rare British bird sold by auction, which bird is now practically extinct; all these eggs came from one collection, and all were taken from one locality. Why must a scientist collect 'clutches' of eggs? I do not see that to be the possessor of one clutch of Kentish plover's eggs is better than being the possessor of two eggs taken from two different nests. This year again I know of four clutches of Kentish plover (a bird rapidly becoming scarce, needless to say) taken by one man, and, worse still, of yet two more clutches taken, and both pairs of parent birds shot near the nest. I admit birds in their breeding plumage are far prettier than in winter dress, but why collect all you can lay hands on? It ought to go against the grain of any man to shoot a bird on its nest. To shoot a closely sitting bird must indeed require nerve, skill, and courage, and must arouse all the most sporting instincts of mankind. Take a good photograph and one egg, if a collector, jealously guard that nest until it has hatched off, and you will at least feel you have done your best, still remaining a true sportsman.

RACING IN INDIA

BY DAVID FRASER

A SKETCH of racing as it is conducted in India confined within the limits of a magazine article must necessarily be far from comprehensive. Some apology is therefore due to the reader who, prompted by the title of this paper, perhaps takes it up in the expectation of learning all there is to know about the subject. Nothing so ambitious, however, is in the mind of the writer, whose intention is merely to touch upon certain features of our Indian racing, which may interest English sportsmen either by reason of the dissimilarity between them and corresponding matters under Jockey Club Rules, or because they have no parallel in England at all.

Foremost amongst the differences between Indian and home racing is the fundamental one due to the absence of racehorse-breeding in India. Twenty years ago when the class of horse on the Indian turf was very different from what it is now, General Parrott, at heavy cost, raised thoroughbred stock which, in several instances, raced with conspicuous success. Enthusiasts are not wanting who declare that were the experiment repeated we should again see the country-bred horse occupying a prominent place in our racing world. Be that as it may, the fact remains that at the present time nobody finds it worth while systematically to breed horses for galloping.

Bereft of the healthy stimulus of breeding our racing must appear a poor game to the big English owner. We have no

produce races, no yearling nominations, no two-year-old races, no Derby, no Leger! But—and to how many plucky and long-suffering supporters of the national sport in England will it not appeal?—we have no useless brutes in our stables, who, in addition to the prime cost of rearing, make us liable for hundreds of pounds for forfeits incurred under entries made ages before it was possible to know whether the entrants would turn out gallopers or no. True, we are heavy losers in having no events classic in the sense they are so in England. Yet we gain by the consequent simplification, a material benefit in India where, to a shifting European population, anything that adds complexity to a game tends to discourage enterprise.

But we have our classic races in India even though they are not confined to three-year-olds. And, by the way, it isn't everybody who quite understands the conditions of English classic races. A sportsman from north the Tweed, discussing the candidates for this year's Derby, early in the spring, said he didn't care a straw for Sceptres, Ard Patricks, &c. Give him an American horse to beat the crowd—how about Volodyovski winning again? It was pointed out to him that only three-year-olds were eligible, and that the Americans had nothing running. 'Oh, haven't they! Trust them to enter something that will be quite good enough'; adding with a sagacious nod, 'there's two months yet!' Harking back to India, as most turfites in England know, we have one big event on which we set great store, the Viceroy's Cup, for horses at weight for age and class.

And here we are confronted with another remarkable difference between the racing in the two countries, viz., that whilst in England all horses run on equal terms, in India we have to legislate for the running of animals of varied class. We do not breed horses; it is therefore necessary to import them. The following extracts from the official scale of weight for age and class in the Calcutta Turf Club Rules of Racing will show readers how we manage to bring our importations together. Rule 34 should be read in conjunction with the scale. 'Horses are of four classes: English, Australasian, Country-bred, and Arab. European and North American horses are classed with English; African and South American horses with Australasian; Persian horses with Arab; other Asiatic horses with Country-bred,' and will give some idea of how far afield Indian buyers, at one time or another, have travelled in the endeavour to obtain horses suitable to combat our adverse climatic influences.

	¾ mile and under.				Over 1¼ miles and up to 1¾ miles			
JANUARY.	3 years.	4 years.	5 years.	6 and aged.	3 years.	4 years.	5 years.	6 and aged.
	st. lbs.	st. lbs.	st. lbs.	st. lbs.	st. lbs.	st. lbs.	st. lbs.	st. lbs.
English	7 13	9 1	9 3	9 3	6 12	8 10	9 1	9 3
Australasian	8 8	9 2	9 3	9 3	7 11	8 12	9 3	9 3
Country-bred	5 0	6 8	7 1	7 3	3 9	5 7	6 9	7 3
Arab	4 0	5 8	6 1	6 3	2 9	4 7	5 9	6 3
DECEMBER.								
English	9 1	9 3	9 3	9 3	8 7	9 0	9 3	9 3
Australasian	8 6	9 2	9 3	9 3	7 8	8 12	9 2	9 3
Country-bred	6 3	7 1	7 3	7 3	5 5	6 8	7 2	7 3
Arab	5 3	6 1	6 3	6 3	4 5	5 8	6 2	6 3

These are puzzling figures and need some explanation. To begin with, we never ask our jockeys to go to scale at 2 st. 9 lbs., for it is provided that 'No horse can carry less than 6 st. in a race. Lower weights are only inserted to show the relative weights of the different classes.' Then it will be remarked that, in January, over the longer distances, we ask the Australasian three-year-old to give an English horse of the same age no less than 13 lbs. But in December things are completely reversed, and the English horse is expected to concede 13 lbs. to the Australasian. The reason is simple. English horses date their ages from January 1 of each year, whilst Australasians begin life on August 1. Thus an Australasian foaled in August of 1898 runs as a three-year-old in January 1902. The English animal foaled in January 1899 is also classed as a three-year-old in January 1902, but he is six months younger than his Australian cousin, and just at that period in which thoroughbreds are known to make greater strides towards maturity than at any other in the course of their existence; hence the remarkable concession to the English horse. In December the boot is on the other leg. An English three-year-old is then practically four years old, whilst the Australian is barely three and a half, and so, under this carefully considered scale, it falls to him to receive weight.

To experts this explanation is doubtless quite unnecessary, but when the writer, a good number of years ago, was by way

of knowing something of home-racing, Australian horses were unheard of on the English turf. Now that they have invaded it to such good purpose very likely the racing public have become acquainted with all the ins and outs pertaining to thoroughbreds from down under.

Another feature of our W. A. and C. scale that calls for comment is the apparent magnitude of the task set English and Australasian horses when running against country-breds and Arabs. Practically, however, the country-bred horse does not exist; it does happen occasionally that a horse bred in India ventures into more aristocratic company, but it is usually found that the weight conceded is entirely inadequate. As for the Arab, he really has no claims to be considered a horse at all. He is a pony, and rarely reaches the height of fifteen hands. In fact, the inclusion of Arabs and country-breds in the scale is a relic of days gone by when top form in India was stones lower than it is now. Occasionally in these days, at minor up-country meetings, Arab and country-bred horses turn out against superior class, so the retention of the scale as it stands is more or less necessary. Finally, with regard to the scale, it may be mentioned that provision is made for adjustment to more convenient weights when Arabs and country-breds alone are concerned.

Racing in India is governed by two bodies, the Calcutta Turf Club and the Western India Turf Club. The latter deals with meetings in the Bombay Presidency and other places under the civil or military control of Bombay. Meetings throughout the rest of India and Burmah come under the jurisdiction of the Calcutta Turf Club. The constitution of these two bodies is essentially the same as that of the Jockey Club. The members are elected by ballot, and are usually men who actively participate in racing. Annually five stewards are selected by the members of each club to act at headquarters and transact the business which the government of numerous meetings entails. Both clubs have paid secretaries, official handicappers, starters, &c. The duties which devolve upon Messrs. Weatherby in England are performed by the respective secretaries, assisted by large clerical staffs, in Calcutta and Bombay. Racing calendars are published fortnightly containing official notices, programmes of meetings to come, and the official record of past events.

At a recent meeting between the stewards of the two clubs the question of amalgamation was discussed, but the 1500

miles which divide Calcutta from Bombay form an obstacle. As, however, their rules are almost identical, and complete reciprocity exists between the two clubs, there does not seem any object in doing anything further than maintaining the present happy state of affairs.

There still remains for notice another remarkable feature of Indian racing, one that has no counterpart under Jockey Club Rules, and one that the big English owner will consider hardly less than a perversion of racing proper. Some people in India think it so, and would like to see pony-racing abolished. Pony-racing is included in England in that variety of racing opprobriously termed 'leatherflapping'; in India pony-racing is legitimate in every sense of the word. The two clubs not only recognise it, but are compelled to cater for it to the best of their ability for the most excellent of reasons, viz., that for every racehorse in India there are four or five racing ponies. Lest a false impression be given on this subject, however, it will be well to remark here that whilst in some parts of India horse-racing is absolutely a dead letter, it has always been the aim of the Calcutta Turf Club to foster it. Actually to discourage pony-racing in a country where the pony predominates to such an extent that of the 900 or so races annually contested 600 are pony events is impracticable. But at headquarters the C.T.C. have not legislated for ponies as for horses, with the result that the proportion of horses to ponies, elsewhere in India something like one to seven, in Calcutta veers right round the other way, and we find that in the season 1900–01 (the latest for which the *Calendar* is available, and the season to which statistics in this article refer), there were no fewer than 454 horse starts as against 156 pony starts. But if set before the reader the many aspects of the pony question would entirely swamp this article. Suffice it to say that pony-racing is too firmly established to be influenced much by mere opinion, adverse or otherwise. Call it 'leatherflapping' or what you will, it affords capital sport for many folk in India who, without it, would never be able to suffer the mingled joy and torment of racing. Indeed, there is so much to be said about the pony, the breed of him, the height of him, the measuring of him, his adaptability to the frequently abnormal conditions in India, &c., that the editor may be induced, ere long, to extend the courtesy of his pages to an article from the same hand entirely devoted to the pony as we know him—and love him—in India.

Having endeavoured to lay before the reader something of what may be termed the politics of our Indian racing, it will be appropriate now to discuss some of the conditions which have led up to the existing state of affairs. First and foremost amongst them is the climate, of which it may be said that it is responsible for all the anomalies that present themselves to the eye of the sportsman broken to racing in England. Were the Indian climate normal, like that of Australia or South Africa, for instance, our strange scale of weight for class would not be ; nor would the pony in a racing sense, for we should have horses in abundance to uphold the purely legitimate game ; imported horses would be conspicuous by their absence, for we should possess home-bred ones. The last of these assumptions leads the mind to conjure up a list of entries for the Derby, Leger, and other classic events augmented by a string of Indian thoroughbreds ! That, however, is a consummation that cannot come to pass unless some cataclysm of nature deflects the poles by several thousands of miles, and gives India a position within the temperate zone. But we have no reason to doubt the stability of the poles ; up to date not all the king's horses or all the king's men have availed even to locate them. Most remote of possibilities is the one which, by giving it a new climate, would admit of the representation of India on Newmarket's classic heath, Epsom's rolling downs, or Doncaster's famous moor.

Anthropologists tell us that man has 'knocked' the rest of creation in the struggle for life because of his extraordinary knack of adapting himself to his environment. The manner in which Europeans have made themselves comfortable in a country like India says much in support of the scientific theory that accounts for the pre-eminence of man over his cousin the monkey, and the rest of the animal kingdom, in the art of living. To escape the natural blessings (?) of India, the man from temperate climes has exercised considerable craft. Great deep-verandahed, marble-floored houses, and the solar-topee serve him to evade the sun at home and abroad ; aerated waters and ice administer to his eternal thirst ; punkahs and thermantidotes render the temperature tolerable to him ; mosquito nets guard him from the bloodthirsty attacks of legions of ill-begotten biters and stingers. But man's best friend the horse knows little of these devices for the amelioration of the conditions of life. Exiled from the land of his birth, he must suffer in full the penalties imposed by residence in the country

that has been forced on his adoption. He must endure extremes of heat and cold; he must consume strange provender, and wage ceaseless war with a diminished tail against myriads of insects. What wonder, then, if horses, that in England and Australia were near the top of the tree, flounder about in the ruck when entered to racing in India.

Such, however, is the fate of many and many a good horse imported at great expense. One can think of several animals in the last few years that by their performances in Australia looked certainties for the Viceroy's Cup. On paper they could hardly lose; when the day of trial came where have they finished? Nowhere! In England it is the height of a racing-man's ambition to win the Derby; in India our sportsmen aspire to win the Viceroy's Cup. Hard as it is to secure the Derby, it is a question if success is easier of attainment in India. It is not a matter of buying the best cattle. Were a Derby winner brought to India who would care to back him until it was proved that he had retained his English form? Cherry, Vanitas, and Leonidas, recent winners of the Viceroy's Cup, in Australia were stones behind horses that in India never saw the way they went. Highborn and Sprightly, Australian and English respectively, proved themselves top sawyers in India, each winning the Cup twice. The writer cannot speak authoritatively with regard to Highborn, but his recollections are that he was a moderate performer in Australia. As for Sprightly, he was little better than a plater in England. For Metallic, a good winner in England, was given what is probably the highest price ever paid for a racer for India. She certainly did win the Cup, but admittedly by a fluke. A few days later she made her only other appearance on the Indian turf and was smothered. If Sprightly had run that year he would undoubtedly have beaten Metallic; yet Metallic, in England, was stones in front of Sprightly.

The questions now arise—how does our Indian climate affect horses? Why do some show improved form and others completely lose what they once possessed? In replying caution is necessary, for people hold different opinions on the subject, and it would not be difficult to give reasons with which some authorities would agree and which others flatly contradict. Few racing men in India, however, will be disposed to disagree with the general correctness of the following.

Three or four weeks at sea throws a horse back in condition to a remarkable extent; to an extent, in fact, little realised in

England, else the deplorable treatment meted out to imported horses in South Africa could not have been possible. Suppose a voyage by stress of weather to have been unusually long and severe, it is not difficult to understand that the shock to the systems of a proportion of the highly-strung thoroughbreds on board has been almost irremediable, although this, perhaps, may not be apparent at the time. Then let the delicately constitutioned animals which have unduly suffered be treated on landing in the same manner as the more robust ones which have suffered comparatively little, and we see at once wherein lies one of the chief causes of the extraordinary reversals of past form so common on the Indian turf.

Next to consider is the temperature, which both directly and indirectly has an adverse influence on the welfare of a thoroughbred. The extreme heat makes him sweat freely in his stall; it makes him languid and lowers digestive energy; the flies and mosquitos necessitate constant movement, prohibiting that peaceful doze so essential to a horse when he is not feeding—indeed, there is no more pitiable sight than that of a horse in his stable stamping his feet, biting at his loins and legs, kicking fore and aft in the vain endeavour to shake off the attentions of winged insects that torment him. Neither the ability to twitch his skin or to swing his tail seems to avail a horse much on one of these days which frequently occur in India when flies regularly descend on a stable and besiege its inmates. An indirect consequence of the temperature, and one which seriously retards the progress of a horse towards fitness, is the atrocious hardness of the ground. Tracks of tan, of rice husks, of stable litter are features around most of our Indian racecourses. They certainly do a great deal to make the going easier, but they are never thoroughly effective, because the feet of numerous horses at exercise gradually work down on to the iron ground underneath. There is, of course, a limit to the depth of such tracks or galloping would be rendered impossible.

So what with the heat which lowers vitality all round, and the inferior going which limits work, it is no wonder that horses astonish and sorely disappoint owners, trainers, and the public by performances absurdly at variance with those displayed in the past. In fact, it is the horse whose constitution and temperament enable him to adapt himself to Indian conditions that comes to the front in India, and not necessarily the horse that was successful in other climes.

Lest the reader imagine from the above that the lot of a

racehorse in India is one continual martyrdom, before going further it is necessary to halt and emphatically deny that such is the case. It is only on occasional days in the hot weather that horses sweat in their stalls or are seriously afflicted with flies ; besides which a good deal is done to keep stables cool, and the provision of nets and screens does much to defeat the insect. Still it is true that flies bother horses considerably at all seasons ; whilst of the climate it may be said that it is always trying, but more by way of the variations between heat by day and cold by night rather than by reason of any great discomfort which it causes. However, it is these minor worries, which an acclimatised animal would hardly heed, that are apt to affect the newly landed horse in delicate health. And once a horse begins fretting, farewell to all hopes of getting him into condition.

It is fashionable in India to send horses away for a change of air in the hot weather to places where the temperature is comparatively cool. Bangalore in Southern India and Dehra Dun in the north are the spots usually favoured by those who like their horses to escape the heat. That horses have a much pleasanter time in these hill places than in the plains is certainly true, but there are different opinions as to the advantage of sending horses to the hills in the hot weather. To those who are acquainted with the extreme susceptibility of the thoroughbred to changes of air, of surroundings, of food, &c., it will not be an easy matter to express an opinion—whether it is more sound to send a horse to summer in the hills and run the risks consequent on sudden changes of temperature, to be followed by the long journey when half fit to a new climate where the winding-up gallops will be administered prior to the opening of the racing season, or to let the horse sweat it out in the plains and adapt himself naturally to the seasons as they follow one another. The horse from the hills should certainly be bigger and brighter than the horse that has stuck it out through the hot weather and rains. But the question is—which of the twain will most readily settle down to the four weeks or so of hard work and hard feeding which precede racing ?

If a comparison be made of the extent to which racing exists in the various parts of India it will be found that Calcutta in the east and Poona and Bombay in the west take a long lead of everywhere else. At each of these centres there are about fifteen days racing annually. At Calcutta, however, the stakes are much larger than at either of the other two places, and this

together with the fact that ponies are more or less relegated to the background, gives to the chief meeting in Calcutta something of the *èclat* associated with the more important of English meetings. During the six days racing at Calcutta in the cold weather some £10,000 is given in stakes, a small sum when compared with the magnitude of prizes at home, but very large when contrasted with what is given at other meetings in India. Most racing men know that the chief event is the Viceroy's Cup, which is worth 20,000 Rs., plus the piece of plate, valued at £100, annually presented by the reigning Viceroy. The distance is one mile and three-quarters, and the terms, as already mentioned, W. A. and C. without penalties or allowances.

As this is the one event in India the fame of which travels abroad, it may be interesting to give a few particulars concerning it. From the *Calendar* it appears that the race was established in 1856, when Mr. Payne's grey Arab, Nero, won from five others. The Mutiny does not seem to have interfered with racing in Calcutta, for we find that an English colt, The Usher, won in '57 and a country-bred, Meg Merrilees, scored in both '58 and '59. Thereafter only English and Australasian horses have been able to win, eleven of the former and twenty-seven of the latter. During Lord Lawrence's Viceroyalty, from '63 to '68, there was no Cup; the *Calendar* is dumb as to the reason why. On twelve occasions the coveted trophy has been secured by native owners, amongst whom the names of the Maharajahs of Cooch Behar (twice) and Patiala (twice) will be familiar to English sportsmen. Other winners include Lord William Beresford, who scored with the Australian horses Camballo and Myall King (thrice). His regrettably brief but brilliant career on the English turf after his retirement from India is apart from the subject of this article.

Steeplechasing in India can hardly be said to flourish, though both the W.I.T.C. and the C.T.C. make strenuous efforts to keep it alive. During the cold weather in Calcutta there is a two or three days meeting at Tollygunge, one of the most picturesque courses in the world; Poona also manages a jump meeting of two days duration once a year. Unfortunately fields have a trick of falling away when things are looking hopeful, the truth being that the going searches out the weak spots when it comes to final gallops. Elsewhere in India lepping has gone very much out of fashion, and executives hesitate to include jump events in their programmes—they so

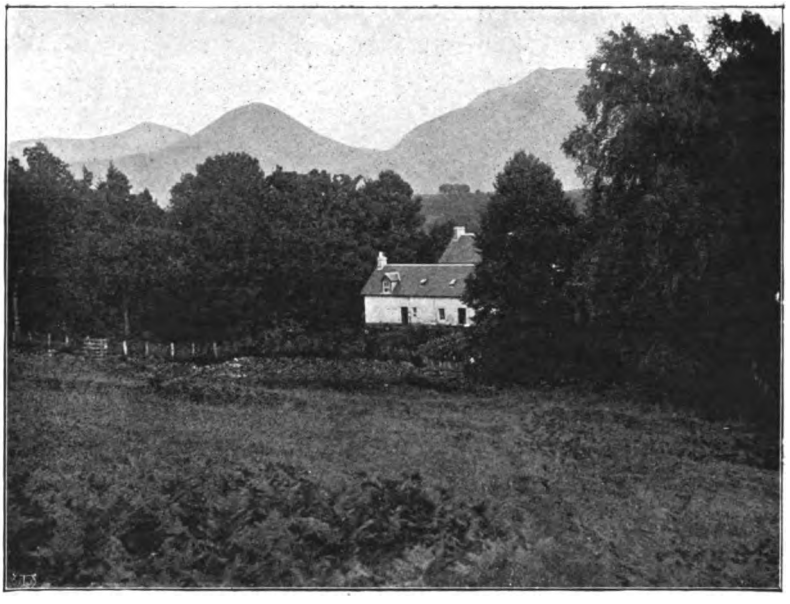
seldom fill decently. Hurdling keeps going fairly well, and a good timber-topper can be made to pay his way, as a hurdle race is usually added to each day's racing on the flat.

Before concluding it should be mentioned that the Western India Turf Club make a laudable effort to keep up Arab and country-bred horse-racing. Arabs are imported so largely that there are usually plenty of them that have failed to measure as ponies to fill such events as are specially framed for their benefit. The same can hardly be said of the country-breds, of which there are only about a dozen altogether to keep the ball rolling. They must not, however, be confounded with country-bred ponies, of which there are hundreds racing all over India. Still signs are not wanting to indicate that breeding is on the increase, and the hope cherished by many that high-class country-breds may yet come to the fore is not by any means unlikely of fulfilment.

There still remains so much to be said about our racing—concerning our jockeys, amateur and professional ; our methods of training ; the value we place on time tests ; the wagering, all important with us, as elsewhere ; gymkhana racing, which, though outside the pale of the clubs, stands high in the affections of sporting folk in India—that it is difficult to stop, leaving this article so incomplete. But where space is concerned editors outdo the Mede and the Persian in inexorability. So the reader who cares to know more should come east of Suez, and stay. For even racing partakes of the glamour that effects everything Indian, and he will learn much to charm him. If he does not believe let him ask a man who has exercised horses in the hot weather in those small hours that precede the rising of the sun, when the tyrannous heat for a brief period relaxes its grasp on nature. Ah ! such a man gets to know things that are hard to come by elsewhere ; a little of what the horses think, a little of what the sleeping world dreams about, perhaps somewhat of the mysteries that seem to envelop life more closely, more tenderly, in the East than in the West.

AN ARCHERY MEETING.

UNIV. OF MICH.



UNDER THE SHADOW OF BEN NEVIS AND HIS FELLOW MOUNTAINS

IN WESTERN HIGHLANDS

BY ALBAN F. L. BACON

THE west coast of Scotland, with its innumerable inlets and rocky islands, is mainly remarkable for the beauty of its scenery, for the climate is by some considered relaxing, and the sport obtainable, though very varied in character, inferior on the whole to that of the more inland districts.

By actual comparison with the rest of the Highlands, the west does not suffer, when all is taken into account. The last season—1901—was undoubtedly a good one in Scotland, not only with regard to game, but also in the very important point, for shooting purposes, of weather. But of all the western Highlands, there is, I should suppose, no more rainy district (islands excepted) than Lochaber.

I spent the period from August 12 to October 7 in a shooting-lodge which may be said to lie without exaggeration under the shadow of Ben Nevis and his fellow mountains, and it is rather significant that out of the thirty days that are recorded in my game-book, twenty-two have been absolutely

fine. If so large a percentage of shooting days have been blessed with fine weather, the rain complaint may, I think, with some justice be dismissed.

Nothing seems more capable of calling forth divergent opinions than the question of climate. 'One man's meat is another man's poison' in this, as in so many human concerns. As I write in early October I can see the mountains wreathed in snow. This hardly seems to suggest the languorous or the enervate. There can, however, be little doubt that as a grouse country this is inferior to the shires of Perth or Aberdeen. There is too much 'white ground,' not enough heather, and too much deer forest, to give the best chance to 'muir fowl.' A bag that includes eight or nine different kinds of game will to most atone in some degree for this deficiency. The Highlands of Scotland have always seemed to me to lack one interest, which we get, at any rate, in the greater part of England—small bird life. This is no doubt owing to the slight proportion of wooded area. Here in Lochaber, in Glen Spean to be more precise, with the trees come the birds.

In addition then to the large game birds, you get nearly all the usual birds of the south, those at least that most commonly obtrude themselves on the attention of the ordinary unobservant man. Blackbird, thrush, robin, wren, yellow-hammer, wagtail, flycatcher, stonechat, skylark, sand-martin, tomtit, bunting, chaffinch, red-start, wheatear, gold-crest, cuckoo. These I have noticed, in addition to somewhat rarer birds, such as the yellow-wagtail, water-ousel, and hawfinch, though I cannot be confident about this last. To see our old friends under new conditions is always a pleasure. They cannot here hold the whole countryside in fee, but are of necessity confined to narrow tracts, and for this very reason can be seen, I think, in greater variety, in a short space of time.

Through the window, as I write, comes the deep roar of the river, heard through the soughing of the wind in the trees. Over the lime and the fir peep the snow-covered peaks of Stob Coire and Aonach More. Away, up on the moor, the hand of autumn is already busy, turning the bracken into ruddy gold, the birch into yellow, and the rowan into blood red. The grouse have nothing more to fear: their trial by fire is over. Something intangible, invisible, seems to have told them so. If you meet them on the moor, they let you know it by that jolly chuckle of theirs. There are times when one is apt to think that this might be dispensed with. It is little more than a week

ago since one of them treated me to a long drawn out pæan of triumph, after my second barrel had spent itself in vain. Why do people say that these strong, muscular-looking birds cannot run? They speak perhaps by the comparative method. An

A HIGHLAND BRIDGE

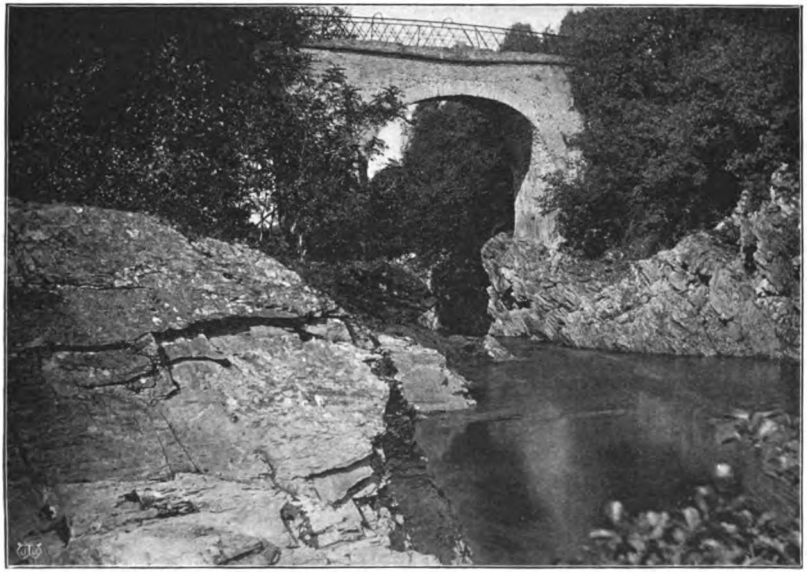
old cock pheasant when winged certainly gives one the impression that his strong wings were only an afterthought, and that he was really intended by nature for racing on the flat. A partridge in a turnip drill makes himself tolerably scarce. But why should we then proceed to cast doubts on the pedestrian activities of the grouse? I can only say that I have often

known a winged grouse run for a considerable distance. The other day on the moor the keeper tracked one with the dog to a point a good three hundred yards below the spot where he had fallen, not the least wonderful part of the performance being the speed with which the distance was accomplished. It is curious what an effect weather has upon grouse. If it be rough they are nearly sure to be found on the lower levels, and the tops will be quite deserted ; while after a spell of fine weather the reverse will be the case. Again, even at the beginning of August, you may find them 'as wild as hawks,' and wonder how in the world they will behave at the end of September. But when that time arrives, or even into October, on a bright sunny day you will get single birds to lie, as they might on the 12th.

The surprises of this description of shooting are manifold. While trying the pointers a few days before the 12th, we found almost as many black game as grouse. Till August 20 the former were still often in evidence, but after that they were of course invisible. At last we shot one day along the watershed. We had tried this part of the moor but once before, and had then seen a single wary old black-cock and very few grouse. On this occasion, however, we bagged nine black game and eight brace of grouse, in about three hours and a half. Coming down the hill the dog remained at stance, in a little patch of rushes which one of the guns had just traversed. Refusing to abandon his point, he compelled some of the party to return. There, just in front of his very nose, I saw a snipe, lying on the ground, before he rose and was shot. It is not often, I should imagine, that snipe lie sufficently close to enable one to get so good a view, as they are on some days nearly unapproachable. Partridges I have seen lying on the ground in front of the dog, in a similar manner, but never before the nimble little marsh bird. When this happens it makes me wonder whether pointers have not a power of fascination, akin to that of some snakes, which paralyses the game in front of them. I do not remember an instance of seeing a bird lie thus in the open without the presence of the dog. The sporting instinct in this fine breed of dogs (may their shadow never grow less!) is remarkably staunch. On several occasions this season our dogs, now in their fourth year and therefore well up to their business, have stood true to their point under very trying circumstances, refusing to leave a place where they knew the game to be,

though their masters had shown their disbelief in its existence, and sticking to it till they had proved their point, in more senses than one.

On one occasion the best of them was in the middle of a point to a covey of grouse, when a woodcock rose out of some bracken at my feet. Thinking at first that it was a partridge, I held my hand, as it was not yet September ; and when I had found out my mistake, and sent two futile barrels after it, I must needs give vent to some slight expostulations, too angry



'HIGH BRIDGE'

to think of the good dog, who continued to point the grouse steadily, and only turned round and looked sadly at me, as who should say, 'What *are* you doing behind there ; can't you attend to the point ?'

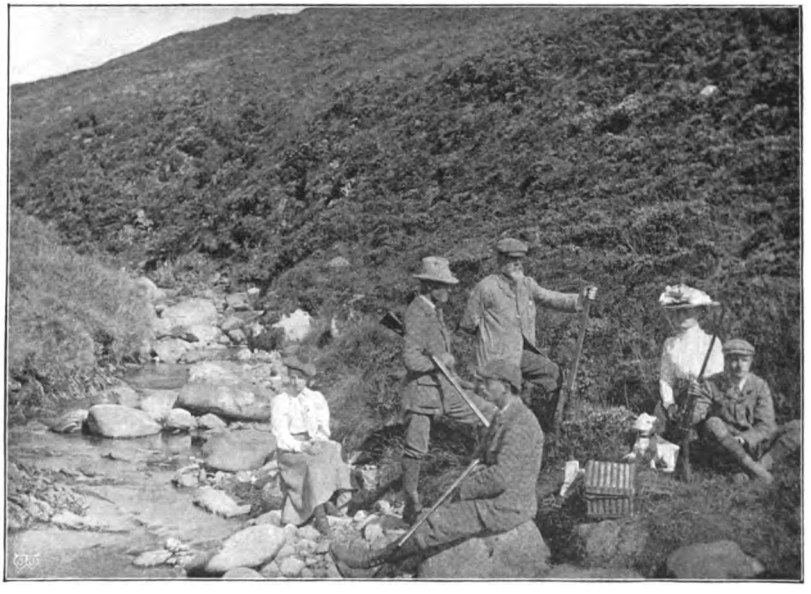
Woodcock in the open ought to offer no difficulty at all to the gunner, if it were not that they are woodcock. Getting up, as did this one, the red patch near the tail is what seems most to catch the eye, and it is this that led to my error. They lie very close at this time of year, and will let you almost tread upon them without rising. Once or twice the accident that I happened to shoot at a rabbit in close proximity alone appeared to flush them. No game bird seems in quite so marked a manner to show his predilection for certain patches of ground,

as the number of 'Woodcock corners,' that owe their title to this habit, seem to testify. 'One down, another come on' would be their appropriate motto. Here they seem especially fond of an unpretentious little piece of covert, near the high road; while within a short distance are numerous fern-grown gullies, with purling brooks, where they will never be found. This looks as if they did not fly the presence of man, for all their exclusiveness and silent owl-like habits. Let me give one more instance of the pointer's staunchness. The first day that we took the dogs out to give them a 'breather' on the moor before the 12th, one of them nearly fell over a precipice, so entirely oblivious was he of anything but his point. We came to the edge of a large burn, and the dog stiffened suddenly, his wagging tail now still and sticking straight out behind, his neck craning forward, and his eyes glaring straight to the front. Stealthily he crept forward, under the keeper's encouraging hand, nearer and nearer to the edge. But we were brought up all standing, for the overhanging heather was most deceptive, and hid a sheer fall of many feet to the burn below. The dog, all unaware of his danger, seemed anxious to go right over the precipitous side, and had to be forcibly pulled back; when, after beating the heather, up got a glorious old cock pheasant, and went whirring away over the glen to the moor beyond. The danger of such a position is that a pointer would disregard all else, his nostrils being full of the scent of game, and go unheeding over any precipice. You have only to look at him to see that there is no room left for thought of anything else, so overmastering and all engrossing is his passion for the chase. The statuesque motions of a pointer, trembling in every limb, with the excitement engendered by his keen nose, the straining head, the upraised paw, are as perfect as anything in nature. Or again, what more graceful sight is there than to see him as he stands out on a little knowe, silhouetted against the sky, as the electric thrills of the hunting sense course through his throbbing veins? What a pity would it be if novel methods of shooting were ever so to predominate as to cause the entire supersession and extinction of this fine, sporting dog!

But to turn from animate to inanimate nature, from dogs and game to the country where the game is found.

Herein lies the chief charm of Lochaber. A country of mountains and innumerable lochs, full of the romance of the past. Historically, its chief claim to interest lies in the events

of the year '45, when most of the countryside were 'out' for their beloved 'Prince Charlie.' With that fatal fascination which was an essential part of the Stuart character, he gained so entirely the hearts of these rude Highlanders as not only to drag them down in a common ruin, but to leave behind a record of devotion to which history can barely furnish a parallel. The men of Lochaber were his most loyal supporters, and it was at Glenfinnan that he unfurled his flag and began his meteoric career. Major Donald Macdonald of Tirnadrish

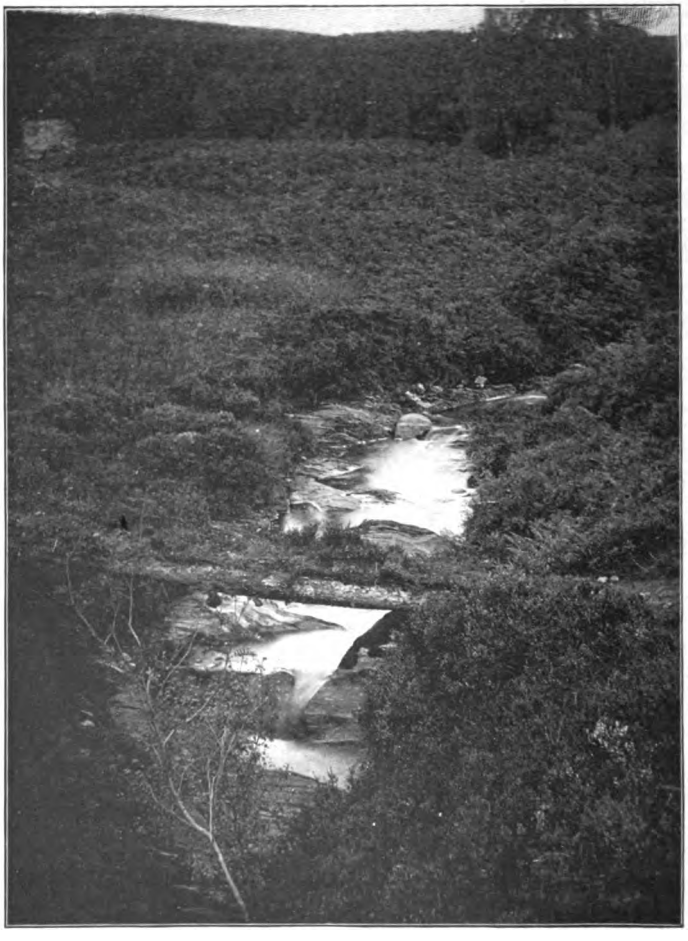


THE MID-DAY HALT

(from which house this account is written) was a staunch supporter of Charles Edward.

Connected with this shooting-lodge there is also one of those thoroughgoing tragedies which so often resulted from clan feuds. After a fight between the Macdonalds and Macgregors, five of the latter came to Tirnadrish, their pursuers pressing close behind, having no time perhaps to realise that it was one of the injured race from whom they sought protection. The Macdonald of that day saw revenge within his grasp. Taking the five outlaws to a little burn behind his house, to a spot where the stream has hollowed out a cave in the dark rock, he told them that there they would be safe till morning. He then went to meet their pursuers who, it is said, tracked down the

outlaws with the assistance of bloodhounds. Together they hurried to the cave, but the hunted men must have heard them coming. Perhaps the deep note of the bloodhounds gave a timely warning. The Macgregors had only just time to scramble up the rocky slope of a waterfall and escape through a wood.



UNDER A SWINGING PEAT SHEEP-BRIDGE

But they were worn out, run to death, but one chance remained, to get across the swirling Spean and put its black waters between themselves and their pursuers. Striking down the next burn, which runs parallel with the one they had just left, they saw the dark river gleaming through the trees below. But they had struck it at an impossible spot, a deep, swift pool

barred their further progress. Before they had time to devise some means of getting across their pursuers were upon them. Turning at bay, with their backs to the river, they died fighting to the last. There is the cave to-day at the back of the house, and there is the mound, with trees planted upon it, where, as tradition says, the unlucky five rest beneath the sod, just above the darkling river.

From the highest point of the moor there is a view which is only second to that from Ben Nevis himself. Two thousand feet below, in the great glen of Scotland, lies Loch Lochy, and winding out of it the absolute blue of Loch Arkaig, on the southern shore of which is Lochiel Forest. In the distant west the pale blue mountains of Glenfinnan. Further south the country of Ardgour, and then the broad sweep of Loch Linnhe, on which the sun is shining down in shafts of silver light, in strongest relief against the dark blue mountains. There at the foot of this great loch lies mountainous Lochaber with the mighty 'Ben' towering up into the sky. It is a sight that causes the sport to become a matter of secondary importance, almost of oblivion, so forcibly does it arrest the attention.

It was down the Great Glen that the earthquake shock was chiefly felt, which took place on the night of Tuesday, September 17, of last year. It was felt very severely at Inverness, and caused there a good deal of consternation and damage. At Fort Augustus, about half-way, the shock was not so strong, but still considerable; and here (about ten miles from Fort William) it was slight, but still very unmistakable. In the town of Fort William itself the shock was, I believe, not noticed at all, and it would seem that this was the most westerly point the tremor reached. There was a rattling noise, as if a very heavy waggon were passing along outside the house, enough to make the crockery shake and rouse several of the household from sleep; one lady declaring she distinctly felt her bed to sway. The shock altogether lasted but a quarter of a minute, but the inhabitants of Inverness felt that any more would have brought their houses about their ears.

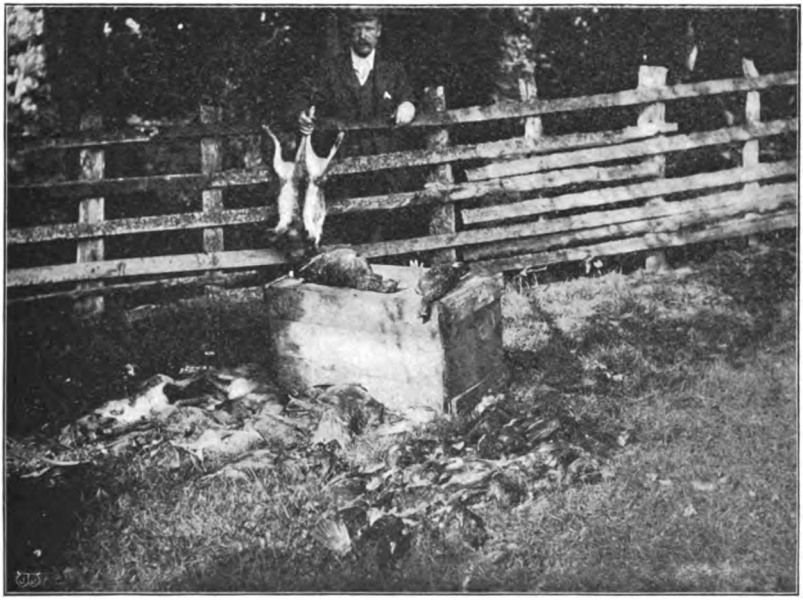
Let us return to the high moor, and descend by the great burn that forms, as it were, its backbone. Allt Odhar, or 'The Yellow Burn,' to give it its proper name, is a leading feature of the ground, which has to be taken into calculation. Its sides soon become so precipitous, that it can only be crossed at a few places. Before long you reach a waterfall of considerable height, where the peaty water glides down a

perpendicular slab of rock. It is only with some care that you can get down to the bed of the stream, and find yourself in a natural cavity, which looks like a great natural room with the roof knocked out. Thence the stream slips away through the heath-covered rock and under a swinging peat sheep-bridge.

Winding down between the tangled fern-brakes and the heather for some half a mile or so, it takes a deep plunge and is lost beneath the overhanging rocks. Here it is needful to exercise a good deal of caution, lest man or dog should venture too near the heather-hidden edge. Below this, again, great bays of bracken open out, and trees grow luxuriantly, till the water volleys at last into the swirling Spean. Here is a river you might almost take for the Thames at Pangbourne, as it broadly flows between great banks of trees ; but strike it a few miles above, or a single mile below, and its waters race through a narrow gorge that a man might well nigh leap. A wonderful river in its many vicissitudes. One day you can thread your way up a side channel strewn with boulders, that is, may be, some twenty yards across, and the next, where so recently you stood dry shod, the foaming water holds complete possession. For a river with so short a course, but fifteen miles in all, the speed with which its waters rise in time of spate is wonderful. By its banks a few mallard duck lurk, and once I saw two shelduck swimming in mid-stream, but they were only passing visitors. The mention of duck recalls the fact that, in walking by the river one day, I shot at a duck, which rose in front, and missed, and at the discharge a second flapped away along the ground and was secured. This was on the ground some ten yards away when I fired at the first, which was quite six feet up in the air and some way further out, and a single pellet must have become deflected and winged it just as it was going to rise. This is the third instance of strangely deflected pellets which came under my observation last year. In another case, one of the party shot a grouse in the air and another on the ground with the same discharge. This last is more remarkable, because the fact that the bird aimed at was killed shows that there could have been no jerk down, which might conceivably have happened in the case of the duck. It looks as though, in some instances, the pellets behave in a very irregular manner, which might be a cause of extreme danger. It has been suggested that a square edge to the gun muzzle is more likely to cause the pellets to deflect than a rounded edge. Whether this be so or not, in both the afore-mentioned

cases the barrels of the guns used were not rounded off at the muzzle.

For the last two seasons I have used a 20-bore exclusively, and as a result am surprised that their use is not more general, at any rate until the covert shooting begins. For shooting rabbits and grouse, partridges and snipe, walked up, the 20 seems in most respects superior to the 12-bore. Why are we so particular about every ounce of additional weight to our bicycles, and still content to lug about heavy artillery in the



A MIXED BAG

pursuit of game? If a lighter weapon will do, why use a heavier?

Weight ought to be a matter of considerable importance in a long day's shoot, particularly to those who, from some cause or other, are not strong. When I first took to a 20 it seemed ridiculously light, but when I returned to the 12 I could not help feeling as if I was carrying about a cannon. The cartridges, too, are no unimportant part of the weight with which the sportsman has to deal. Those for the 20 are exactly half the weight of the 12. You hear a man say, 'Oh, I like to give myself the best chance, I am such a duffer that I cannot afford not to do so.' This is no doubt very modest and proper, and modesty is a sufficiently rare virtue nowadays to

be exceedingly welcome, especially when met with in the gunner. Taking to it in deference to 'doctor's orders,' I may at least be exempted from the charge of any undue confidence in my own skill. My experience has been that of the two my shooting has improved since adopting the lighter gun. Though more accuracy of aim is undoubtedly called for, there are compensations which I think make up for this. In the first place the necessary muscles are much more active when required to be brought into play if they have not been wearied beforehand by carrying a heavy weight. This tells enormously at the end of a long day. Secondly, I cannot but think that it is easier to follow with a light gun the twisting of a snipe or rabbit; that is to say, any error in the aim which is produced by a sudden alteration in the course of the object shot at, is more quickly adjusted.[1]

Once more have I wandered away from the glorious country of Lochaber to discussions of firearms and kindred unworthy subjects. The sun is sinking in the west, and from behind the heavy clouds a stream of radiant light pours out and floods in a golden glory the broad flank of the mountain. Further and further it spreads till the whole range is lit by a strange, weird light that seems to warm and soften its rugged sides. Then there comes a chilling waft, and the cold grey mountains are themselves again.

[1] Since writing the above, I see that Sir R. Payne-Gallwey, in the 'Badminton Library,' vol. i. on 'Shooting,' pp. 96-98, has treated fully with this subject, and appears substantially to agree with what I have said. He points out, however, which is certainly the case, that 'there is more recoil with a 20-bore charged with say 32 or 33 grains of Schultze, or its equivalent in other powders, than with a 12-bore pretty heavily loaded.'

THE COMING HUNTING SEASON

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

THESE lines are written in the closing month of an unusually busy London polo season, and the majority of followers of hounds have as yet not brought their thoughts seriously to bear upon the chances of the coming hunting months. Still, the short interval that has now to elapse ere stick and ball are laid aside serves to remind us that the winter—or rather the summer—of the hunting man's discontent is well-nigh over. One more has been added to the series of Peterborough Hound Shows, puppy judging is engaging attention at scores of kennels, and numerous other signs are heralding the approach of the time when we may once again listen to the inspiriting music of hounds and the cheery sound of the huntsman's horn. The necessary education of the young hounds and, as a natural accompaniment, of the young foxes, will have started in most countries by the time this number of the *Badminton Magazine* is published, and it will then be possible partly to estimate the prospects of sport in the various districts. It is not necessary, however, to wait until the actual beginning of the season to see what changes have occurred in the list of hounds since last

spring, and it is the writer's intention to set them forth in these pages, returning thanks, in the first place, to those gentlemen who have kindly favoured him with the necessary information.

Never, in the writer's experience, at all events, have resignations of Masterships in any one season been more numerous than during recent months. Nothing tends so much to the prosperity of a hunting country as a lengthy tenure of office by a good and popular Master, and accordingly the long list of resignations that mark the conclusion of every season nowadays are emphatically regrettable. In view of largely increasing fields of horsemen, the spread of the barbed wire nuisance, the growth of shooting interests, and the continued encroachment by railways, not to mention the decay of agriculture and sundry other detrimental latter-day influences, it must be admitted that the lot of the modern Master of Hounds is not nearly so pleasant as was that of his predecessors half a century ago. At the same time, *tempora parendum* has to be written as forcibly in connection with hunting as with any other branch of sport, and while dwelling pleasantly on things that are past it is quite possible to dilate upon the present times in terms of unwarrantable pessimism.

Even though not far short of fifty Masters, in a total of 225 packs of foxhounds and staghounds in the United Kingdom, expressed their desire to relinquish active service during the course of the last hunting season, it is gratifying to know that all these resignations have not resulted in changes. At least a dozen Hunts have been fortunate enough to induce their Masters to abstain from their avowed intention of retiring, a variety of salutary measures being taken to achieve this object. In some cases, where wire was the cause of trouble, immense efforts have been made towards conciliating the farmers and having the obstruction removed ; in others, where the financial support accorded the Hunt was not as it should be, successful attempts have been made to loosen further the purse-strings of the subscribers. Thus it comes about that the resignations of some Masters have resulted not in evil, but in undeniable good, and the Hunts in question begin the 1902–03 season with prospects of renewed prosperity and sport.

These numerous withdrawals of resignations have had, of course, the effect of considerably reducing the number of actual changes of Mastership. So much so, indeed, that at the moment of writing it appears likely that not more than thirty new Masters will take the field this coming season, which

is only slightly in excess of the average number of changes. Four instances are to be noted of the dissolution of joint Masterships in favour of a return of sole control, these alterations being almost counterbalanced by three cases of hounds passing from the custody of one Master into the hands of two. It has to be recorded with regret that the Tremlett Foxhounds will no longer hunt the bank country in Devon, covered by them from about the year 1830, when Mr. Elias Tremlett began a Mastership which lasted during half a century save one year. The Roscommon Staghounds have, as a pack, been literally stoned out of existence by the misguided peasantry in that part of Ireland, whilst the chances are that the South Coast Staghounds in Sussex, and the Snowhill Foxhounds in Ireland, will be found absent from the hound lists this year. To set against these various abandonments we have the formation of one new hunt in Yorkshire. Mr. F. H. Fawkes has announced his intention of starting a small private pack of foxhounds with kennels at his residence, Farnley Hall, near Otley, for the purpose of hunting over the country lying to the west of Farnley, between the rivers Nidd and Wharfe, and also over his property in the Hawksworth and Burley-in-Wharfedale districts. The bulk of this country has not been regularly hunted hitherto, but Mr. Fawkes has obtained permission from most of the landowners to cross their property, and is likely to be well supported by the owners, keepers, and farmers in the preservation of foxes. For his part, Mr. Fawkes has promised to consider any claim for damage to poultry, and will do all in his power to prevent members of his Hunt from riding across young seeds or corn, or from causing wilful damage to fences. The meets will not be advertised, but Mr. Fawkes will extend a cordial welcome to the landowners, farmers, and every one interested in the country. All things considered, therefore, a successful future for the new pack may be prognosticated.

Scarcely a season passes without several Masters of Hounds on the active list going over to the majority, and this year the deaths have occurred of three M.F.H.s. Two of these gentlemen, however, can hardly be said to have been 'on the active list,' although each nominally retained the position until the end. Reference is made to those famous Masters, Mr. John Lawrence and Earl Fitzwilliam. The first-named passed away in November last at the patriarchal age of ninety-four, his active hunting career dating as far back as the year 1825. As

a Master he started modestly enough with a couple of valuable hounds given to him by Mr. Charles Phillips, of Risca, and the blood of those hounds is in the Llangibby pack to-day. Mr. Lawrence was fond of relating how, in bestowing this present on him, Mr. Phillips (a member of one of the great fox-hunting families of the day) wrote, saying, 'I will give you a couple of good hounds, but if you want good hounds you must breed them, as no one is likely to give a good hound out of his pack'—advice which stands as valuable to-day as it did seventy-five years ago. Pages could be written on Mr. Lawrence's hunting career, but as an instance of his energy and powers of endurance it may be mentioned that when in his eighty-fourth year he was able to hunt with his hounds twice a week, and was in the saddle from six to eight hours a day. Mr. Lawrence gave up riding in the 1897–98 season, but remained as joint Master of the pack, leaving his duties in the field to Mr. Hopton Addams Williams. This gentleman's family hunted the Llangibby country more than a century ago and he has now succeeded to the sole Mastership. Ere leaving the subject of Mr. John Lawrence and the Llangibby Hounds, reference must be made to his almost equally famous one-handed huntsman, Evan Williams. This worthy only survived by a few months the Master whom he had served for over fifty years, and by their deaths is snapped a notable link with the hunting of the early nineteenth century.

Earl Fitzwilliam's demise in February last removed another of the old school, and brought to an end a Mastership that had extended over forty-two seasons. Yorkshire hunting men owe a deep debt of gratitude to the late Lord Fitzwilliam for the splendid manner in which he maintained his private pack over so long a period. Moreover, the sportsmen of Huntingdonshire and Northamptonshire have something to thank him for, it being for many years understood that the Earl guaranteed that the Milton country should be well hunted by the family pack, this arrangement lasting from the death of his brother in 1874 to the coming-of-age of the reigning Master, Mr. G. C. W. Fitzwilliam. The present Lord Fitzwilliam well maintains the hunting traditions of the family, having been Master of the Milton Foxhounds in Ireland since 1897, and it is his intention still to carry on that pack. He also takes his grandsire's place in the Mastership of the pack at Wentworth Woodhouse; but here he has to face the unpleasant fact that fox-hunting in the district annually becomes more difficult, owing to new railways

and coalpits altering the face of the land and the population in the neighbourhood rapidly increasing.

Very sad was the death of Mr. Lionel Barlow, the popular young Master of the Craven Hounds, who expired suddenly at the beginning of last season. He had only hunted the country one season, taking it on Mr. W. H. Dunn's retirement in May 1900. By the wish of the Committee Mr. Dunn came forward in sportsmanlike manner to fill the Mastership so unexpectedly rendered vacant, and he will again be found in control this season. This is the third occasion on which Mr. Dunn has hunted the Craven Hounds, having first done so in conjunction with Colonel Willes in 1877 and 1878. Indeed, Mr. Dunn's services to the country have been altogether exceptional, and the members of the Hunt recognised them as such when recently presenting to him his portrait, painted by Mr. J. Solomon, R.A., and hung in the Royal Academy.

We may now run through the list of the remaining packs whose arrangements have undergone some alteration since last season. Not a great deal has to be written concerning the staghounds. As previously mentioned, the Roscommon and the South Coast have been given up, whilst Mr. F. Barbour has retired from the control of the County Down Staghounds, and Mr. O. T. Price now guides the destinies of the New Forest Deerhounds in place of Mr. E. Festus Kelly. Turning, therefore, at once to the foxhounds, and taking them as nearly as possible in the order of the alphabet, the first pack to come under direct notice is the Badsworth, which loses an excellent Master in Mr. J. S. H. Fullerton. During his seven seasons in office Mr. Fullerton has unquestionably upheld the reputation of the Badsworth country, and by his knowledge of hound-breeding considerably improved the pack. It is possible that the strain caused by hunting hounds regularly four days a week was too severe a tax; at all events the reason of his resignation was, unfortunately, ill-health. At the annual Hunt meeting it appeared that Lord Huntingdon had expressed his willingness to take over this important Yorkshire pack; but there was some slight disagreement regarding the amount of the guarantee required, and the Committee felt justified in accepting the offer of Mr. Charles Brook to take the hounds at a subscription of £2200. Mr. Brook, who hunted the Newmarket and Thurlow Foxhounds last season, has also been a Master of harriers in Yorkshire; and not only is he thoroughly acquainted with the Badsworth country, but is well known to

the members. Under these circumstances his appointment is a highly popular one. Like Mr. Fullerton, he will hunt the hounds himself, going out three times a week, with an occasional bye-day.

Since this time last year the Old Berkeley (West) country has been in an extremely unsettled state, but at the moment of penning these lines the news comes that 'Squire' T. W. Tyrwhitt Drake has definitely accepted the Mastership. To begin with, no sooner had last season started than the repeated discovery of dead foxes—none too plentiful at the best of times—caused the utmost annoyance to the Master and the members of the Hunt. Every dead fox found was proved to have been poisoned by strychnine. So bad, in fact, did matters become, that the possibility of the Hunt being abandoned was hinted at; but the air was cleared somewhat by a big meeting held at High Wycombe, where the subject was publicly discussed and the fox-poisoning vigorously denounced by all the chief land-owners. One pheasant-breeder was summoned and fined for laying down poisoned meat, and since that we have heard less of these despicable outrages. On the resignation of Mr. Alfred Gilbey early in the year, Mr. F. C. Swindell, the Master of the Taunton Vale Hounds, was appointed to succeed him; but here a serious hitch arose, for the Hunt, being without fixed head-quarters, could not supply the new Master with the necessary kennels and stables, and Mr. Swindell had no alternative but to relinquish his intention of hunting the country. Things, accordingly, were looking very black at this stage; but in May the followers of the pack were delighted to hear that Captain T. H. Tyrwhitt Drake had consented to resume the office he had filled with such distinction a decade back. Even now, however, the Hunt's troubles were not over, for Captain Drake subsequently found that the state of his health would prevent him from riding this season, and reluctantly he had to abandon all thoughts of Mastership. At the same time he was able to persuade his cousin, Squire Drake, to take over the hounds, and it is much to be hoped that under his control hunting in South Buckinghamshire will progress more smoothly than of late.

Mr. N. C. Cockburn's resignation, chiefly on the score of increasing expenditure, seemed likely to plunge the Blankney Hunt into difficulties, but it was not long before an arrangement was arrived at by which Mr. Cockburn and Lord Londesborough undertook the joint Mastership. Difficulties in the

Croome country have been equally well surmounted, although the arrangement here is diametrically opposite to that in Lincolnshire. The joint Masters, the Hon. H. T. Coventry and Mr. G. Dudley Smith, having sent in their resignations, the former was unable to reconsider his decision to retire, but the Committee's invitation to Mr. Smith to assume sole Mastership was accepted by that gentleman. In Wales, too, there was a speedy settlement as to the future of the Carmarthenshire Hounds upon the resignation of Mr. Grismond Phillips. This M.F.H. did not relinquish office until the end of the season, but he had made the Hunt Committee aware of his intention to do so as far back as October last. Thus early, consequently, they were able to offer the position to Mr. R. H. Harries, a well-known local sportsman, who promptly consented to fill the vacancy.

There is no change to record in Cheshire, but some allusion must be made to the loss sustained by that county of one of its most famous hunting-men. The reference, of course, is to Mr. Henry Reginald Corbet, whose death a few months back caused such widespread regret. For thirty-five years uninterruptedly Mr. Corbet was a Master of Hounds, and as a gentleman huntsman he had no superior. Mr. 'Reggie' Corbet has evidently inherited from his father all those qualities that go to make a successful M.F.H., as followers of the South Cheshire will eagerly testify. In Sussex, Mr. W. A. Calvert stands down, after having made an excellent Deputy-Master of the Crawley and Horsham Hounds pending the return of Colonel C. B. Godman from South Africa.

Several of the Devonshire Hunts have had to look for new Masters. In the Tremlett country the search, which became necessary on the retirement of Mr. Walter Morris, has proved unsuccessful, and the pack, unhappily, has been disbanded. Members of the Mid-Devon are more fortunate, for though a long interval elapsed before a successor to Mr. Gilbert Spiller was forthcoming, a very suitable Master eventually did present himself in Mr. Loraine Bell, who, a few months previously, had purchased the Bowden Harriers, one of the oldest established packs in the United Kingdom, and had hunted them since January. With the Exmoor Foxhounds—the old-time Stars of the West—Sir William Williams has decided upon reducing the number of hunting days. There was at one time a possibility of the Eggesford Hunt sharing the fate of the Tremlett, Mr. A. W. Luxton, who had succeeded the Hon.

L. J. Bathurst, finding the financial support given to him by the members too weak to allow of the Hunt being carried on upon any substantial basis. During his one season in office, Mr. Luxton had shown some capital sport in this rough and wild Devonshire country, and efforts were made to render it possible for him to retain the Mastership. These efforts, however, would probably have been futile had not Lord Portsmouth and Mr. Bathurst once again come to the assistance of the Hunt. His lordship has consented to provide kennels and stabling, and the late Master will continue to lend the hounds; so that, with these important items arranged for, prospects with the Eggesford are brighter than for some time past.

Much regret was occasioned in Dorsetshire when Mr. J. Ashton Radcliffe, for eight years Master of the South Dorset Hounds, tendered his resignation last season. The difficulties with which the Hunt had to contend Sir Elliot Lees has very neatly styled the three F's—fences, funds, and foxes. Less wire was wanted in the fences, more money in the funds, and, above all, more foxes in the coverts. At the general meeting Sir Elliot eloquently exhorted the members to rally round the old 'White-Collar Hunt,' one of the most famous packs in the South of England, and so well did they respond to his appeal that Mr. Radcliffe withdrew his resignation, being induced to do so, to use his own words, by 'the many favourable letters and promises from landowners and shooting-tenants to do their utmost to preserve foxes; also their kindly allowing me to cub-hunt their coverts occasionally, and the unanimous feeling at the general meeting of the South Dorset Hunt that I should continue the Mastership.' Mr. Edmund Deacon remains in the control of the East Essex Hounds, though he may find it necessary to reduce the number of hunting days, mange having been prevalent in this country and foxes scarce last season. As a matter of fact, sad havoc has been wreaked of late by mange throughout this part of the kingdom, and the Essex and the Essex Union Hunts have also suffered. Somewhat curiously, however, no serious complaints in this connection come from the Essex and Suffolk country, where there was only one blank day last season. Mr. C. K. Norman has resigned the Mastership after five years' service, and his mantle falls upon a very old supporter of the Hunt in Mr. Harry Dunnett, who has hunted with the Essex and Suffolk for thirty-nine years.

Now we come to one of the most interesting of all last season's resignations, that of Mr. T. C. Garth. Having com-

pleted his jubilee as a Master of Hounds, and being, moreover, not in the best of health, Mr. Garth considered the time ripe for announcing his final decision to retire, and in April last one of the most remarkable Masterships in hunting annals came to an end. Mr. Garth succeeded Mr. Wheble in 1852, and during the greater part of his reign hunted four days a week with consistent success. For a pack of hounds in the home counties Mr. Garth's prolonged tenure of office is unique, and the record is not likely to be surpassed. The followers of the pack have decided upon making a present to Mr. Garth on his retirement, but they could have paid no greater compliment to him than when resolving at their last meeting that, 'In recognition of the great services rendered by Mr. Garth during his fifty years of Mastership, the Hunt shall bear his name, and continue to be known in future as the Garth Hunt.' Mr. Garth's successor is Mr. R. H. Gosling, whose offer to hunt the country was unanimously accepted by the subscribers.

The Hon. E. Douglas Pennant's threat to give up the Grafton Hounds on account of the prevalence of wire in the country involved too serious a calamity to the Hunt to be lightly treated, and the promptitude and thoroughness with which the leading members tackled the difficulty is quite refreshing to contemplate. It is unnecessary to enter into all the details here, but it may be recorded that the strenuous endeavours of the Emergency Committee to get to the root of the evil were so far successful that they were able to present an eminently hopeful report to the meeting of landlords and occupiers held at Towcester early in April. Mr. Douglas Pennant accepted the Committee's report as a sufficient assurance that a great effort was to be made during the summer to reduce the amount of wire, and to the gratification of his followers he expressed a readiness to go on with the hounds for another season, in the hope of finding that the improvement which was promised would be lasting. The Grafton Hounds have a new huntsman this season in Charles Morris, who is promoted to that position in place of Bishopp, now at the Quorn Kennels.

In fox-hunting countries the cost of poultry losses is apt to exceed the most liberal allowances, and in cases where no poultry fund exists the expenditure often tells very heavily upon the Master. This trouble has been encountered in the West Hambledon country by Captain W. P. Standish, who gave it as one of his reasons for resigning the Mastership; another com-

plaint being the dearth of foxes brought about by the spread of fruit-growing in this part of Hampshire. Later in the year Captain Standish consented to reconsider his decision and will this season still be found in control. In the neighbouring country, the Hursley, however, a change has been effected, Mr. J. W. Baxendale being succeeded in the Mastership by Mr. W. Phillpotts Williams, who, after gaining valuable experience with the Netton and the South Molton Harriers, now tries his hand with fox-hounds. As was to be expected from so keen a sportsman, Mr. Phillpotts Williams has decided upon hunting the hounds himself, and that he is quite capable of doing so efficiently can, from his past record, admit of very little doubt. In Kent, Mr. H. Gibson has relinquished the control of the Hundred of Hoo Hounds and a new Master has been elected in Mr. P. G. Barthropp, who has for many years hunted fox, deer, and hare in the South-Eastern counties.

Sweeping changes have been made in the extreme North of England, the Haydon, Morpeth, and the Percy Hounds all being under new control this season. However, Mr. A. F. B. Cresswell, who has provided the best of sport in the Percy country for half a dozen seasons, does not retire from active service, but merely migrates to the Morpeth, taking Mr. R. Clayton Swan's place with that pack. Mr. Cresswell purchased the Morpeth Hounds *en bloc* from the retiring Master, the price at which they were sold being 3000 guineas. This may be taken as a high tribute to Mr. Swan's skill as a hound-breeder, and a fitting reward for his efforts during the eight years over which his leadership of the Morpeth Hunt extended. Under the new Master a continued improvement may be looked for in the Morpeth Hounds, as Mr. Cresswell is himself a breeder of considerable experience and good judgment. He has added greatly to the value of the Percy Hounds, and one instance of his energy and, it can be added, his personal popularity may be quoted. When he first took the Percy country Mr. Cresswell was told by the then huntsmen that the largest number of puppies he could send out would be twelve couples. Immediately setting to work to alter this, he had the satisfaction last year of having seventy-three and a half couples walked for him by all classes of people in the district. There was at one time a prospect of the Duke of Northumberland taking the place vacated by Mr. Cresswell, but the negotiations came to nought. This notwithstanding, his Grace purchased the hounds from the retiring Master, and has generously presented them to the

country. They will be hunted this season by Mr. Alec Browne, a first-class man across country and a notable all-round sportsman. Mr. C. T. Maling, of Newcastle, succeeds Major Harvey Scott in the command of the Haydon Hounds.

Mr. Brook's acceptance of the Badsworth country, previously alluded to in this article, left the Newmarket and Thurlow Hounds without a Master, but the circumstance has not affected the Hunt so seriously as at first seemed likely. Indeed, it is not too much to classify the change as one reacting for the benefit of the country, as a very strong successor to Mr. Brook has been forthcoming in the Reverend Sir William Hyde Parker, who, for some seasons, has hunted a private pack of harriers in the county of Suffolk. The advantages to a Hunt of possessing a Master who is a native or resident in the country, being at the same time widely known and popular, cannot be over-estimated, and for this reason Newmarket and Thurlow men are to be congratulated. Mr. C. D. Seymour gives up the West Norfolk Hounds, and Mr. Albert Collison, another old supporter of the Hunt, has been elected to take his place. The adjoining Hunt, the Suffolk, has been in danger of losing the services of Mr. Eugene Wells, but the unanimous wish of the members that he should continue in office proved effective, and early in May he consented to go on for at least another year. The South Oxfordshire Hounds underwent the experience of changing Masters mid-way through last season, Mr. Harold Pease being replaced by Mr. W. H. Ashhurst. The latter, however, only filled the gap temporarily, and a new M.F.H. has been appointed in the person of Mr. W. H. Barber, who has engaged Walter Keyte, late of the Quorn, to be his huntsman. At the time of writing it is impossible to say what will become of the Pembrokeshire Hounds this season, as they are now confined to kennels in consequence of rabies, although there has only been one case, and that on January 16 last. For this reason no one has yet taken the country in succession to Mr. F. Lort Phillips.[1]

At the end of the 1900–01 season Mr. W. M. Wroughton sought to retire from the onerous duties entailed by the Mastership of the Pytchley Hounds, but on that occasion he was induced by the united persuasions of all connected with the Hunt to retain the position so adequately filled by him since 1894. The strain, however, has proved too much for his

[1] At the eleventh hour I hear that Lord Kensington proposes to carry on the pack next season in conjunction with Mr. F. Lort Phillips.

health, and this year he had reluctantly to announce his definite intention of retiring from active service on this account. His term of office has undoubtedly been one of the most successful in the annals of the Pytchley Hunt, and it is indeed satisfactory to know that the new Master enjoys all the confidence and cordial support that was accorded to Mr. Wroughton. No more popular appointment than that of Lord Annaly could have been made, for his lordship's local connection is important, his position advantageous, and his personal popularity with all classes undeniable; added to which he possesses a natural enthusiasm for fox-hunting, is a most accomplished horseman, and has been very successful on those occasions when his services as Field Master have been requisitioned. Lord Annaly proposes to hunt the Pytchley open country four days a week, and the Woodland Pytchley twice a week, Mr. W. de P. Cazenove having consented to continue the Deputy-Mastership of the latter.

Captain Hamilton Kinglake resembles Mr. Cresswell in changing from one pack of hounds to another. He has given up the Radnorshire and West Herefordshire, and is now back again in his own neighbourhood, established in the Mastership of the Taunton Vale, which was rendered vacant by the retirement of Mr. F. C. Swindell. The Radnorshire and West Herefordshire are taken over by Sir Powlett Milbank, who is quite a newcomer to the ranks of M.F.H.s, but has the advantage of being a local man, and is likely to fill the post with distinction. A Master of a quarter of a century's standing—to wit, Mr. Edmund Byron—drops out of the list, and the Old Surrey Hounds are now in the hands of Mr. H. W. Boileau. In Lincolnshire, Mr. E. P. Rawnsley is joined by Mr. St. V. Fox in the control of the Southwold Hounds, but in South Staffordshire one of the joint Masters, Sir Charles Forster, stands down, leaving his brother in sole command; whilst a similar change is effected with the East Sussex Hounds, the joint control of Mr. C. A. Egerton and the Hon. T. A. Brassey being severed by the retirement of the first-named, very much to the regret of all good sportsmen in the division. An end is also made to the arrangement by which Mr. J. C. Dun-Waters has hunted the Wheatland in conjunction with the South Shropshire country for two seasons past. The new head of affairs in the Wheatland district is the Hon. Claud Hamilton-Russell, a brother of the Master of the South Durham; whilst Mr. Dun-Waters has decided to devote himself in future entirely to the South

Shropshire Hounds, hunting them three days a week from his newly acquired property, Plaish Hall. The Teme Valley and the United are Hunts that have been in a somewhat unsound financial position of late, and in each case the cessation of hunting has been threatened, but it is to be hoped that by this time all difficulties are satisfactorily adjusted. Mr. Boyce Podmore undertook a year ago to hunt the Vine Hounds three days a week, but he soon found the country could not fairly stand so much, and tendered his resignation. This, however, was withdrawn upon the members accepting his suggestion that the hunting days should be reduced to two a week. Major Jackson joins Lord Heytesbury in the Mastership of the South and West Wilts, whilst the only change in Scotland to record is the substitution of Captain J. Gilmour for his father in the control of the Fife Hounds.

The amount of space at the writer's disposal has already been severely taxed, so a few brief remarks on the Irish changes must suffice. The Masters of the East Galway (Mr. A. Pollok), the Kildare (Colonel de Robeck), the Ormond (Lord Huntingdon), and the Westmeath (Mr. J. B. Charters) all resigned their positions last season, but have been persuaded to retain them. In the control of the Wexford, however, Mr. A. L. Cliffe gives way to Mr. R. W. Hall Dare, whilst Mr. R. W. Prior Wandesford relinquishes the Castlecomer, and will, it is stated, be succeeded by Mr. H. Knox Browne, if suitable kennels and accommodation can be found for him.

As a parting word, I would call attention to the fact that this paper was necessarily written considerably in advance of the time of publication, and consequently changes may have occurred during the interval.

THE PRESENT AUSTRALIAN TEAM

BY HOME GORDON

To estimate the calibre of a team when its members are still on tour is like writing the biography of a living man. Subsequent events are apt to modify contemporary criticism and the susceptibilities of the subject must not be disregarded. On the latter point, however, it is hoped nothing offensive could possibly be suggested, for a better group of keen sportsmen and good fellows never "came home" to play cricket. Right well are they fulfilling the object of their visit to this country, and while it is a pleasing duty to offer congratulations, speaking broadly, there is no occasion to modify the agreeable criticism, even though the present writer has been permitted more than one glimpse behind the scenes. The privilege of being allowed such extremely topical criticism is particularly stimulating, yet a certain degree of peril attends this article through the press. Four weeks after it is written, at the time when this issue is published, the Australians will not have finished their programme, and many changes may have then become noticeable. In the similar period of the last tour Mr. C. E. McLeod altered his delivery, and so soon as he bowled round the wicket developed into a notable success. Perhaps this time Mr. W. P. Howell will have made a century or Mr. J. J. Kelly accomplished the hat trick. Neither seems probable, but as the future lies in the lap of the gods, it is careful to indicate the period when the Colonial campaign is dealt with, namely, after the Marathon at Manchester.

The composition of the side met with violent opposition at

the Antipodes. There may have been some personal feeling in the caustic diatribes of Mr. J. Worrall, but in more gentle sentences the elder veteran Felix—the pseudonym hardly conceals the identity of Mr. T. Horan, one of the heroes of 1882—agreed with his colleague on the Colonial Press. In several matters the selections were weighed in the preliminary balance and found wanting. It certainly appeared as though the side would feel the want of a firm-footed hard hitter. A bold experiment was made when young Mr. Carter was substituted for the experienced wicket-keeper of long-standing, who was confidently regarded as the inevitable second-string to Mr. J. J. Kelly. It may have been better from the financial aspect only to bring over fourteen cricketers, but matters were thus run terribly fine and, as a matter of fact, not only had individual Colonials on several occasions to take the field when only fit for their beds, but against Cambridge the extraneous assistance of Dr. R. J. Pope, who had acted in the same capacity in 1886 and 1890, had to be called in. In 1905 we shall certainly expect to find at least sixteen Australians wearing the green jacket edged with gold braid. Final and chief objection of all was the alleged weakness of the attack. I, too, may claim to have clamoured on this point, and must duly do penance for my error. 'And yet—I wonder!' as Mr. Tree observes in *A Red Lamp*. Of course, the unfortunate injury sustained by Mr. Trumble at the nets at Lord's prior to the first match was nothing short of a calamity, for it kept him out of the eleven until June, when he literally played nine-pins with the wickets of the first teams he opposed, his first twenty-five victims costing only seven runs apiece. Apart from that, without forestalling the review to be made of each individual, it must here be maintained that the Australians were often lucky to get rid of our batsmen. I do not want to seem grudging in praise, and I am willing frankly to admit their success. The fact that only Braund, Tyldesley, and Abel had scored centuries against them until the fourth Test Match is a wonderful testimony to the efficiency of the attack under the big-scoring conditions of modern cricket. Yet, in the face of facts, having watched the bowlers time after time, and fully appreciating their good work, I still venture to submit that though the Australian attack never created a panic such as Messrs. Turner and Ferris established in 1888, or Messrs. Spofforth, Palmer and Co. in the earlier tour of 1882, it was distinctly fortunate in getting rid of our batsmen.

Comparisons must, of course, be made with former tours. The team of 1882 still remains unrivalled. Place the *personnel* side by side and man for man the veterans have the palm; though perhaps *only* 1882 is superior to 1902.

Batsmen.		Bowlers.	
1882.	1902.	1882.	1902.
Murdoch.	Darling.	Spofforth.	Jones.
Horan.	Hill.	Boyle.	Trumble.
Massie.	Trumper.	Palmer.	Howell.
Bannerman.	Noble.	Garrett.	Noble.
Bonnor.	Duff.	Giffen.	Saunders.
Giffen.	Armstrong.	Wicket-keepers.	
M'Donnell.	Gregory.		
Jones.	Hopkins.	Blackham.	Kelly.

It is better thus to tabulate the chief cricketers in order to give a decisive answer to a topic discussed wherever two or three interested in the game are gathered together. The team which came in 1884 fell somewhat short of the standard attained by its great predecessor. Still history does not show any other which could at all court comparison until the side which did so well over here in 1899, and I venture to believe that no one will deny that the present touring team is considerably in advance of its immediate predecessor. To begin with, the Australians now before our public play most attractive cricket. We had all been prepared for a repetition of the steady, slow batting of 1899, with its consequent inability to bring games to a conclusion within three days. But the present side plays a brisk, lively game which once or twice has even verged unduly on the reckless rather than towards the defensive aspect of batting. Of late years no team which has visited the wickets, either English or Colonial, has been so consistently strong on the leg side. This has created embarrassment in the breasts of opposing captains, for the Australians had thus as a side acquired the skill of placing balls all round the wicket. Obviously was this the case when Mr. Trumper was scoring so freely by pulls to leg against Surrey, the captain, Mr. D. L. A Jephson, appearing unable to convince himself that it was really necessary to put four men on the on-side when Richardson was bowling. The present team has also the old dash in meeting the ball in the field which was one of the secrets of the earliest Australian success. The fielding has at times been careless, no doubt, but allowances must be made for a touring side, and when there was necessity they missed very

few balls. A curious trait observed again and again is that an Australian bowler rarely picks up the ball. Time after time he lets mid-off gather the ball and toss it back to him. At the outset the bulk of the new-comers eschewed batting gloves, but in time one by one succumbed to their convenient protection.

Certainly the present tour opened ominously with Mr. Trumble badly injured, man after man falling sick, and a perfect deluge of rain absolutely ruining the bulk of their fixtures up to the middle of June. 'Does the sun ever shine on two consecutive days over here?' asked Mr. Duff disconsolately at Birmingham, and it was only after the second Test Match that nature condescended to afford him a satisfactory response. Of course this inclement weather badly affected their receipts. Indeed one Cornstalk declared that for five consecutive Fridays there was no play, which must spell a substantial diminution of profits. But apart from this, the bad weather worked havoc with constitutions accustomed to a different climate. The more credit to the team neither to get demoralised nor to allow depression adversely to affect their cricket. It has been the old story, written about the bulk of Colonial visits to this country, that some one generally comes off. Many of the Australians had practically no experience of a really bad wicket, and there arose a rumour that they could not play on one. The half-hearted way in which they had shaped at Rhodes and Hirst at Birmingham started this. As an eye-witness I can affirm that that wicket was not really bad. The sub-soil was soaking and the heavy roller brought the wet nearer the surface, but it was not half so bad as many on which our own men will play respectably. Of course it was a different story when the Colonials took their only defeat up to the time of writing, this being of course at the hands of Yorkshire. Here may be given another comparison with their greatest predecessors.

The team of 1882 sustained their second defeat at the hands of the Players after a splendid series of fourteen victories and five draws, with one adverse encounter—against Cambridge University.

The team of 1902 went to the fourth Test Match having only lost to Yorkshire and having won thirteen matches with eight unconcluded contests.

In another respect our guests can show better form than their predecessors. On a first visit to England, batsmen like Messrs. Bonnor, Giffen, Gregory, S. P. Jones and Lyons all failed to make much impression compared with their subsequent perform-

ances on return visits. The new-comers, however, have this time all done well, and at the present moment there does not appear to be one 'passenger' among the crew. In yet another matter they have profited by the errors of their predecessors and realised that harmony is an important element in the success of a touring team. For this, of course, the firm, good-humoured captaincy of Mr. Darling is primarily responsible. On the field or off he has seldom had a rival as skipper. He keeps discipline admirably, yet is in no sense an autocrat; he can write an order of going in which is absolutely suitable alike to the weather, to the peculiarities of the opposing attack and the form of his own men. Observe how Mr. Duff when losing a little confidence at being invariably the first to be dismissed, regained his nerve by playing some useful not-out innings on being sent in late and then on being restored to his old position scored with such splendid ability. That came from the judgment of the captain. Look at his memory, too, for the proclivities of opponents he had not seen since his last tour. When Storer went in for M.C.C. he bade Mr. Howell put some enticing balls on to the middle stump. Off the first delivery there was a hot appeal for obstruction and off the second Storer retired l.b.w. The quiet smile on the captain's face as he congratulated the bowler should have been recorded by the camera. In the same innings he put a man square on the boundary for Albert Trott, and within three overs the bowler had enticed him to hit a ball exactly where that fieldsman waited to annex him.

To follow the tour match by match would be only to remind readers of what they have not forgotten, but a few memoranda on the characteristics of the individual Australians may be appreciated.

To-day if the first batsman for a world team had to be chosen, the majority would plump for Mr. Valentine Trumper. Seldom has any great batsman, even the very greatest, played such delightfully attractive cricket. Never embarrassed, scoring with brilliant facility all round the wicket, he does not rely on any one stroke, never expends his strength in trying to place balls in one particular direction. By intuition he appears to meet each delivery in the manner appropriate to it. Altogether he plays a big-hearted game and has enormously advanced since he scored that faultless 135 not out for Australia *v.* England at Lord's in 1899. Without exaggeration it is open to argument whether even Mr. W. L. Murdoch in his prime was

superior, for if not, he is the finest bat Australia ever sent over here.

His partner is usually Mr. R. A. Duff, and at the time that he seemed unable to make a long stay at the wicket, invariably being dismissed by an absurdly easy ball when he ought to have settled down, I persisted in my articles to a daily contemporary that he would soon prove a capital bat. The making of his success in England may be attributed to his captain, for when once he had broken the spell against inferior bowling, he scored with great determination, and his 185 at Taunton was out of an aggregate of 348. He is a punishing bat, not particularly engaging to watch, though in July far more graceful than in May, but with a curious cut off a rising ball which is glanced sharply to the boundary. He may be regarded in the present team as exactly what Mr. J. Worrall was in the last. Also he occupies the position of reserve wicket-keeper which on the last two occasions had been allotted to Mr. Clement Hill.

That great South Australian has not thus far proved the consistently big scorer that seemed likely after his wonderful cricket against Mr. MacLaren's team. I have not taken out his figures match by match but I should believe them to be 'streaky.' He has, however, played some fine innings which would have made the reputation of a less important cricketer, but whereas for 23 innings in 1899 he averaged 49, this time for 27 he averaged 25. Yet on his day he is magnificent, emphatically the foremost left-handed bat. Mr. Sidney Gregory, getting a lot of runs, scoring with his old temerity, and never knowing what being downhearted means, has all the same given the impression that age has a little told on his batting, for his sojourns at the wicket are not of the old duration, and at times he seemed to tire without personally realising it. The veteran captain opened as finely and as doggedly as ever with some heavy scores. Then he struck a real bad patch, as bad almost as the one which afflicted Mr. J. H. Brain in the zenith of his career. To count the duck's eggs in his basket just as the weather grew favourable would be unkind. With such a cricketer it could only prove a passing mishap, and both as captain and in the field he would be worth his place were his form to remain at this strange *nadir*. Fortunately in the fourth Test Match he again proved his batting ability just when some short-sighted folk talked of his standing down.

So far we have dealt only with batsmen, though it may be mentioned that Mr. Trumper bowled fast and straight and

quite efficiently when the regular attack was at all harassed. Over the question whether the touring team should sail without a fast bowler arose a great debate. Eventually Mr. E. Jones was again brought. He bears exactly the same relation to himself on his form of 1896 and 1899 that Tom Richardson to-day bears to himself as a bowler from 1894 to 1898. Both are occasionally effective and each is willing to do a lot of hard work, how much may be gathered from the fact that in the middle of July Mr. Jones took 28 wickets for 541 runs in four matches, and when he could get his old pace in combination with some sort of precision he undoubtedly needed careful playing. Much greater was the wonderful bowling of Mr. Trumble to which allusion has already been made. It was noticeable after the way in which the England bowlers at both Sheffield and Manchester failed to maintain a really good length—with the exception of Lockwood, of course, in the latter encounter—how marvellously fine was Mr. Trumble in this respect, though no two balls were alike. It recalled the beautiful bowling of Alfred Shaw, and to all the craft of the old Notts professional was added an amount of adaptability in opposition to individual batsmen never shown by the Englishman. Shaw was master of almost every one who batted against him when he was in his prime, but he bowled them out from his own standpoint, whereas Mr. Trumble varied flight and break according to momentary intuition. The way in which he twice successfully induced K. S. Ranjitsinhji to play his deliveries with his legs at Manchester was the culminating triumph of this wily bowler.

Mr. Saunders furnished the enigma of the tour. His fairness, so much questioned before he bowled over here, was never in doubt from the start, and it is difficult to conceive where the dubiousness was ever imputed. For some time it seemed doubtful if he would be of service. His delivery was peculiar, for he runs in a curve starting not far from where mid-off might stand, and causing umpires to occupy a fresh angle to the stumps. But though his method might be strange, yet he sent down such a number of bad balls amid his good that it seemed reckless extravagance to keep him on. Almost more than the others was he troubled by bad health, and this must have materially handicapped him, for in July he made a notable advance. The good balls came in a far larger percentage, and at the Oval, where he took six Surrey wickets for nine runs prior to his fine share in the Manchester victory, his

bowling was remarkably effective. Distinctly a bad bat, he is also the only bad field on the side. Prior to the opening engagement at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Darling thought Mr. Howell would be their best bowler. There have been matches when he has been: he is a man for grounds, bowling finely here if the wicket be on the soft side, ineffectively there when everything seems equally favourable. Few bowlers ever get so much spin on the ball, and one with which he sent back Mr. E. M. Dowson was notable. Yet altogether he has not been certain, and in England we feel mystified at recollecting that against Mr. Stoddart's last team he scored 48 and 95 in fifty-eight minutes for New South Wales. To-day the Colonial side in England has a distinct tail, and he must be included in it.

Mr. Warwick Armstrong takes respectable rank among effective bowlers. During the present tour he has gradually exaggerated his proclivities until he has now eight men on the on-side when delivering those high-breaking balls. In Abel's fine century these were the only portion of the attack which bothered the little man. Whole teams might easily get sent back by Mr. Armstrong, but he also must feel his success materially assisted by the fact that his captain never lets him be thoroughly collared. As a bat he brings evident watchfulness into useful conjunction with free powerful strokes made in slightly ungainly fashion. So he is distinctly redoubtable and the superior of many previously brought here with more preliminary fanfarronade. Nor has he yet come to the zenith of his powers, which will probably display a marked advance next season in Australia. Of Mr. Hopkins it is less easy to write with confidence. To look at, he is an exceptionally attractive bat, for his style is among the neatest ever seen in a Colonial cricketer; yet it is impossible to forecast whether he will play a useful innings or be sent cheaply back. His bowling is equally difficult to appraise. Posterity can read on the desolate score-sheet of the Test Match at Lord's that he was put on to bowl first and dismissed the two famous Sussex amateurs for the unenviable cypher. Nor was this the only occasion on which he obtained creditable figures, yet one critic in the pavilion cannot find satisfactory reasons for the measure of success which has at times attended his efforts. Mr. Noble has partially fallen from the high place he occupied in 1899. Often his bowling has been steady and good, though without the once-vaunted air-curves; often, too, he has batted with steady success. But while useful all round, he is not on this tour the

phenomenally accurate cricketer we anticipated. Thus, tersely, may be summed this criticism of the Colonial bowling: that without any phenomenal star it reaches an effective standard of merit equal to the requirements. There is also a lot of it, so no individual has grown stale. Certain fieldsmen must be singled out, notably Mr. Clement Hill, whose magnificent catch dimissing Lilley followed up wonderful work on the boundary all through the tour; Mr. Duff extremely vigilant at mid-off, Mr. Hopkins quite brilliant at third man, Mr. Trumper and Mr. Gregory like cats on the ball, and Mr. Darling watchful wherever he stood—these attracted attention time after time. Mr. J. J. Kelly was better than ever at the wicket; not the equal of our three or four best stumpers, but doggedly useful, a grim custodian of the sticks when a batsman took a liberty, and a patient quiet performer, at all times absolutely without ostentation. Mr. Carter, the junior of the side, established himself as a general favourite whenever he received a chance. Singularly agile, very quick on his feet, with hands quite close to the wicket, he is a performer of the highest promise, and one possessing the divine gift of enthusiasm. As a bat he has so much to learn that he is hardly the superior of his predecessor, Mr. A. E. Johns.

What the Australians wanted to do, of course, was to win the rubber of the Test Matches. This they have achieved in triumphant fashion, and whatever the verdict upon the final international encounter at the Oval, they have done more than any previous team accomplished because they have twice beaten England on her native soil. The comparative composition of the sides chosen to do battle for the Mother Country in the four matches already played can best be seen from the following table:

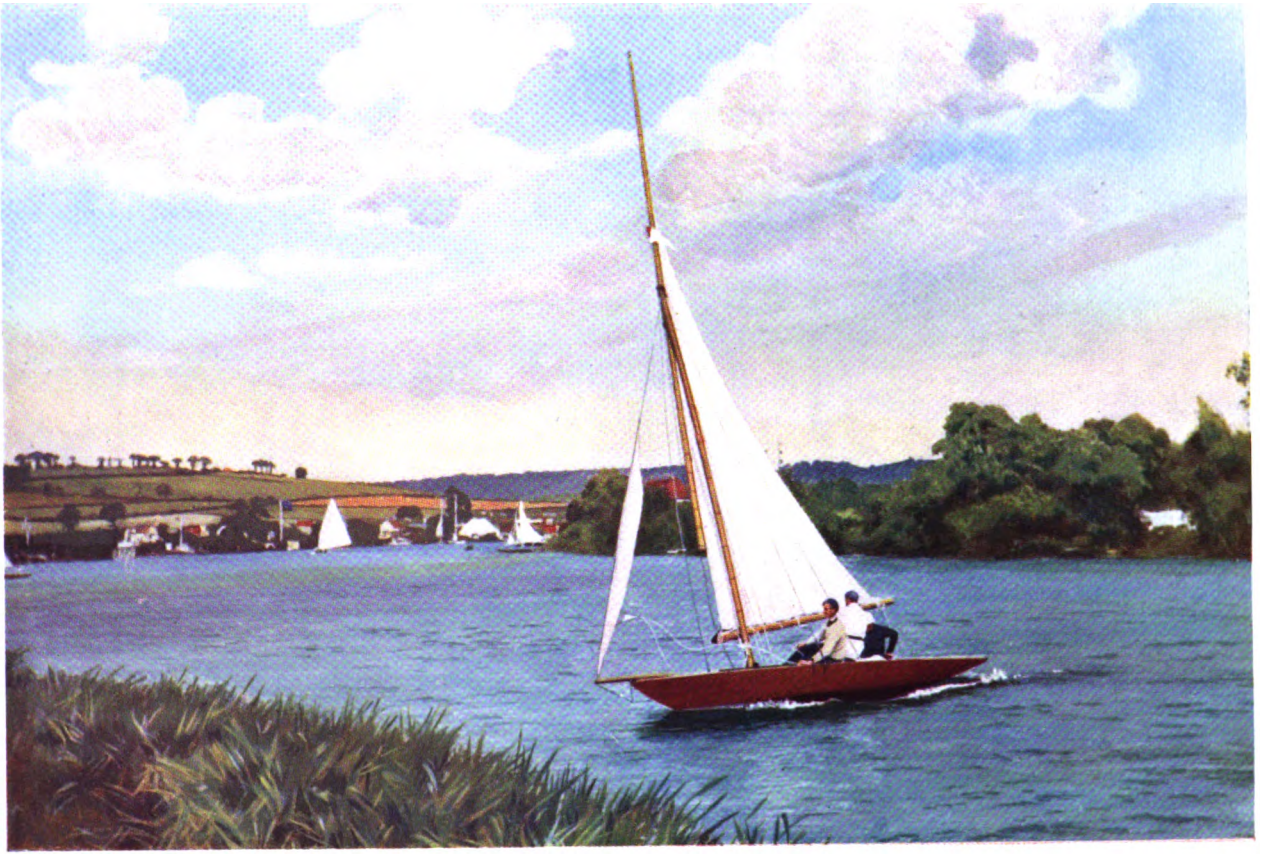
	Birmingham.	Lords.	Sheffield.	Manchester.
		Mr. A. C. MacLaren (Captain).		
		Hon. F. S. Jackson.		
		Tyldesley.	Braund.	
		Lilley.	Rhodes.	
	Mr. C. B. Fry.		Mr. C. B. Fry.	Mr. L. C. H. Palairet.
	K. S. Ranjitsinhji.		Abel.	Abel.
	Mr. G. L. Jessop.		Mr. G. L. Jessop.	K. S. Ranjitsinhji.
	Lockwood.		Barnes.	Lockwood.
	Hirst.		Hirst.	Tate.
			RESERVES.	
	Mr. J. R. Mason.	Mr. T. L. Taylor.	Lockwood.	Hirst.
	Hayward.		Haigh.	
	Llewellyn.			

It may be added that an evening journal, which opened its columns to suggestions prior to the fourth match, found all the above cricketers named by its correspondents in addition to the following : Dr. W. G. Grace, Messrs. C. MacGahey, C. J. B. Wood, E. W. Dillon, F. L. Fane, D. L. A. Jephson and George Brann, with Iremonger, Denton, Brockwell, Shrewsbury, Vine and Killick, as well as Messrs. H. Martyn and Findlay, with Hunter and Huish as alternative wicketkeepers. I have the highest authority for stating that prior to the first Test Match, Shrewsbury was informally asked if he would play, but declined because his health would not permit him the excitement of participating in such momentous fixtures.

Over these four fixtures but few observations need be made, so fresh are they in the memory of us all. The undeniable fact must be suggested that we had all the worst of the luck, which no one can doubt is an important factor in the game. At Birmingham, after the magnificent batting of Mr. F. S. Jackson and Tyldesley, we only needed a couple of hours in all probability to enable us to win the match—hours actually lost owing to the extraordinary ruling of the umpires that the game could not be played even when the wicket was fit so long as the out-field had not recovered from the rain. At all points we had the best of that first encounter. At Lord's, too, little was accomplished to need comment. At Sheffield our captain's luck in winning the toss deserted him. It was our half-hearted batting at the last effort which cost us the victory, and here again the difficult pitch had much to answer for, but our bowling looked easier than that of our opponents. Then came the closest struggle of all Test Matches, at Manchester, with England again defeated, this time by only three runs. With five wickets to fall we only needed twenty-nine runs to win, but failed to get them just as at the Oval in 1882 we needed thirty-four runs with seven wickets uncaptured, but lost by seven runs. Other critical conclusions have been our defeat at Sydney in 1885 by six runs, and our victories in 1887 and 1894 by thirteen and ten runs respectively. The game at Manchester will ever be memorable for the superb batting of Mr. F. S. Jackson, who received sterling assistance from Braund, and for the magnificent bowling of Lockwood. The Australians, after fine hitting by Mr. Trumper, were largely assisted by the state of the ground upon which Messrs. Trumble and Saunders towards the close became thoroughly unplayable. So much may be set down, not in mitigation of our defeats, but as a statement of circum-

stances. Over the selection of the first three elevens which did battle for us there was little but praise save for the omission of Lockwood at Sheffield, but the fourth met with some adverse criticism prior to the start, and no doubt several changes will have been made in the last national eleven, it being probable that Mr. H. Martyn, Hayward and Haigh will find places. The form of the Australians in the field at all stages of these games merits the highest encomiums.

The remainder of the tour must be comparatively unimportant after the decisive result achieved at Manchester, though it still remains for our visitors to excel the records of the 1882 team, which finally showed four defeats, from Cambridge, Players, Cambridge Past and Present and the North, against twenty-three victories. The team of 1899 merely lost to Essex, Surrey and Kent, but could only win sixteen matches. Although Mr. Trumper cannot possibly hope to emulate Abel's achievement in scoring 3309 runs in a season, he will make a bold bid to pass Mr. Darling's aggregate of 1941, which is the largest ever obtained by an Australian in one summer whilst on tour in this country. These things are in the future when these proofs are corrected, but subsequent events cannot mitigate the genuine triumph of our visitors, one which we can cordially appreciate however much we may regret that victory does not finally rest with England.



TACKING.

PROCEEDING NORTH ALONG THE LABRADOR COAST

A SUMMER SAIL TO THE LABRADOR COAST

BY ARTHUR P. SILVER

A VOYAGE to the Labrador coast is full of interest to the lover of imposing coast scenery, and if only the salmon streams could be explored and the big game reached with greater facility than at present its interest would be greatly enhanced to the sportsman. Each recurring summer season brings parties of eager students from each of the two great American Universities, Yale and Harvard, cruising about the coasts in little fishing-schooners chartered for the excursion, combining in agreeable proportions the pursuit of science, sport, and travel. There is always a nameless glamour over everything pertaining to the arctic world, and in the hot summer months when to those 'in populous city pent' ice seems a mere figment of the imagination, except for certain cooling cubes afloat on the surface of refreshing potations, there is a distinct charm in allowing memory to wander back to blue seas flecked with chips of the arctic floes.

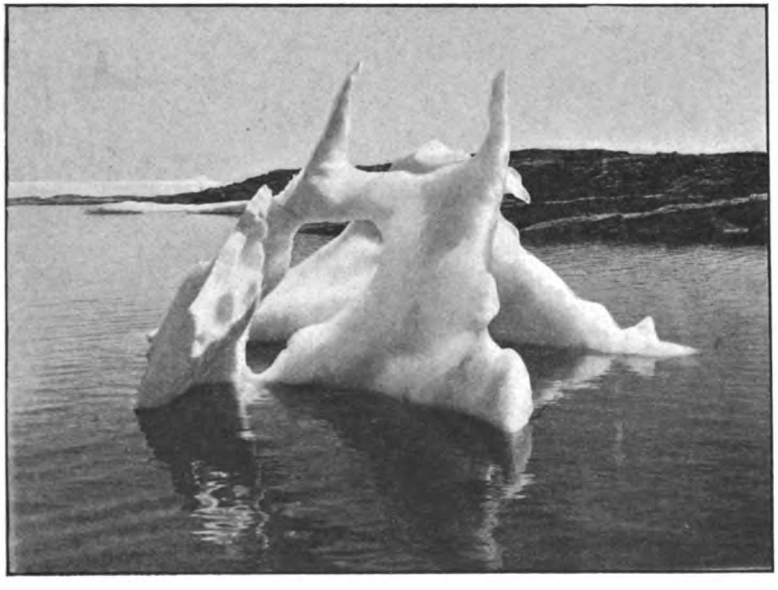
Apart from sport a summer trip to the coast presents many features of remarkable interest. Owing to its exposed position the western coast of Labrador is seldom free from the roar and fret of the long Atlantic rollers. A tremendous slow-breaking

swell comes in both before and after a heavy blow, rolling slowly but irresistibly landward until it bursts with fury upon the coast with wild lamentations, hurling sheets of foam and spray sparkling in the sunbeams high up the sides of the wave-worn ledges. There are also frequent extraordinary and voluptuous studies in colour in the evening skies, to which the fantastic shapes of half-melted icebergs lend an indescribable touch of weird and delicate beauty. One may derive much pleasure from watching the gambols of porpoise, whales, and grampus, and all that marvellously rich marine life which enlivens these northern waters in the brief summer season. The bird life is also an attractive feature, for although on the whole wild-fowl are not seen in any great numbers, yet there are occasional bits of coast which they make their own, where many interesting species litter the shelves of precipitous cliffs with their eggs and young. Then there are the ever present wandering seals, or 'rangers,' gliding off the slippery rocks with a ponderous flop, or bobbing up their round glittering heads in all the broad bays as well as in the deep narrow fiords. Remnants these are of those marvellous herds which have contributed their quota to fill the holds of the sealing steamers.

Not least of all is the human interest of these lonely and desolate shores. The innumerable white sails of the fishermen pushing boldly to the north through the ice-flecked sea to gather in the rich spoils of fish strewn over the marine banks in lavish plenty, and the unceasing labours of the 'livyeres,' or settlers, who all summer long go on fishing and curing their catch in the sun, spreading it over broad acres of wicker 'stages.' The teeming life of the sea which washes the rock-bound coast of Labrador is simply marvellous. The peninsula stands out on the Atlantic Ocean bounded on the north by the Hudson and Davis Straits with their floating ice glaciers. Past the shores of the peninsula sweeps the broad, deep, and powerful arctic current, bearing with it enormous masses of floating ice until late in the summer. When the procession has at length passed southwards to melt in the warmer currents, the salmon appear at the mouths of the bays and the rivers, and the cod, following their natural food, the caplin, move shoreward from the deeper waters.

The numerous fishing-banks and shoals lying off the Atlantic coast on the edge of the continental shelf, so to speak, which form the feeding-grounds of the cod, are found to swarm with countless varieties of animalculæ, attracting the smaller fishes,

which in their turn attract their larger brethren. These occupy an estimated area of 7000 square miles. The fisheries during the summer give lucrative employment to nearly 30,000 persons, and in good years the catch exceeds 1,000,000 dollars in value. Pressing after the immense shoals of that curious little fish, the caplin, and after the other bait fish, such as the herring and squid, which often litter the shelving beaches as they are crowded ashore by the serried ranks of their comrades in the rear, besides the cod come armies of such marine



ON THE LABRADOR COAST

wolves as the sleeper shark, and also the smaller white whale, as well as several varieties of seal and porpoise.

The three midsummer months witness a deadly warfare on the devoted cod, which must feel sorry for its commercial importance. In many a picturesque little fiord along the shore are to be seen the shambles where the victims are hacked and hewn into a compact form for the foreign markets of the world. From the foot of a table where a group of three rough men splashed with gore are busily working a smell arises which poisons heaven and is wafted many miles to leeward. This comes from the pile of offal which grows apace as the men keep busily at work. Such a trio are called respectively the 'cut-

throat,' the 'header,' and the 'splitter.' The cut-throat seizes the fish by the eyes, cuts his throat, and slitting the belly down to the vent, with a swift single stroke of his sharp sheath knife, passes it on to the header. In a twinkling this man cuts out the liver for a separate receptacle, disembowels the fish, and then decapitates it. Now the splitter catches the fish and at one stroke removes the vertebræ, leaving the fish as flat as a pancake, opened out from head to tail. Then the salter scatters his white dust, which must be in the exact dose required. If

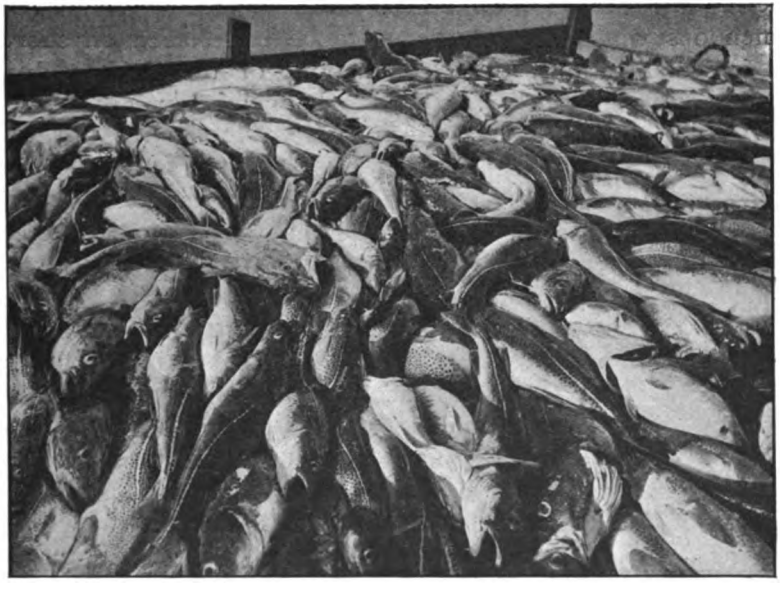
COD-FISH DRYING ON THE STAGES

sprinkled in excess it will burn the fish; if in too small a quantity it will fail to cure.

The cod is now left to swelter in heaps for a few days. At last the piles are taken down and the fish spread in turn on the 'stages,' which are hurdles carpeted with spruce or fir boughs, supported on strong stakes a few feet from the ground. Great care is now required for many days while sun and wind, here most capricious, complete their useful work in fitting the fish for export. At night the fish have to be collected in piles with the fleshy side down, while each fine morning sees them again spread out to catch the light and air. A boat manned by two men will often load up to the gunwale with hand lines where the water is ten fathoms or less. There are many ingenious devices employed, however, whereby the labour of hand lines

is supplemented or even avoided altogether. Foremost among these is the trap. A cod trap is formed of submerged nets so as to form an enclosure, kept in position by small anchors, by which companies of cod travelling along the line of coast are inveigled into a prison and the door closed after them by means of ropes and pulleys. The fish are thus caught in a sort of bag, and the whole writhing fighting mass is drawn to the surface and literally pitchforked into the small boats as farm labourers toss hay.

The 'cod seine' is another deadly contrivance. It is often



CATCH OF COD-FISH

used to envelop a school of cod in deep water or to sweep a narrow cove or inlet. It may be several hundred feet in depth and is worked by half a score of men under the direction of a 'skipper,' or 'boss,' who scans the bottom of the sea by means of a fish-glass, which is merely a tube, having a glass bottom, thrust beneath the wave.

Next after the settlers, or 'livyeres,' themselves, perhaps the two most noteworthy features of Labrador are the dog and the Eskimo.

The dog may be said to be the only domesticated animal of the coast. Settlers have tried pigs, but the dogs find them an

irresistible morsel, hence they invariably get short shrift. Sheep fare equally badly. The wily goat has, however, in some instances been known to receive his assailants on his horns repeatedly until at length he has been let severely alone, and even allowed in time to join the pack and participate in their summer rambles along the beach in search of some stray fish cast up by the waves.

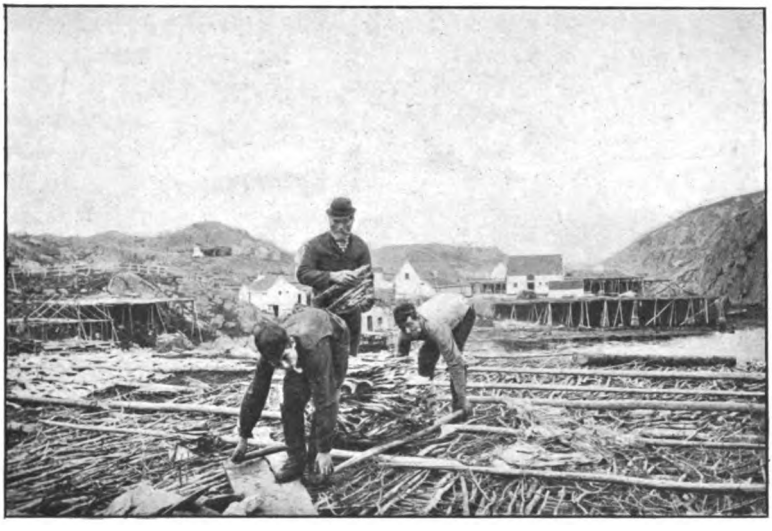
The pure breed of Eskimo dog is a strong and handsome animal. His pointed ears and curling bushy tail give him an air of great intelligence and distinction. Yet it is said that the dog obtained by cross-breeding with the Newfoundland and other powerful varieties will outlast him when, as often happens, tremendous winter journeys have to be undertaken on short and irregular rations. The commetique of the Eskimo dog has often been described, but few persons are aware what a comfortable vehicle this sledge can be made when lined with seal skins and covered over with a white bear robe, so as to form a sort of a bag into which the traveller can introduce his body. The best are shod with whalebone runners, which after constant use receive a polish like that of ivory. Runners can be made by simply freezing mud and water to the sledge, the adhering amalgam soon growing smooth from the friction.

In the winter season the dog team is indispensable. Seventy miles a day is an ordinary journey, and should a sudden storm come on, the keen noses of the team may be relied on to pick their way home without a fault. By this means wood is brought from the interior, venison hauled out when killed in the wilderness, and social intercourse becomes possible between the widely scattered little communities over the frozen sea. Communication between the isolated little coast settlements, often consisting of three or four rude houses nestling in sheltered nooks and crannies of the cliffs, is chiefly by water during the summer, and in winter time either by snow-shoes, made of caribou hide, or else by dog sledge.

Not only in appearance, but in character and habits, many of the dogs approach closely to the wolf. In summer, when their usefulness is gone for the time being, they are turned loose to 'do for themselves,' when they often become very savage, fighting incessantly with each other as they contend for the fish offal below the stages. Woe betide the unfortunate stranger whose nerve fails him in confronting a frolicking pack. There are cases when, while dinner was in course of preparation, the kitchen has been invaded and everything edible instantly

devoured. Human beings have been torn to pieces by the brutes, and many very narrow shaves are related owing to the fortunate appearance on the scene of the owner just at the nick of time armed with the thrice terrible dog-whip, which in skilful hands becomes a truly formidable weapon. Even in midsummer, when discipline is relaxed, the first glimpse of the whip is sufficient to arrest the most mischievous intentions.

The whip is made with a short, thick, wooden handle, with an immensely long leash of thick walrus hide, tapered off with sealskin. There is an old yarn current of a dog being cut in two



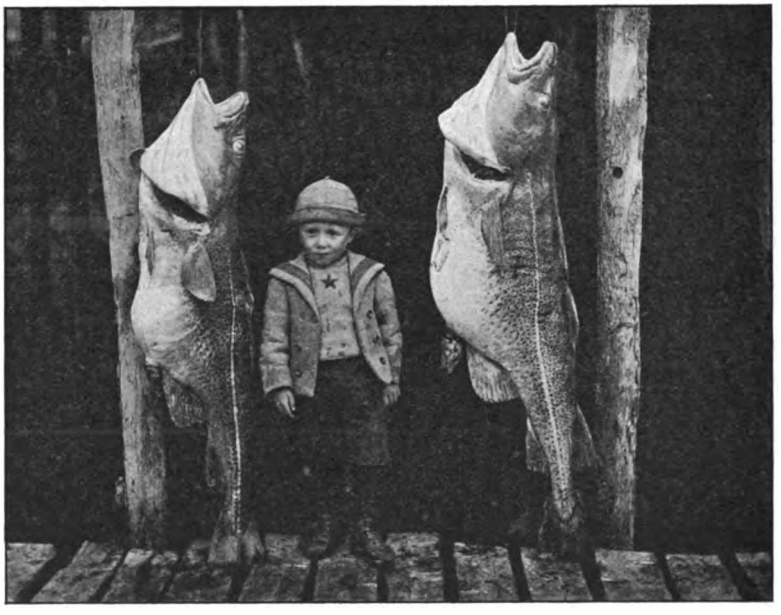
COLLECTING THE DRIED COD

by a stroke from the driver, who immediately stuck together the severed parts of the body, which (*of course*) grew together. Unfortunately for the dog's future prospects in life the hind quarters were put together the wrong way, so that the animal went about with his hind legs sticking straight up in the air.

There is another story told of a lean Yankee fisherman who offered to stand up at a distance of forty feet to receive two blows at the hands of an expert driver for a bottle of rum. By way of precaution he incased his lower limbs in two pairs of woollen drawers, and over them a couple of pairs of strong trousers. The first stroke cut through the trousers, drawers, and flesh nearly to the bone. With a terrific yell the Yankee stooped down to examine the extent of the wound, there and

then renouncing all claim to the bottle of rum with the remark: 'Wall! I guess I'd be too leaky to hold liquor after another stroke!'

The sagacity of a team of dogs when travelling on the ice-fields of the coast is nothing short of marvellous. Sometimes the ice opens in great yawning chasms in a mysterious manner, when the dogs are very quick to perceive their danger of being cut off from the land. On such occasions they instinctively choose a safe course, and, needing no guidance, will carry their



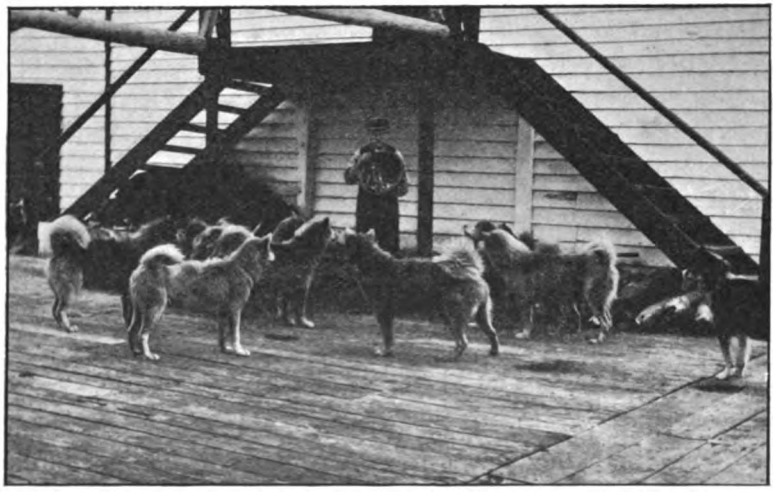
BIG COD-FISH

master swiftly and surely away from the spot where danger threatens. The property of a settler may be measured by the number and quality of his dog team, most of them taking great pride in keeping fine animals, and as many of them as possible. In summer their keep costs nothing; in winter they get a daily dole from a stack of frozen fish of the otherwise useless sort, such as dog-fish, sharks, and skates. There is said to be a practice of tieing out an old bitch in the wilds so that she may be mated by some wandering wolf in order to avoid the danger of deterioration by too close in-breeding.

As for the Eskimo race, or Innuits (the people), it is sad to relate that they are falling victims to that strange decay with

which civilisation inevitably curses the savage everywhere. Whether it is owing to a change of diet and clothing, or to the diminished energy with which they follow their natural pursuits, to the introduction of pulmonary and other wasting diseases, or to all these causes combined, certain it is that the Eskimo are becoming swiftly exterminated. A century ago they flourished in their thousands all along the coast; to-day there are very few within three hundred miles north of the Strait of Belleisle. From this point to the northern extremity of the coast there are now under two thousand all told.

The art of using the kayak is becoming a thing of the past.



DINNER-TIME

This picturesque little craft, into which a man can lace himself so tightly that he can laugh at the crested billows and even upset with impunity, as he is able to right himself at once with the paddle, is now put aside generally for the more clumsy wooden boat, or 'dory.'

Skin tents for summer use are now often replaced by wooden or else mud huts. The white man's flimsy clothing is donned in exchange for the old-time suit of seal skin. Seal blubber and whale flesh are now replaced in the larder by flour and salt pork, and bad colds are even known to be contracted by the unfamiliar modern practice, introduced by the missionary, of washing the person. Civilisation has proved a far worse foe than their old sworn enemies the Montagnais Indians, who in

the olden time lost no fitting opportunity for descending upon their coast settlements and engaging in savage warfare. The Eskimo held their own fairly well until the Indians were furnished with firearms by European adventurers, who complained that the Eskimo robbed their fishing-stations whenever they got the chance. Battle Harbour was the scene of the last deadly conflict between these hereditary enemies. That the fight was a sanguinary one is attested by the graves which are strewn in profusion over the desolate headland.

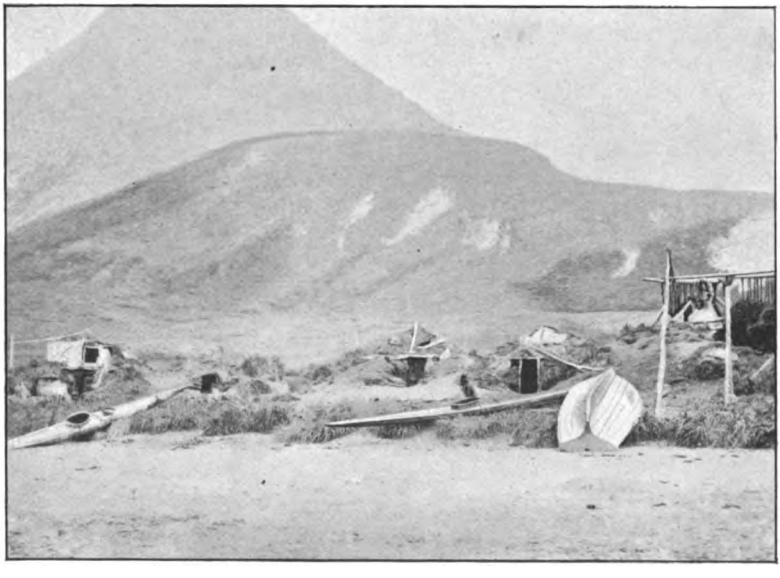
So striking are the ordinary natural features of the coast of the peninsula of Labrador, so strange and unfamiliar are the sights and scenes here surrounding the traveller at every turn, that even a transient and marginal acquaintance rivets on the mind an impression vivid and ineffaceable.

The visitor in the first place is conscious of something like a mental shock when his eyes rest upon the awful desolation of mile after mile of dreary coast line, of smooth sphinx-like headlands, and bare wave-worn beetling rocks, at times carved into fantastic shapes by the fierce assaults of frost, wave, and tempests. This storm-scarred lofty coast he recognises as the edge of an enormous rugged table-land, of which little is known. A handful of explorers of the vast waste which occupies the interior have described a region whose sterility can scarce be equalled elsewhere in the wide world. They tell us of countless shallow lake basins of every conceivable shape and size, scooped by glacial action out of the ancient rocks; of turbulent mountain torrents, too impetuous even for the passage of the light birch-bark canoe of the mountaineer Indian; of the appalling spectacle of tumbled masses of boulders and bare rocks undulating in every direction as far as the eye can reach, broken only here and there with patches of yellow mosses and grey reindeer lichens, or diversified once in a while by dense fir trees and birches darkly clothing the windings of the deeper valleys. Over vale and plain and mountain there has fallen apparently a hail of huge rock boulders, for the country almost everywhere resembles a battlefield of the Titans. Sometimes detached boulders lie in huge heaps three or four strata deep. Often the desolation is still further accentuated by the blackness left by fires which have spread far and wide, fed during some summer of drought chiefly by the crisp mosses and lichens. 'God in making this country here threw down the refuse of his materials,' quaintly remarks an old historian and voyager.

Repelling and depressing as is this fearful coast at the first

glimpse, yet a closer acquaintance reveals many phases of wild life and nature so novel and interesting that one usually ends by becoming completely fascinated by the spell of his strange environment.

The mammals of this wild region are what one might expect in such inhospitable quarters. The white bear, wolves, generally hunting in packs and seldom solitary, the lynx, black bear, and the robust caribou, far smaller than his better nurtured fellows in the island of Newfoundland, here manage



KYAKS DRAWN UP ON THE BEACH

to support existence, and are hunted by a few roving bands of Montagnais Indian trappers and hunters. The caribou make periodical migrations to the coast to escape the flies and to lick the salt from the seaweed scattered along the strand. The Eskimo of the northern coast follow the herds far into the high lands of the interior, penetrating with their sledges in the early spring through the windings of the deeper valleys.

To the ordinary traveller the means of communication with Labrador are by steamer from Newfoundland, making fortnightly trips from St. John's along the coast as far north as Nain, and touching at many intermediate points along the route. There are three or four good salmon streams thus rendered available.

After passing the Strait of Belleisle, the Labrador coast looms high and rugged. It is walled in with steep cliffs over which cascades fall at intervals, and through whose gaps turbulent rivers seek the sea. It is thus easily understood that here the rivers are but ill adapted to salmon, whose passage up stream is soon arrested by the impassable cataracts. From Cape Charles northwards the range of elevated land falls back, and a belt of islands from nine to fourteen miles in breadth borders the lower lying coast line. Schools of salmon usually strike the coast near the mouth of the Strait of Belleisle during

HOSPITAL, BATTLE HARBOUR, LABRADOR

the last week of June. These fish, slowly pushing their way along, do not make their appearance at Hamilton Inlet, upwards of a hundred miles northward, until nearly a month later. At the 'Narrows' near Rigolet where the tide rushes with great velocity into Esquimaux Bay, a sheet of water thirty miles long by about eight in width, salmon may be caught by a spoon-bait or artificial minnow. Here they begin to disappear again towards the end of August, thus seeming to remain little more than a month during the brief Labrador midsummer, which corresponds in climate to that of the south coast of England in May. They do not seem to range farther north than about 56 degrees north latitude. The northern fish are small relatively to those of more southern waters. A friend of

the writer saw no signs of salmon in a recent trip up the Barren Grounds and Fraser Rivers, where probably no man ever cast a fly before. In the latter stream he caught a number of very large trout of extraordinary brilliancy of colouring. The different types of trout to be seen in North American waters are simply marvellous in their variety. As Izaak Walton has observed, 'You are to note there are several kinds of trout . . . which differ in their bigness and shape and spots and colour.' This is especially true of the Labrador trout, some

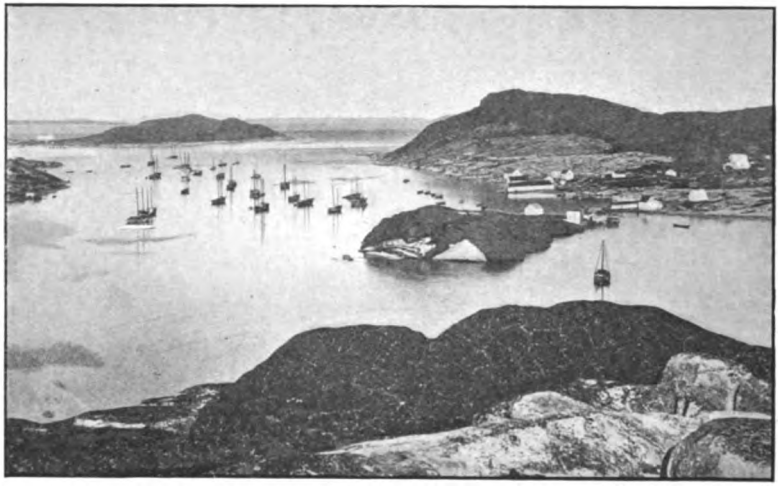
VILLAGE ON NORTH WEST RIVER. HERE LORD STRATHCONA SPENT THIRTEEN YEARS OF HIS EARLY LIFE
(*Photograph by S. H. Cotter*)

of which run to enormous size, seventeen and even nineteen pounds weight having been recorded.

The three rivers running in at the head of Sandwich Bay are more frequently resorted to than any of the others for fly fishing.[1] The traveller may step off the *Glencoe*, or some other one of Reid's comfortable steamships sailing fortnightly from the Port of St. John's, at the Hudson Bay Station, called Cartwright Harbour, at the mouth of the Bay. Here are to be seen the monuments of John and George Cartwright, who more than a century since accomplished so much exploration of the Labrador peninsula. The voluminous journals of the

[1] The White Bear usually affords good fishing after the end of June.

latter, who was once an officer of the Navy, afford an interesting picture of life and nature on the coast, little changed at the present hour. The factor can readily furnish a tight, well-manned little sailing-craft which will convey the sportsmen, guides, tents, and camp paraphernalia to the mouth of the river. The sail up the Bay is delightful, although the 'Narrows' is sometimes a bad place to get through owing to the racing of the tides. The Bay is walled in by high mountains, some of them clothed with dark ridges of evergreen trees alternating with brighter patches of birch and poplar. The



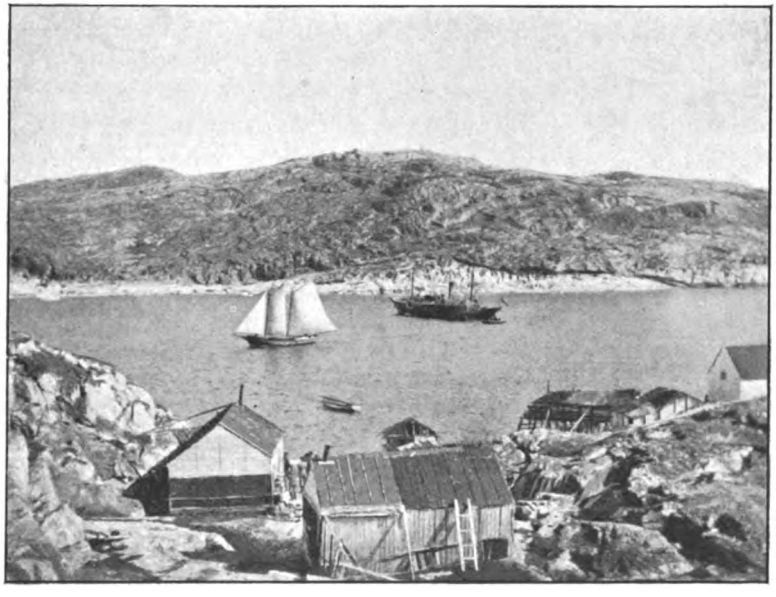
INDIAN HARBOUR, LABRADOR

northern side is edged by the Mealy Mountains. Here and there a sugar-loaf lump rising high above the lower peaks even in midsummer is seen to be capped with snow and ice. Now and then a few sea-fowl are put up on the wing—Patchpolls, Yellow Bills, and Bottle Nose Scoters—disturbed in the act of diving for shell fish at a little distance off the ledges.

The anchor is dropped at Burnt Harbour. The 'skipper' puts the fishing-party off in a row boat, and after proceeding four miles all are finally landed on Separation Point, dividing the White Bear from the Eagle River. Here there is a fishing hut. Large trout and salmon are taken in the nets. The mouth of this river is exceedingly shoal, coursing in a broad stream over a sand-bank strewn with boulders. The little boat is dragged and pushed four miles up stream to the foot of the

Falls, where camp is pitched at the edge of one of the most beautiful pools that the heart of angler could desire. The black flies and mosquitoes are, however, a plague of full Egyptian quality, and their persecutions can only be mitigated by raising a 'smudge,' as a thick smoke is called, from burning damp moss. Without netting to protect one at night and thick veiling by day to keep the swarms of insect life out of one's mouth, ears, and eyes, existence would be well nigh intolerable.

The falls are really a succession of cascades, making a



DOUBLE ISLANDS, LABRADOR

descent of about seventy-five feet. The river here narrows its channel to scarcely a hundred feet of breadth. The fishing is sometimes excellent, although there are times when one may exhaust every fly in his book and fail to hook a single fish, although one is positively certain that he is casting over scores of salmon. When they are rising the kind of fly seems to be not very material. The 'yellow legs,' and the standard flies such as silver doctor, fairy, black dose, and ranger will apparently all serve equally well. The Paradise and Eagle Rivers are inferior to the White Bear. There is no doubt that the seals keep worrying the salmon a great deal, and this may account for the occasional caprice of their conduct. In order to reach

the North-West River on the north shore of Hamilton Inlet, a fishing-party require to land at Rigoulette, a Hudson Bay trading post, from which there is a trail across to another post on Ungava Bay, an inlet of the great Hudson Bay. The fishing here is often very good. Boats and guides can be obtained from the Hudson Bay Company.

Another very good fishing river is Sandy Eil's River, near Tub Harbour. To get to this place one requires to land at Indian Tickle and, securing guides and boats, proceed up stream. There are other excellent streams only to be reached by becoming the sailing-master of one's own craft. This has its drawbacks, however, as owing to dangerous navigation, the absence of lighthouses, the frequency of fogs and heavy blows, even in midsummer, very slow progress can be made in any given direction without picking up a pilot familiar with every inch of the coast. The many ledges and currents which have never been properly marked on any chart, and the numberless islands and passages too intricate to be accurately mapped, often render navigation a mere matter of guess-work.

Nearly the whole of the coast is edged with clusters of islets, separated from the mainland by deep narrow channels. It is not, therefore, surprising, as Dr. Grenfell has observed, that 'the surveying is mostly accomplished by the bilges and keels of devoted fishing-craft.'

THE LADIES' POINT-TO-POINT

BY EUSTACE LEIGHTON

WOMEN *are!*

This is how it came about. I went down to hunt with the Blackmore Vale, because when Pilkington and I lay on the veldt and couldn't sleep for stars and things, he used to swagger about the Blackmore Vale for hours on end. You see Pilkington had been dragged up in that country.

I was given to understand that there you could ride from any given point to another without having to think twice about anything.

That in the N.W. or Sparkford division every fence was a flyer, and the farmers who dwelt therein wouldn't even know a ploughed field if they saw one.

That in the south or Blackmore Vale proper the farmers certainly had the misfortune to be acquainted with arable land, but with one accord they blushed for it, and entreated you to ride over it for choice.

Wire? 'Twas a curse unseen, unknown, undreamed of! throughout the length and the breadth, the depths and the heights of the Blackmore Vale.

No earthly joy maintained Pilkington could surpass the delirious delight attached to a real good Sparkford Monday with the Blackmore Vale, unless perhaps, it was the somewhat deeper, more sustained, delight inspired by an old-fashioned, stick-at-nothing, go-till-you-drop Thursday from Green Man Pulham. And the country that smiled round about the Roman Wall of Stalbridge Park! neat fences but ever so sturdy, and water not to be sneezed at. And the subtle excitement that

lurked about the slovenly banks of Butterwick Brook! Ye gods! it *was* a country.

'If'—quoth Pilkington—'the King should make me a duke and Dame Fortune should make me a millionaire, give me none of your high-falutin' shires. I'd hie me back to the sport of sports in the dear old Vale; there's no better than the best for me.'

Ah well! after all said and done or left undone Pilkington had been dragged up in that country.

I got down there early in January. I had written to Pilkington of my intention only a day or so before, so I knew it would be weeks before any one could hear from him, and I didn't know a soul when I arrived.

I found the aborigines undemonstrative of anything save the frankest curiosity. It occurred to me that the general superiority of my turn-out might have awed them a bit, so I endeavoured to put one or two of them at their ease. Subsequent events convinced me that it is less embarrassing to feel expensive than to feel cheap.

The sport of the first few days was not of a nature to get to one's head. Wind and weather were on, scent was distinctly off. By way of getting in touch with things I took a few fences *en route*. Derisive grin and stony stare apprised me that larking was regarded as an offence in the Blackmore Vale. So I meekly desisted.

But Green Man Pulham was advertised for the coming Thursday and my spirits rose at the prospect. I resolved on a chestnut hunter, for which I had cheerfully paid 280 guineas, partly on the strength of one white foot and a tuft of grey in his ruddy mane, Pilkington having enthused long and lovingly on such endowments.

We drew at Ponting's Gorse and ran a vixen over some fairly majestic banks to the river, forded this, and on again till a square sphinx-like covert in the near neighbourhood checked the game. I inquired of a cherry-cheeked, friendly looking hunt-servant what this might be? 'Humber' he answered with pride born of assured confidence. Humber I echoed with emotion born of the *gheist* of Pilkington, 'Ah to get away from Humber with a good send-off! Stand stock still on the left-near boundary old chap, for it's a million to one they'll sneak out from the bottom. Then go like blazes for the fence lying under your nose. Join in the crowd footlin' away at that beastly gate and you're a lost man! Make for the three-bar

timber at the corner of the fence beyond. *There* it's sound landing. Forward away up the greenest little hill in Dorset and you're right at the tail of 'em, when it's just plain sailin' for, if you're on anything but Balaam's ass, all you've got to do is sit tight, and with any luck at all you'll run to the foot of the hills, and with a bit more you'll be over them. And ! once on line on the other side, you may run him a mile or run him a dozen, but you'll sprinkle the Cattistock flints with the blood of a Blackmore fox or my name is no longer John Pilkin'ton.'

So I drew rein. We stood still as a post on the left-near. Out they sneaked from the bottom. I held my breath till they were clean on line, then went like blazes for the fence that lay under my nose—and plunged into oblivion.

Far be it from me even now to cast a slur on the veracity of Pilkington. The fact is that particular fence has more than its share of glorious uncertainty. From the left-near it wears an air of innocence—a bundle of brushwood bends over a gurgling stream, from the far side of which a glimpse of verdant green invites a landing. Less than twelve inches in breadth is that emerald parapet as it runs aloft between the gurgling stream and a deep and muddy dyke beyond. I repeat that I've no wish to challenge the veracity of Pilkington. I allow that charged strictly according to Pilkingtonian directions, there is an extremely outside chance of your getting through by the skin of your teeth, and I hope for truth and friendship's sake that Pilkington at some time or another had done so ; but I maintain that, for the hunting-world at large—to say nothing of a too-confiding stranger—that leap is simply a question of slipping back into Scylla or head over ears into Charybdis. My good beast, being one of the best, charged it for all he was worth, tumbled into Charybdis head-foremost, and shot me beneath him into the waters of Lethe.

I awoke some few hours later in the tender arms of Felicia, the Hon. Mrs. Fitzurse, and those of her maiden aunt.

I will not dwell on the dear days that followed. They are sacred. Major Fitzurse was at the front. Let it be sufficient to affirm my firm, my unchangeable, conviction that there is no maiden aunt living, or on record, of impression competent to counteract the charms of Felicia Fitzurse.

Her eyes were blue inconsequent forget-me-nots steeped fathoms deep in law-abiding sapphire. Her mouth, piquant, pathetic, provoking, was also a trifle inconsequent, but then, so was her milk-white, rose-tinted skin. And her gold-crowned

head! Her aerial feet! Her dainty, delicate hands! Ah! Felicia—Felicia!

Such was the atmosphere in which I was wafted back to convalescence.

During the getting-well stage the friendship of the feminine contingent of the B.V.H. was fairly thrust upon me.

At first I was permitted to perceive the metamorphosis through the medium of flowers, fruit, and such sorts and conditions of sweet kindness as embodies itself gracefully in anything from an oyster to a brown-bread ice. But Huntingtowers, the house the Fitzurses had taken, lies right in the heart of the Vale, and as seldom a day passed without bringing some habit or another—with a gay pink coat or so in tow—to take tea in Felicia's octagon, oak-panelled, hospitable, and entirely charming hall, gradually I became acquainted with all those dear, prim, delightful ladies of the Blackmore Vale whom it seemed, Providence, in the guise of my accident, had thawed into ministering angels.

They were goodness itself. The matrons loaded me with advice, and flannel and things, and the girls brought me violets and books. Felicia appropriated the violets and jeered at the books; in fact, it was over a book that I first became aware that Felicia could be nasty.

It came about in this way. Jeanne Lackmanners, who has the most beautiful eyes and the most impossible father in this world, had sent me along 'The Romance of Two Worlds.' No self-respecting person, said Felicia, would cut the pages of an author who made millions by supplying mediocre matter to middle-class minds.

Now I wasn't going to stand that. There's a sort of loftiness about Jeanne Lackmanners that makes a man stand up for her even when the other woman is a Felicia, and although I am not much of a bookman myself, I suddenly remembered having once heard Brabazon say that, 'People might say what they pleased of Marie Corelli, but he considered the "Manxman" was not at all bad for a woman.' So I said the same, only substituted the word excellent, as 'not at all bad' seemed a bit measly. It was a great success, and dried Felicia up on the spot. She allowed she had been unjust, and expressed a generous determination to tell Jeanne Lackmanners exactly what I had said and felt about it.

Well, as I was saying, I was at my wits' end how to express my gratitude to everybody; but I thought and thought, and

the end of it was I asked permission to offer a diamond star to the winner of a Ladies Point-to-Point; owners up.

My offer was accepted with gracious enthusiasm. I went up to London to select the jewel, with the full intention of returning to Huntingtowers to see the season out, but seeing that Fitzurse's regiment was ordered home, I remembered that the bearing of Felicia's maiden aunt of late had been more than usually chilly, so I returned to my quarters at the Digby Hotel, physically and socially sound.

Amongst several letters awaiting me was one in Pilkington's familiar scrawl. I opened it:

'JOHANNESBURG, *January* 29.

'DEAR ADOLPHUS,—By this time you'll be quite *au fait* with the Blackmore Vale—lucky beggar! Brabazon and I have both come to the concloosion that you got all there was to be got here; no one has had a look-in since. However!

'Of course you are putting up at Sherborne. Dear old Sherborne—my Alma mater! Is the Head still on the ran-tan or in breeches? Nice old boy the Head! I would have sent you along a line of introduction but *entre nous* after a seven years' sojourn beneath his more or less *hospittable* roof I left a bit suddenly—to oblige him!

'Isn't the country ripping and didn't I tell you it was? What price Sparkford eh? Did your wildest dreams ever carry you over such a *hevenly* hunting-ground and of course you've got *naling* good cattle—Lucky devil! And here am I wasting the very sweat of my brow.

'Is the M.F.H. as keen as ever? Queer old stick!—his bark ain't all honey but his bite is none of your worst, and can't the old fox sit his fences? I did think of sending you a line of introduction here—notwithstanding the fact that whenever I went home before hounds it was by special request—but the Duchess never understood me and *entre nous* I thought it might do you more harm than good—in any case your money bags should pull you through—not that the B.V. are altogether worshippers at the shrine of the golden calf. I've known them buck at a bishop and beam on a butcher.

'One thing! Give the women a wide berth on line and off. They are *extremly* false without being *particulerly* fair. Certainly there should be a few nice fillies bucking round by now, but in the Blackmore Vale neither weight nor age keeps Mama out of the Van! If scent is of worth-while order, it's a thousand to one on her being in at the death, and she don't go home

without the Brush—so *Bewair!* As for widows and grass ditto their name is Legion, or used to be—keep these on the off-side of your stable-door if you mean to see any sport yourself. I could tell you things that would make your hair stand, but there is only one more sheet of paper, and poor old Jarvis must write to his father as he is simply cleaned out, so I merely say *Bewair!*

'Brabazon, Jarvis, and all the boys hope you will have a real good time, and many a blessing has followed you consurning those cigars.

'The best of luck old man in saddle and out,

'Yours truly,

'JOHN P. K. DE BEHR PILKINGTON.'

I cursed Pilkington for a pessimist, but turned cold. The fact was that in a moment of expansion I had given Felicia the freedom of my stable. I sent for my stud-groom.

Towards the end of the interview he was disposed to take a more hopeful view of things, and assured me that with the one sound horse remaining to me, and two or three excellent hirelings he had spotted in the neighbourhood, it might still be well worth while to see the season out.

The great day was fixed for the third Monday in March. It was pretty generally considered that there were only two in it, Felicia and Miss Jeanne Lackmanners. Both ladies had entered two horses. I knew Felicia's chance hung a good deal on which of her twain Miss Lackmanners elected to ride, Laertes, a gallant grey, high-hearted enough, but still not remarkable as a hunter, or Sir Galahad, a bright bay thoroughbred, sired and grandsired by a Derby winner, whose dam had carried off all the fashionable races of her glorious third year. But Sir Galahad, in spite of his beauty, his ancestry, his most dear ways and his sterling pluck was often reduced to the service of three legs, so that to my mind, and many another, the Ladies' Point-to-Point hung on the slender thread of Sir Galahad's off fore. Felicia, it was true, was generally ahead across country, but she always rode thoroughbreds, and had a calm way of annexing the best man as pilot. The Rev. John Lackmanners kept all followers, fore or aft, distinctly off the grass, in his own providentially inimitable manner; the consequence was that his pretty daughter was capable of carving her own line in any country, and many a hard-riding man wasn't above taking her lead, and—well, the fact was, infatuated as I was with

Felicia, the sportsman in me would hope that the third Monday in March would prove to be one of Sir Galahad's four-legged days.

On the Sunday afternoon preceding the race Felicia dropped in with her maiden aunt and Jerry Mainwaring. The conversation, naturally confined to one topic, was in full swing when Mrs. Pewhunter and the Bishop of Abbiton were announced.

Mrs. Pewhunter drew in her ample skirts and bestowed the frostiest of nods on Felicia as she passed her, and then proceeded to make embarrassing use of her lorgnette all round.

I enticed her to the teacups, and hoped for the best.

'The King,' said Felicia, 'is fast enough in all conscience, but so uncertain!'

'Buck up, dear Mrs. Fitzurse,' implored Jerry Mainwaring, who, in his effort to evade the lorgnette of Mrs. Pewhunter, had sorrowfully abandoned the easiest of chairs for the most difficult of music-stools. 'Once get the King over the water and I'll back him to beat the whole boiling into a cocked hat.'

'What,' inquired the Bishop, after the manner of Benchers, 'is a cocked hat?'

Whereupon Felicia's maiden aunt, who, as I had good reason to know, was only deaf on inappropriate occasions, became aggressive.

I smashed a teacup to divert attention, and felt that I might safely rely on Felicia to lead the conversation back to herself. Nor was I disappointed.

'We are coming to your race to-morrow,' the Bishop volunteered graciously, 'in fact it seems that there is every prospect of Miss Lackmanners—my wife's niece, you know—becoming the possessor of your beautiful gift. Her horse, Sir Galahad, is sound this morning, perfectly sound! Coming, my dear, coming! Until to-morrow, then. Ha! ha! Good-bye, good-bye!'

Felicia was quivering with rage, for Mrs. Pewhunter's manner had been distinctly unpleasant. 'I'll ride the King,' said she, 'if he kills me! No other woman shall win that race! The vulgar, bombastic, cantankerous old cat!'

'Pompous old ass! Ought to be shut up!' exploded Mainwaring, as he slunk off like the hero he wasn't; and Felicia's maiden-aunt, developing a sudden determination to call on Lady Lamington in the west wing, followed in his inglorious wake.

I felt silence and a sigh to be my *metier*.

Felicia gazed through the window with white face and a tight-gripped lip. From her lovely eyes lightning flashed towards the Vale, where I envied the sun as it went down to its rest.

'I have it,' said she, 'I have it.'

'Yes, dear,' I consoled, 'of course you'll have it!'

'You must ride in the race yourself,' said she. 'You must ride Ben Bolt.'

'Good!'

'Listen!' she compelled. 'Ben Bolt led the King over his first fences. My husband bought him from a man who owned them both. Ben Bolt would have a shot for the Abbey tower if you put him at it, and the King will follow Ben Bolt over anything in the world. If I get over Asshington Brook forty Sir Galahads shan't beat us, but I can't make sure of the water without Ben Bolt. So he must be there, and you must ride him. It's quite easy. Everybody will be charmed at your coming, and once we're safely over the water you can have no end of fun watching them all come to grief, and still get back to the winning-post in time to see me first through the flags.'

'But I can't,' I objected, 'how can I? Women are so casual! Oh can't you understand that it wouldn't be playing the game?'

Felicia looked at me with a big, broken, reproachful heart in her lovely eyes, and two big tears glistened and trembled and——

'Felicia, Felicia dearest . . . darling.'

'And you'll ride Ben Bolt?'

'To Death and Hades!'

. . . . . .

The meet was fixed for Asshington Wood at two o'clock, the flag being due to fall at 2.30. I reached Asshington early, hoping to get in touch with my mount in a preliminary canter, but I was waylaid by one and another, so that I didn't find myself in the saddle until the starting-bell was ringing. My mount looked every inch a sportsman. His black coat shone like glistering jet, only broken by a pure white ivy-leaf-shaped patch on his brow.

'He's a bit undersized, but I suppose he can jump?' said I to the lad in charge.

'Jump! Ay, Capting, jump Giant'z 'Ed etzelf if so be it lay in t' line o' un. Gi'e un z'ed, zur, un leave 'lone o'iz mouth, un zit on t' back o' un, un there you be.'

Ding-dong—Ding-dong—Ding-dong went the bell. A hundred seconds later the flag fell. We were off.

Mindful of advice, I was very light on the bit. At the first fence my heart went up with a joyous bound. He took it lightly as a stag, yet with the strength of a Samson. The third fence behind us, the brook came in view—Asshington Brook at its worst! Felicia had prophecied that the majority would wheel left to a place where its banks closed in a bit. They did so. I had an awfully strong inclination to follow the majority for the red rotten banks came nearer—nearer! The silver swish of rushing water washed my brain, and the width and depth of Asshington Brook seemed ever so out of proportion to the capacity of brave Ben Bolt. I'm not sure now that I didn't hesitate, but it is certain Ben Bolt did not. 'Come on,' urged his gallant blood as it throbbed to mine through the reins. And on we went!—and over! A woman's triumphant laugh sang in the heart of the wind and as suddenly ceased as Sir Galahad's bright bay coat shot past us both. Then for the first time did I realise the strength of Ben Bolt's iron jaw, as mad with jealousy he flashed his turn of speed in the faces of Sir Galahad and the King.

A huge black obstacle rose ahead. My throat grew cramped and dry as I recognised it for the one wide flat-backed double that disfigures Asshington Valley. I remembered having seen two of the best, with their four legs struggling heavenward, only the week before and the pace was just desperate. I tugged, I cursed, I caressed, I swore, I threatened, I implored—Ben Bolt was adamant. I resigned myself to a Providence that seemed a long way off merciful. Just for a second we faced the worst! 'Twas when we came down from the air, his hind legs barely landing. Only a second! but it seemed a lifetime, as the thudding hoofs of Sir Galahad and the King came perilously, sickeningly near; but he righted himself and we were off again, I as helpless as a feather in a whirlwind.

On we went over timber, gully, gate, without a strain or an effort. Then came an awful moment, a moment when cold sweat broke out from my every pore, and each separate hair stood up on its separate end, for the hum of the crowd came nearer—nearer! Terror clutched me! I realised that I was winning my own Point-to-Point! Diamond stars flashed round and round and up and down! A gate flashed too—a huge, uncompromising, iron gate, with mathematical reminiscences surmounting it, and loose jagged flints on far side and near.

Well! better a broken limb, better a broken head, better a broken neck, than the direst of all disasters that threatened! With body and soul in my last remaining effort I pulled him sideways off the fence and plunged him at the gate. Ye gods! we were over it. Over the next, and the next again into the winning field! Through the yelling, jeering, cheering, scorning crowd, through the floating, fluttering, fleering flags did Ben Bolt bolt to our shameful victory.

Two minutes later Sir Galahad beat the King for second place by three lengths. Even then all might have been well. I could easily have explained had Felicia been any other thing than a woman. How she contrived it I don't know, but before the numbers went up, with the vanity, the odiousness, the subtlety, the daring egotism of her sex, she had convinced Miss Lackmanners and everybody else that Ben Bolt had beaten Sir Galahad rather than any other woman than herself should win the race. So that my diamond star was very haughtily and deliberately refused by the first lady through the flags.

Ben Bolt having carried me thus far for his own pleasure carried me straight back to Sherborne for mine. I caught the express to town, leaving the diamond star with instructions that it should be raffled for and the proceeds handed over to the funds of the Yeatman Hospital. The result of the raffle has just reached me. My diamond star was won by Felicia's maiden aunt.

I loathe women and have done with them for ever! That scorching, condemning gleam in sweet Jeanne Lackmanners' clear, tender, solemn, soul-stirring eyes will haunt me till I die!

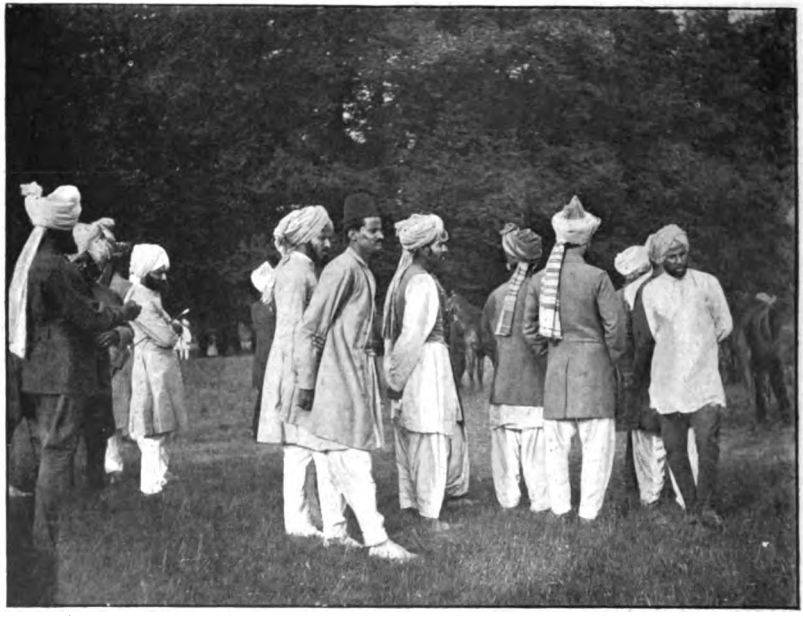
A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Several other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

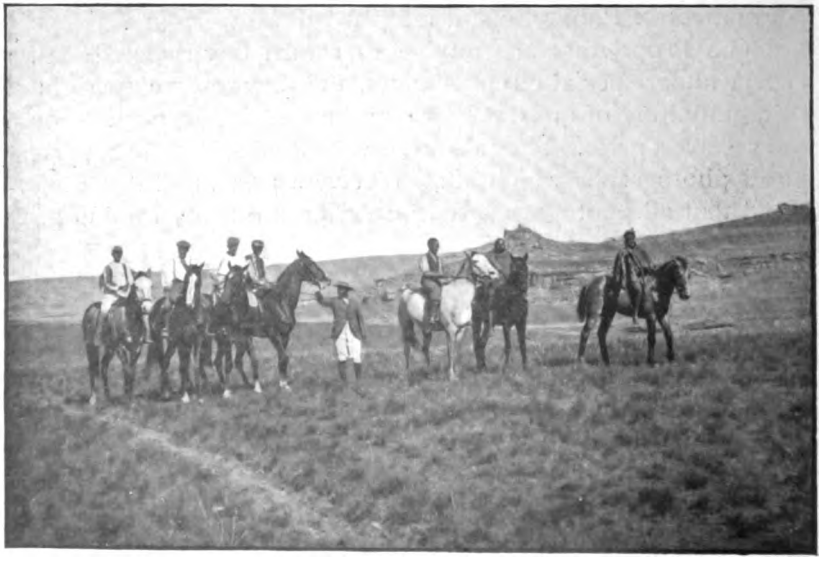
THE JULY COMPETITION

The Prize in the July competition has been divided among the following competitors: Miss E. S. Austin, Bishop's Waltham; Major B. F. B. Stuart, Ficksburg, O.R.C.; Mr. W. Neville Martin, Great Brington, Northampton; Mr. L. E. Cooke, Clapham, S.W.; Mr. H. L. Stevens, Watford, Herts.; Capt. W. M. Southey, Karachi, India; Mr. J. G. G. Birkett, Haileybury College, Hertford; Mr. A. Abrahams, Bedford; Miss Constance Peel, Ebury Street, S.W.; and Mrs. A. M. Caccia, Hoshangabad, C.P., India. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.



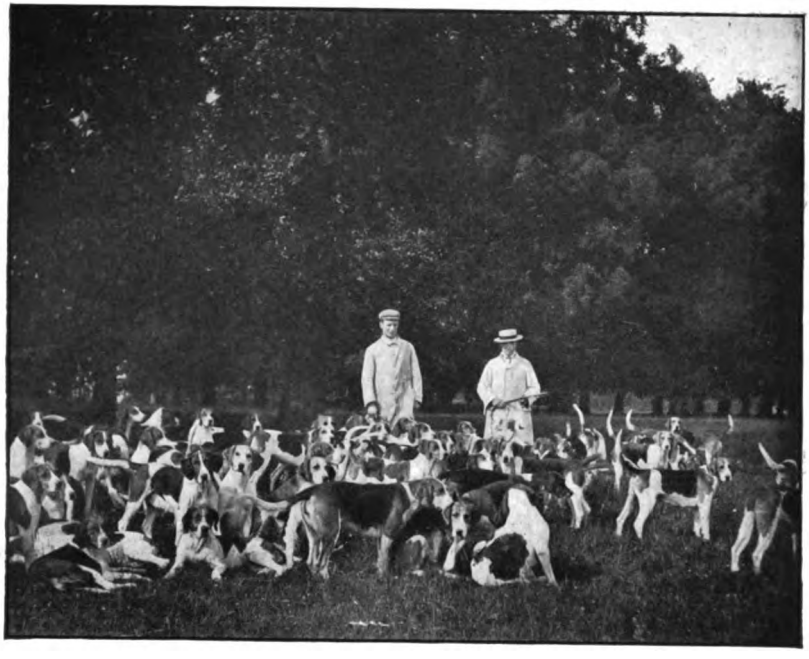
OFFICERS OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT AT HAMPTON COURT CHOOSING MOUNTS FOR THE CEREMONY OF THE RECEPTION OF LORD KITCHENER

Photograph by Miss E. S. Austin, Bishop's Waltham, Hants



SISUPI RACES, BASUTOLAND. AT THE STARTING-POST

Photograph by Major B. F B. Stuart, Ficksburg, O.R.C.

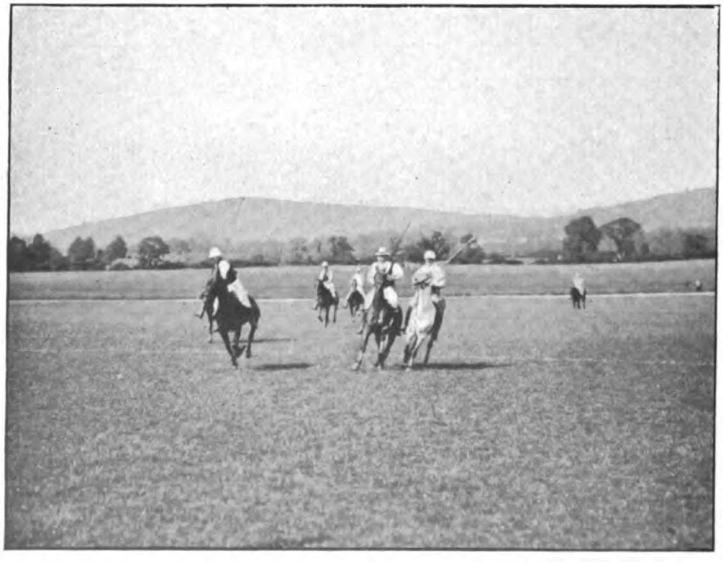


THE PYTCHLEY PACK IN ALTHORP PARK, NORTHAMPTON
Photograph by Mr. W. Neville Martin, Great Brington, Northampton

M.C.C. *v.* CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AT LORDS, JUNE 1902
J. W. Marsh, G. Howard-Smith, and H. C. McDonnell, in the foreground ; Lord Hawke, who was last out, immediately behind
Photograph by Captain William Savile, St. James's Place, S.W.

THE CHERITON OTTER-HOUNDS AT UMBERLEIGH. THE MASTER, MR. ARTHUR HEINEMANN, CROSSING A FORD WITH 'BINGO' IN HIS ARMS

Photograph by Mr. L. E. Cooke, Clapham, S.W.

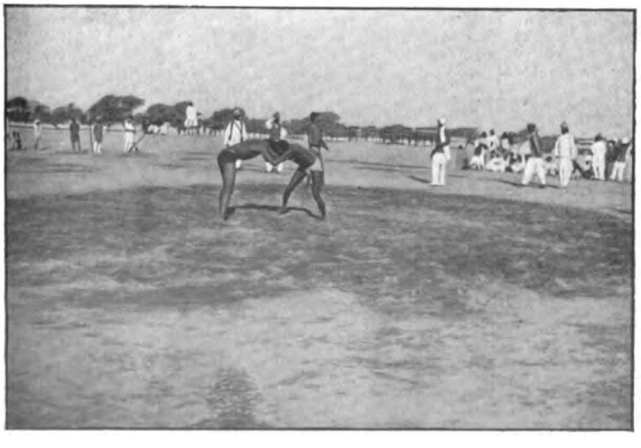


POLO AT CHELTENHAM

Photograph by Mr. W. Johnson, Cheltenham

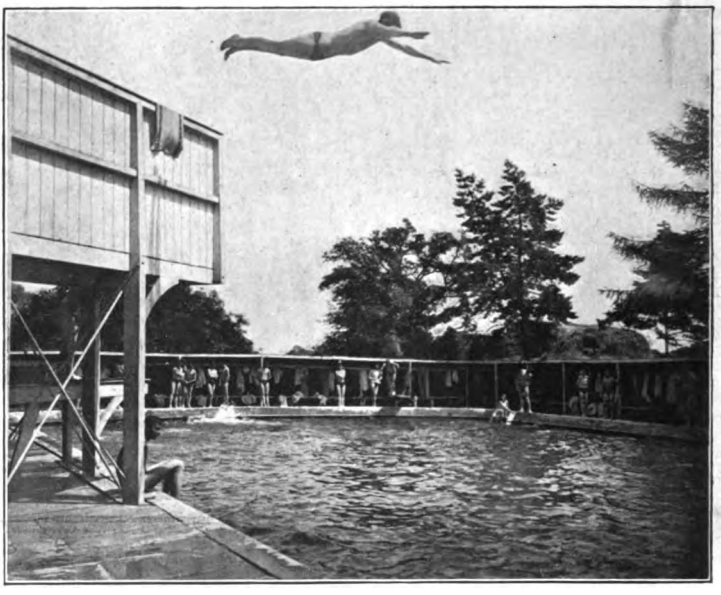
LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT AT NEWQUAY, CORNWALL

Photograph by Mr. H. L. Stevens, Watford, Herts



PUNJABI MAHOMEDANS OF THE 27TH BALUCH L.I. WRESTLING

Photograph by Captain W. M. Southey, Karachi, India

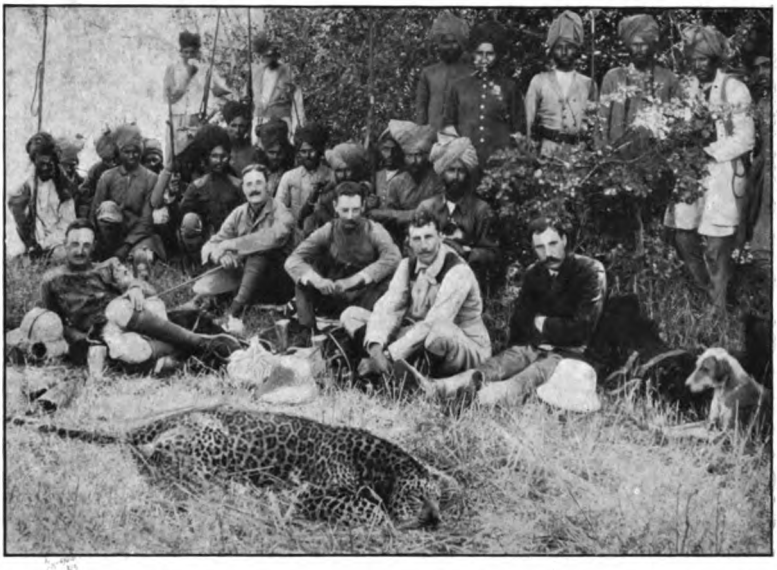


DIVING AT HAILEYBURY COLLEGE

Photograph by Mr. J. G. G. Birkett, Haileybury College, Hertford

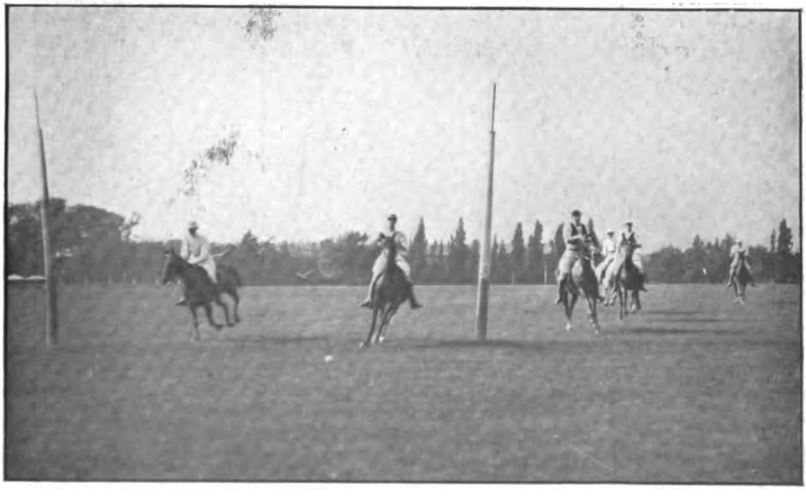
ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL SPORTS. HANDICAP HURDLE RACE. THE SCRATCH MAN

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Bedford



SHIKAR IN CENTRAL INDIA

Photograph by Risaldar Jaswant Singh, 2nd Central India Horse, Goona, C.I.

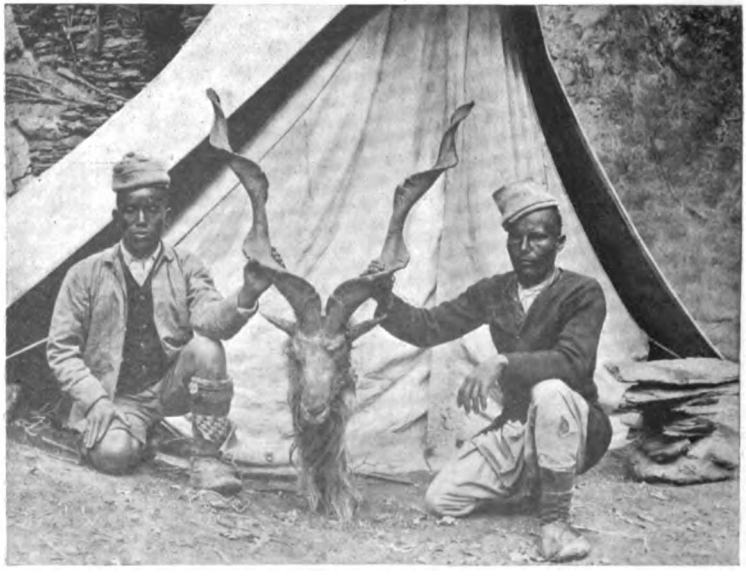


A GOAL

Photograph by Miss Constance Peel, Ebury Street, S.W.

SCARBOROUGH CRICKET FESTIVAL, 1901. VIEW FROM THE PAVILION DURING THE INTERVAL

Photograph by Mr. Russell Richardson, Scarborough



A MARKHOR HEAD WITH TWO SEPOYS OF THE 43RD GURKHAS

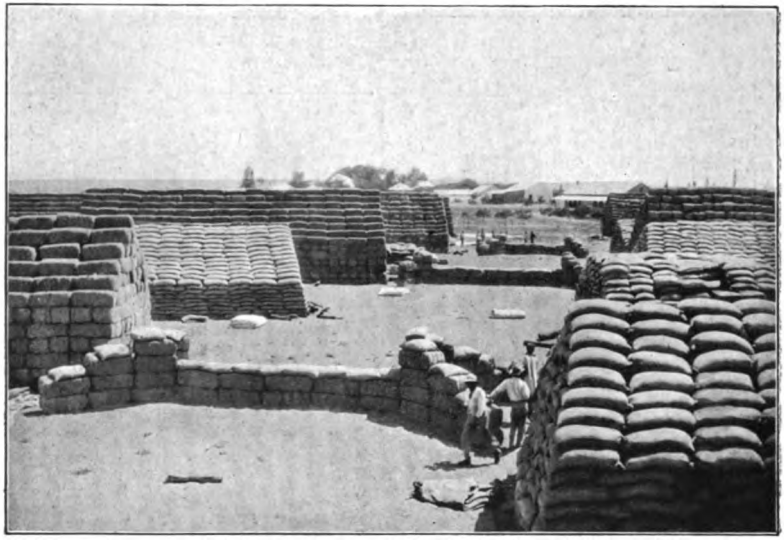
Photograph by Mr. E. R. Hayes Sadler, 43rd G.R., Drosh, Chitral

THE GREAT AUTOMOBILE RACE, PARIS TO VIENNA. A HALT NEAR INNSBRUCK TO RECHARGE

Photograph by Mr. R. E. Macdonald, Innsbruck

PLAYMATES

Photograph by Miss Cana Bacon, Earlstone, Newbury

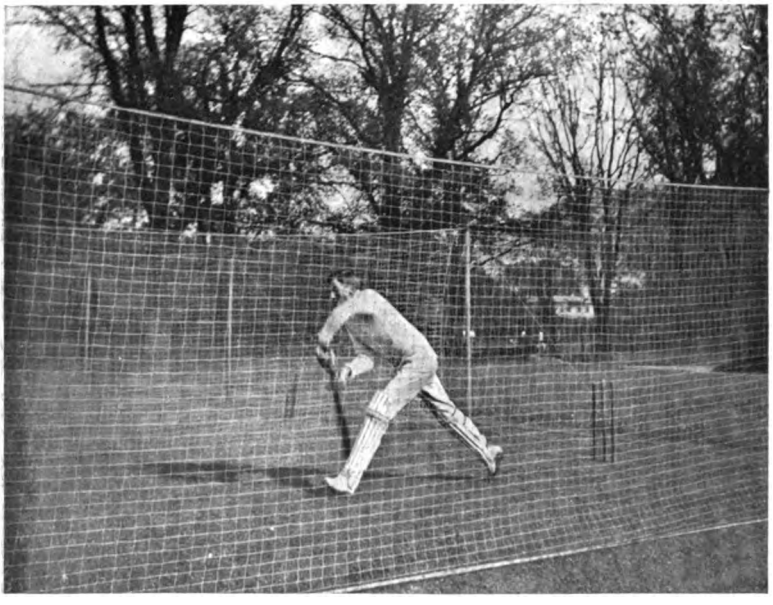


IMPROVISED STEEPLECHASE TRAINING-GROUND IN SUPPLY DEPÔT, MODDER RIVER

Photograph by Mr. A. U. Udal, Lieut. A.S. Corps, Vryburg

PIG-STICKING IN CENTRAL INDIA. PAYING BEATERS

Photograph by Mr. F. M. C. French, Lieut. R.H.A., Mhow



AT THE NETS ON THE CLARE COLLEGE GROUND, CAMBRIDGE
Photograph by Mr. F. W. H. Weaver, New Brighton, Cheshire

EARLY MORNING IN THE JUNGLES OF CENTRAL INDIA. TIGER DRINKING AT A POOL
Photograph by Mrs. A. M. Caccia, Hoshangabad, C.P., India

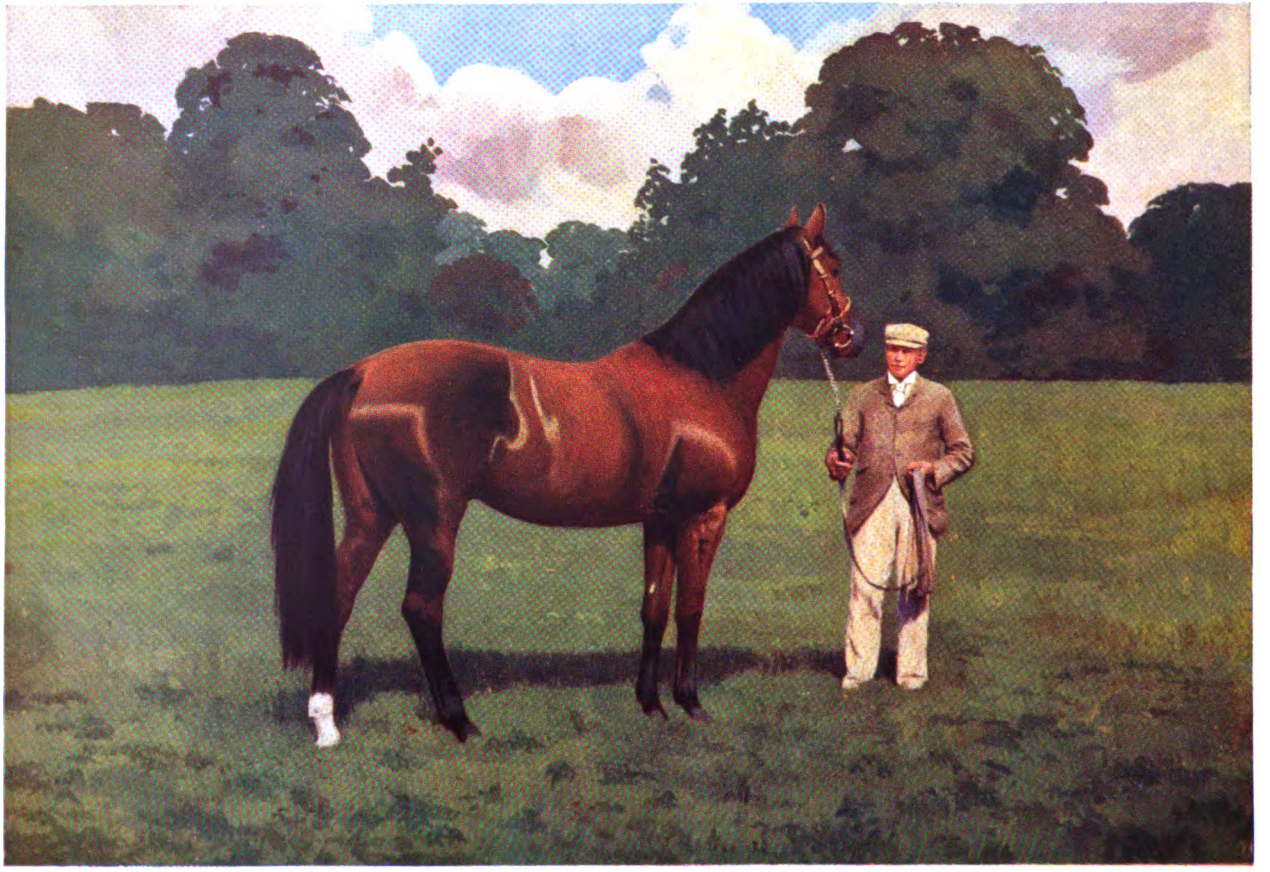
A FOUR-HORNED RAM. THIS RAM IS NOT A FREAK BUT BELONGS TO A DISTINCT BREED

Photograph by Mr. F. G. H. Philpot, Rifle Brigade, Kailana Depôt, N.W.P., India

AUSTRALIANS *v.* A SCOTLAND ELEVEN AT EDINBURGH. THE AUSTRALIANS COMING OUT TO FIELD

Photograph by Mr. J. T. Gwynne-Jones, Edinburgh

UNIV. OF MICH.



BEST MAN.

THE COLOURED PICTURES

BEST MAN, the son of Melton and Wedlock, is chosen for illustration as an example of an exceptionally good-looking horse. The colt was purchased for only 330 guineas at the sale of the Royal yearlings at Hampton Court in 1891. As a two-year-old he won four races in nine attempts, and at the beginning of his three-year-old career failed to distinguish himself; but Webb won the September Stakes at Sandown on him, and he followed this with the Great Eastern Handicap, the Great Tom Stakes at Lincoln, and wound up with the Derby Cup, which he carried off with the substantial burden of 8 st. 4 lb. in a field of twenty-four, Raeburn (who not long before had, in receipt of 10 lb., beaten Isinglass at Manchester) three lengths and a head behind with 9 st. on his back. As a four-year-old he won eight races out of nine, failing only at Lingfield, where he had bad luck. In the Queen's Prize at Kempton he gave the three-year-old Court Ball, who went on to Ascot and there won the Rous Memorial, no less than 3 st. 4 lb. and made a dead-heat of it, Webb declaring that if he had dared to wait two strides more he should just have won. The coveted July Cup was another of his victories. He gave his contemporary Buckingham 18 lb. and a beating at Ascot, and soon after Throstle had won the St. Leger easily beat her and Avington at Sandown. Taken over to Paris for the Prix du Conseil Municipal he beat Callistrate and eleven others for the £4000 'Grand Prix d'Automne,' as it is called. Next year he was second for the Cambridgeshire with 9 st., and with the same weight comfortably carried off the Old Cambridgeshire. He now stands at Mr. McIntyre's, Threakston Hall, Bedale. His son, Fancy Man, won the Prince Edward Handicap of £1670 at Manchester last year, beating Royal George, who was giving 2 lb. 'The American Grouse Family' need not be described at length, as the bird has been already discussed in these pages. Readers are aware that various birds are called grouse in the United States, all of them differing widely from the grouse of these islands. 'Tacking' and 'An Archery Meeting' also speak for themselves.

BADMINTON 'NOTÂ BENE'

NOTHING can make up to the shooter for the lack of a 'straight eye' and for obliviousness of the fact that he has to aim, not at the bird, but at the place where the bird will be when the shot reaches it; nor can anything compensate to the golfer for absence of swing and for the presence of the faults and weaknesses which make for foozling. That much is certain; but it is a vastly important matter, nevertheless, to ensure perfect freedom of action, and no one who has not actually tried Burberry's 'Free-Stroke Pivot Sleeve Coat' can possibly guess to what extent he has hitherto been hampered without any suspicion that he had been undergoing restraint. The writer speaks from an experience which fairly surprised him. He had declared that the Burberry Gabardine he had shot in for years did not drag or restrain him in the least, and assuredly had never felt that it did. 'But do try this coat all the same,' was the reply; and the trial rendered it simply ridiculous to think of shooting, fishing, or playing golf in any other garment. Messrs. Burberry are, indeed, wonderful people, for every article of attire they turn out seems to have been devised by an expert who has found out for himself just what is wanted and in which particular the clothes of the ordinary tailor fail. The material the Gabardines are made of is really a great invention, for they are not stuffy and provocative of perspiration like the mackintosh, they are not air-proof, in fact, and they are waterproof, far more so than any compound of india-rubber that can be found. Comparatively young as motoring is, Messrs. Burberry have already hit upon several ideas, the carrying out of which adds greatly to comfort and convenience.

To speak casually of a really great work seems opposed to the eternal fitness of things, but the new volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* are mentioned here simply because this is the last page of the Magazine that has not gone to press. It is, of course, understood the Editors have spared no pains to find the best of all possible contributors, and being exceedingly competent editors they may be assumed to have succeeded. They have striven for catholicity, not, indeed, before all else, but in an exceptional degree, and lovers of sport will find that they have been specially considered.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

IT will be heard with great and general satisfaction that Lord Rosebery's colours are to be seen again. His yearlings are to be trained by Blackwell and Percy Peck, who at the time of writing are, I am told, about to toss up for first choice. 'Blackwell will win the toss,' my informant prophetically observed, but whether he has, or will, I do not know. The scene at Epsom when Ladas won the Derby bore the most eloquent testimony to the fact that no colours could be more popular than the 'primrose, rose hoops,' and every lover of the Turf will hope that there may be another Kermesse among the fillies. Her two-year-old record stands out brilliantly. The Stanley Stakes at Epsom served to introduce her to a race-course, and she won easily, her remaining five outings being the New Stakes, the July, the Richmond, the Champagne and the Middle Park, all of which she won, Tom Cannon up, except the Richmond, in which she failed by a head to give Dutch Oven 4 lb. But for the wretchedly bad luck of splitting both her pasterns (which Joseph Cannon with extraordinary patience and skill patched up again) she must inevitably have had a great three-year-old career, for she was doubtless a vastly better mare than Bonny Jean, who won the Oaks in 1883. Lord Rosebery also ran Ettare that year, and she finished third. The owner of another animal in the race, a story ran, complained of his filly having been nearly knocked over by Ettare, to which Lord Rosebery replied: 'It is no good starting two unless you make *some* use of the second string!' Velasquez rather went to pieces after his successful first appearances, but he came together again sufficiently to win the Princess of Wales's Stakes as a three-year-old and the Eclipse as a four, closely attended by his stable companion Chelàndry—winner of the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown, the richest two-year-old

prize of the season. I hope that below the names of these in the lists of winners may occur Jolly Beggar, Gloriana, Rosalba, Sisterlike, Catscradle, Lely, and others destined to carry the hoops.

There can never well be a more exciting cricket match than that which took place between the Universities in 1870. In the second innings, many readers will remember, Oxford at a certain period wanted only 25 to win, with 7 wickets to fall. Disaster set in, good wickets went; presently the state of the case was 2 to tie, 3 to win, and 3 wickets to fall. Fall they did, owing to the prowess of Cobden, without any addition to the score. But, after all, a Test Match between England and Australia is a vastly bigger affair than Oxford *v.* Cambridge, and the match at Manchester will live in cricket history as no less thrilling than the famous battle of the Blues. Australia had made 299 in their first innings, and at the start of the English batting everything went wrong. The old saying that 'a match is never lost until it is won' seemed merely a mockery; but Mr. Jackson and Braund put a new aspect on the game with their 128 and 65, so that to the Australians' 299 England replied with 262; a wonderful recovery, considering that Abel (6), Mr. L. C. H. Palairet (6), Mr. MacLaren (1), and Ranjitsinhji (2) had gone for an average of under 4. But the strange thing was that Australia next time made so wretched an exhibition that, apart from Messrs. Gregory and Darling's 24 and 37, eight Colonial wickets fell for an average of under 3! England wanted only 124 to win, and with such a team that looked a very simple matter. And we began well; 80 to win and all 10 wickets in hand was the comfortable state of affairs at one time, and we forgot the old adage just quoted. It really seemed a certainty. Men thronged to the tape at one of my clubs, and as they came up vented joyful exclamations, 'It's all right this time!' 'Well, these fellows are surely good for a bit more than about half a dozen a head!' and so on; but Trumble, Saunders, and the weather were too much: 7 wickets fell for an average of a shade over *half* half a dozen, and Australia by 3 runs won the match!

The rain was bad luck; bad judgment did the rest, and Mr. A. C. MacLaren—a contributor, highly valued it need hardly be said, to this magazine—cannot look back with

satisfaction on his discrimination as Captain. He made two prominent mistakes—in the first place, to play Ranjitsinhji, who was incapacitated by the recent accident to his leg, and in the second place not to have given Lockwood an earlier chance. The latter was an error of judgment which may be considered pardonable, but to play a lame man was manifestly a blunder. To the score of 382 Ranjitsinhji contributed only 6, the lowest figure of all, and he was, of course, sorely hampered in the field. A man must be fit and well to play cricket, and especially to play it against such an eleven as the Australians. It is true that anybody who had been chosen in his place might have failed to come off, but failure was a certainty for a man with an injured leg. The weather completed the mischief, and so, when it appeared for once that England could not be beaten, beaten she was by this narrowest of margins.

Goodwood did not greatly enlighten us about the two year-olds, for it was known that the King's colt Mead could gallop at a great pace if he cared to do so. 'He can win easily if he likes to try,' Mr. Arthur James, who, being in the stable, is in a position to know, informed me before the race, and, as Mead did like, he won easily. But the cart is always waiting, as the metaphor runs, and animals like Mead constantly put their confiding supporters into it. Another thing we ascertained is that Flotsam had scarcely been overrated. I learned from a friend who has horses in Blackwell's stable that the son of St. Frusquin and Float had not been regularly tried, but had gone so well in more or less rough gallops that a high opinion was entertained of him ; and yet as a yearling he was so small and unpromising that Sir Daniel Cooper had scant hopes of him. It was very unfortunate that he failed in the Rous Memorial, for true as it may be that excuses about beaten horses are usually to be accepted with much hesitation and doubt, Halsey, who rode Tippler, the winner, told me that his colt jumped across Flotsam at the start and badly interfered with him ; though against the idea that the latter is anything very wonderful must be set Mr. Arthur Coventry's opinion that the pace just after the start was exceptionally poor, and a very speedy animal might well have had time to recover from the effects of the interference. Rabelais certainly took a long time to beat Skyscraper in the Prince of Wales' Stakes ; and as the latter had been beaten by Hammerkop, and Hammerkop in turn

by Mead, those who had set down Rabelais as perhaps the best of his year were somewhat shaken in their faith.

Rock Sand will, I suppose, come out for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. The not quite satisfactory exhibition of Rabelais seems to leave Sir James Miller's colt at the head of affairs, hardly as any one may have imagined that a son of Sainfoin, a sire who has so little to his credit, would have stood them; but then he is also a son of Roquebrune. It was rather a case of the angel unawares when this colt came out in the Bedford Two Year Old Stakes last May. There were eight starters; '2 to 1 against Mixed Powder, and 3 to 1 against Arabi and the Fledgling filly' is the record in the *Racing Calendar*, but it goes on to say, 'Won by three lengths'; and Rock Sand was the winner. The Woodcote, Coventry, and Chesterfield Stakes followed: a bad horse seldom wins either of these, and to win all three it must be a strange thing if the horse is not a good one. Of Baroness La Flèche, who made so hard a fight with the colt at Ascot, very ugly rumours were current at Goodwood, but since then I see she has resumed work. If such a misfortune as the collapse of this filly occurred, I expect that, with no little respect for Quintessence, we shall wind up the season regarding Lavello as the best of her age and sex. Her owner, Mr. Houldsworth, is not at all a sanguine man, but when we were discussing the daughter of Ladas and La Flèche after she had created so marked an impression by winning the Acorn Stakes —not a very remarkable achievement in itself, but noteworthy because she merely did in handsome style just what she had been expected to do—he quietly observed, 'But I shall be alongside her before the year is over!' Before these Notes are published the Gimcrack Stakes will be over and I expect she will have been returned the winner. Whether Martinet will have been seen or whether he will wait for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and oppose Rock Sand and Flotsam, I do not know, but not a little is expected from him.

Few temptations are harder to resist than that of commenting on the flight of time, and, in referring to the Leger, remarking that it seems only a few weeks ago since Doricles so unexpectedly beat Volodyovski on the Doncaster Town Moor. Another Leger is upon us, however, or will be when these pages

appear. At the time of writing it is some five weeks ahead; but still, unless some of the animals that are intended to run break down or come to grief, it is not hard to guess at the probable runners. I anticipate about a dozen starters. All being well, Sceptre is one, and the Irish St. Brendan another. Ard Patrick seems to be gone, but I suppose Port Blair will have a try for their owner. Fowling-piece's labours will be continued. Cup Bearer and Friar Tuck, possibly Flying Lemur also, are likely to represent Kingsclere. Rising Glass will be at the post, assuming that his Spring superiority to Glass Jug remains. Cheers, if he has stood meantime, is another runner. Neither Snowberry nor Mountain Daisy is at present arranged to carry Prince Soltykoff's pink jacket: they may yet redeem their two-year-old promise, but have been sad disappointments up to now. Lancewood was actually fancied for the Goodwood Cup; he certainly stays, and so may be sent to take his chance. Royal Lancer is a probable starter I am told, most unlikely as it is that he will stay. Princesimmon might go on the very off-chance that brought a former occupant of the Kingsclere stable—Throstle—so astonishingly to the front, beating Match Box who was reckoned at home 21 lb. her superior. Though Joshua was very far behind Fowling-piece in the Spring and early summer, the former has apparently advanced while the latter has deteriorated, so that Lord Ellesmere might run, and there may be a second runner from Egerton House or a substitute for Cheers if all is not right with him.

The one thing St. Brendan has done which gives any idea of his capacity to the English student of form is beating Port Blair, and I am not sure that this gives very much idea, because Port Blair may not have been at his best after his journey, nor, indeed, does it seem quite clear what that best at present signifies. I am told that St. Brendan is 'sure to win,' but, dear me! how very often I have heard that about horses who have been very badly beaten! I shall not believe in St. Brendan winning at Doncaster until I have seen him do it, no matter how fervently I am assured that he is the 'best horse they have had in Ireland for years.' A son of Hackler does not at all appeal to me as a probable Leger winner. Of Fowling-piece I had at one time great hopes, but they are now entirely dissipated. If he had not gone for his races at Ascot, Lingfield, and Goodwood he would have lost £700 or £800 secured at the

first-named place, but his prospects, I am convinced, would have been vastly brighter, and his chance for the last of the three £10,000 events, the Jockey Club Stakes, an excellent one. My belief is that Sceptre will win the Leger. That she stays can hardly be doubted by any one who saw the style in which she gave 17 lb. to, and cantered away from, the Prisoner—Simoon filly in the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood. She is a wonderful mare, for she thrives on work which would be fatal to success in ninety-nine horses out of a hundred. She has run no fewer than ten races this year, won five of them, and been second for two others, and if she is in the humour to win on the 10th, I fully expect to see her do so, with the best of the Kingsclere horses in the first three.

The man who has the luck to go North and shoot grouse will have had three weeks of it before these pages are issued, and, so soon does one become accustomed to the work in hand, will find it hard to realise that less fortunate South-country sportsmen are only now about to get out their guns and start operations. So far as I have been able to ascertain these men will be wise who do not expect much, because then they will not be disappointed. If ever there was a spring and summer when talking about the weather was excusable it has been during this present year of grace. Just as the little partridges came into the world down fell the rain in frequent torrents; while the grouse were sitting snow descended in sheets; and in all directions I hear of disappointment in the matter of pheasants—victims, poor fluffy little infants, of an inverted climate. Many of us watched them in the early summer as they darted about around their coops, and timorously hid behind a weed when one approached, thinking how speedily the fluff would develop into feather, their tails would grow, and they would become birds; but they, too, many of them, have vanished from the face of the earth. Multitudes, indeed, never even became fluff. I am afraid to say how many hundreds of eggs the manager of a great shooting estate told me he had seen in one melancholy heap. Of course, in some districts things may turn out better than there now seems reason to hope, but I fear there is no chance of it being anything but a very bad shooting season. The campaign against the grouse has not quite opened at the time of writing. I only trust the news of them will not be what there seems too much cause to expect.

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The Badminton Magazine

MASTERS OF THEIR ARTS

X. RUGBY FOOTBALL

BY F. H. B. CHAMPAIN AND E. G. N. NORTH

To obtain a clear idea of the recent changes and developments which have marked the onward march of Rugby football, it is really necessary to carry oneself back to the end of the 'eighties and the early 'nineties, when the four three-quarter system of play, having its origin in Wales, began to spread to England, Scotland, and Ireland.

This change from three to four three-quarters is the fundamental change which has had the effect of causing a revolution in the Rugby game, a revolution both sudden and effective in the land of its birth, but slow and with uneven results in the countries of its adoption : for dependent upon the main change have been the numerous small changes, which in Wales for the most part appeared simultaneously, yet in England, Scotland, and Ireland have made exceedingly slow progress. We trust then that it will not be uninteresting to our readers if we note briefly the effect that the main change has had upon forward play, and half-back play; why it has taken so

long to become a successful form of attack in English football especially; to inquire into its prospects of forming a permanent feature in Rugby football; and to conclude by offering some suggestions to young players.

We hold that it is impossible to judge accurately of the football of a country by international matches. The excitement and anxiety which affect players in these matches, as well as the fact that the teams have little or no chance of real uniformity so essential to a team playing a successful game, render these contests no criterion as to the true standard of the football in a country.

Of course there have been brilliant exceptions to this, for finer football has scarcely ever been witnessed than that played by the famous Scotch team of 1900–1901, and the Welsh teams of 1895 and 1899–1900; but these are exceptions, and we must turn to first-class club football to find the full effects produced by the change.

We are here encountered by an amazing fact. In the last eight years there have hardly been more successes over Welsh club teams than it is possible to count on the fingers of one's hands. This is perhaps a slight exaggeration, and we refer, of course, to the leading Welsh clubs only, where Rugby football is to be found in its most highly developed condition. Time after time splendid teams representing Blackheath, teams invincible in England, have gone down before the Cardiff and Newport fifteens; the Universities have fared no better; and it is only in the last year or two that the Gloucester, Bristol, and Devonport Albion teams have begun to meet with success against their Welsh neighbours—even now, indeed, they look upon a draw as equivalent to a victory.

May we dwell for a moment upon this point, and ask the reasons for this extraordinary success of Welsh club football over English club football. The causes we believe to be: first, that Welshmen bring more headwork into their play than Englishmen, Irishmen, or Scotchmen. The lessons they have had to learn from their own masters, like Arthur Gould, whom we still hold to be the finest exponent of the new game that the world has ever seen, and the lessons they have had to learn in forward work and tackling from Scotland, Ireland, and England, they have learnt quickly and adapted to their own game; while in England the old traditions have lingered too long, the heavy 'pondering,' if we may be allowed to call it so, forward game has outstayed itself, and the four three-quarter

passing game has proved itself a truly difficult lesson to be acquired. In teams where it is much indulged in it is too automatic, too stereotyped, too slow, too innocent of headwork, to be effective. The second reason we would urge is that more time is devoted to the practice of the game in Wales than amongst club teams in England ; players give up their evenings to practising formations in scrimmaging, to passing at quaint angles, and to gymnastic exercises that shall keep their bodies in the right condition for the game.

We were talking quite recently to a player famed in football for scrimmaging, and he told us that whatever the advantages and improvements which the four three-quarter system had introduced might be, yet it certainly had not had the effect of making the packing of the scrimmage easier. The change from nine forwards to eight forwards gave rise, he said, even in the best teams, to some most curious looking formations ; and there can be no doubt that as an effective wedge for shoving purposes it is very difficult to make eight forwards as symmetrical, and therefore as effective, in working as would be the case if there were either nine forwards or six. We do not know how far this feeling, that eight is not the right number to form a pack, is generally held by Rugby footballers, so that we cannot venture to predict a change in this respect, but we would be so bold as to say that should nine ever be the recognised number of scrimmagers again, it will mean that a team consists of sixteen players and not fifteen, for we are of those that believe that four three-quarters have become essential to the game. True, for a long time experts thought that the old system was best ; that with nine good forwards overrunning the opposing eight it mattered little if the opposing side had an extra three-quarter, and no fault could be found with the theory if in practice nine forwards could be found completely to overwhelm eight for a whole game ; but if this superiority were not overwhelming, if the opposing eight being perhaps a little quicker with their feet were able to heel the ball out immediately to their three-quarters, in which case the ball was found in the hands of five opposing three-quarters skilled in the art of passing and attack—for the four three-quarter system has always been equivalent to five in attack with one half to feed them—then this numerical superiority in the scrimmage became obviously inadequate.

The pioneers of the new game in Wales had carefully considered the matter, and the forward evolved by the new style of

play was one that heeled quickly back from the scrimmage. The authorities in England, for the reason cited above, after much careful consideration, deemed it advisable to make the alteration, and with this alteration came the modification of forward tactics. The change, now universally accepted, gave rise at the time to a prolonged and heated controversy.

The first change then we notice in the forward play is the introduction of heeling tactics, which were made in order to open up the game. What an effect this has had upon the pace of the game! The old scrimmages were magnificent, and we regret their absence, but there is something more exhilarating in the short swift scrimmage of the present day; the hard shoving has still to be part and parcel of a successful pack, but it is not of the long duration it used to be. The rules of the game to-day admit of no waiting. The scrimmage waits for no man. Now the man who is collared has to drop and play the ball at once; the man who falls to save has to be up immediately, because there also is the scrimmage; in fact, wherever the ball is for a moment neutral there is the scrimmage, but not the scrimmage of necessarily pack against pack, but only of those who happen to be well up.

Another very interesting dependent change has been the development, for the main part as a defensive measure, of the screwing or wheeling tactics adopted by forwards.

We remember feeling sadly dejected one afternoon about six years ago, and, accordingly, as is our custom in the winter months on such occasions when it is possible, we wended our way to the nearest football match, where the London Scottish happened to be one of the contending sides. We shall never forget the effect that their splendid forward play had on us. They were not strong behind that day, their outsides were continually losing ground, and they were opposed by a strong team; but again and again that afternoon did their brilliant forwards save them by screwing from their own goal line, breaking up on the moment, and dashing down the field, dribbling and shouting the while, to be at length brought up by their opponents' fine defensive play, and to lose their ground again as soon as they endeavoured to complete their attack with the aid of their outsides. It was indeed exhilarating play.

The opening up of the game for the backs by the adoption of the four three-quarter system has led to the opening up of the game for forward play also, for these wheeling tactics count but little unless the pack loosens itself the moment that success

has attended a screw. Smartness in heeling, smartness in screwing, smartness in breaking up on the turn of the screw, are nowadays the stamp of a fine forward team ; and not these alone, but quickness in handling and passing the ball, quickness in opening out fan-shaped when the ball is once in the loose, are features of good football amongst forwards. Sometimes this conversion, as it were in a moment, of a whole team into a three-quarter line is spoken of as a feature entirely recent, but we well remember witnessing the famous English team of 1893 at Blackheath indulging in some brilliant passing, sometimes as many as ten or eleven different players handling the ball in one bout, in a manner which must have been alarming to such masters of the art as Gould and Dauncey who were opposed to it that afternoon. But though this form of play, in which every forward for the time being takes upon himself the *rôle* of a three-quarter, is not entirely novel, and in Welsh football it is to be traced from the birth of the modern game, yet it is certainly a feature the value of which has risen rapidly in the estimation of footballers during the last year or two. The Scottish team of the season before last certainly owed much of their success to the manner in which all their forwards gave and took passes in the loose, and to the rapidity with which the scrimmagers broke up from the back for defensive purposes and spread out to tackle ; for nowadays there seems this mutual understanding between forwards and three-quarters, so wanting in the old style of play, that if the former are allowed to participate in passing they must also assist the latter in defence, by spreading as rapidly across the field the moment that their opposing halves have successfully opened up the play for their three-quarters.

As we write we read that the law which allowed forwards to hold their feet up in the scrimmage before the ball was put in, a law which has been liable to much abuse, has tended to slacken the pace of the game, and was itself only introduced a year or two back, has been rescinded. We do not doubt that footballers and referees will hail its abolition with joy.

And if a new type of forward is discernible as the result of the progress of the game in the last decade, so also has the half-back had partially to change his coat. Very quick with his feet as of yore he has also nowadays to be quicker with his hands than the quickest three-quarter. In attack, with his forwards controlling the ball and heeling, he is alone, for then

his partner drops back to be in touch with his three-quarters, pitted against his two opposing halves who are hovering above him waiting for the moment the ball shall reveal itself. The moment is not long in coming, the ball comes back clean from the scrimmage, it is swung out in one motion swift and low to the half-back standing back, and the swifter the pass the greater the opportunities of the half-back to break through: a fine sight this swing out from the scrimmager's heels, so typical of the new style, so different from anything else in the game, one motion only; but upon that motion depends the success of a three-quarter line. A tenth of a second's hesitation and the opportunity has passed.

The half-back has become more than ever the pivot upon which turns the success of the aggressive tactics of the outsides.

The tendency of half-backs, whose forwards have lost the ball in the scrimmage, is to violate the rules of the game by adopting offside tactics in their endeavours to prevent the swing out to the opposing three-quarters, and in the West of England we have seen game after game, reckoned to be first-class, spoilt entirely both from a spectator's and player's point of view by the leniency of referees in this matter. Would that they would be more firm in this respect, for constant violation of the rule of off-side in half-back play makes a game a scramble, and scrambling is without its most pleasing features on a football field. We refer, of course, only to defending half-backs who have overrun the ball, but who make no attempt to regain their right side, and who linger round their opposing half before the ball comes to him. The loss of England's match against Wales this season at Blackheath brings home to us forcibly the folly of such methods with a really competent referee.

Concerning the full-back of quite modern times, we have noticed that more account is taken of his kicking and fielding powers than of his tackling powers, and we hold that the new style of play is responsible for this. The full-back has certainly not the amount of actual tackling to do that he used to have; and it is as certain that in 1880 Tristram would have been chosen in preference to Bancroft, as that in 1900 Bancroft would have been chosen in preference to Tristram.

Finally, before we conclude with our suggestions to young players, we would note that the tendency of the new system of play is, that while it enhances the value of combination it is less likely to produce the really great individual player, and,

with the exception of Arthur Gould, we conjure not with names as we did with those of Bolton, Robertshaw, M'Clagan, Stoddart and Valentine.

HINTS TO YOUNG PLAYERS.

Two pieces of general advice may be given to all young players irrespective of their position in the field. 'Play hard' and 'Play with your heads.' In that dismal *débâcle* at the Rectory Field in March 1901, apart from the brilliant display of the Scotch three-quarters, the most serious factor in the defeat of England was the weakness and want of determination in the defensive play. When a Scotchman tackled an Englishman he brought him to the ground, whereas the Englishmen as often as not, even when they got fairly up to their opponents, merely touched them and let them go on their way rejoicing. Roughness is one thing, and a thing to be avoided; vigour is quite another, and of that there cannot be too much. Again, last January in the match against Wales, it was more than anything else the skilful way in which the Welsh halves changed their methods and hoodwinked their opponents which lost England the match—the Welsh halves played with their heads, the English played like automata. And so such advice as follows must always be used with this reservation—that the violation of a recognised method is often the best way to gain the desired end.

PASSING.

Scientific combination is to-day the keystone of success; no individual play, however brilliant, can hope in the long run to defeat a team of mediocrities all playing into each other's hands. The first point, therefore, to insist on, is accuracy in giving and taking passes, for which assiduous practice is necessary. Remember always that passing is a means to an end and not an end in itself. Merely to get rid of the ball to another player is not in itself a commendable action; it becomes one when by so doing that other player is enabled to score a try or to gain ground. The player who expects a pass *must keep behind* the player who has the ball. The vital importance of this principle is so obvious that it sounds like a truism, and yet over and over again is it violated even in an England Fifteen. All passes should be hard and low (to aim at a man's waist is not a bad plan), and they should be given and taken when both players

are running their hardest ; for the difference in tackling a man already on the go, and one who only gets up his pace after he has received the pass, is simply incalculable. Lobbing passes are worse than useless, to pass slow and high is to court disaster and make success impossible. The player who has the ball must not get it tucked up under one arm, but should carry it rather in both hands. It is easier to aim accurately and throw hard, and the ball can be sent to right or left at will without giving the opposing side any clue as to his intentions. Before passing make sure of using up at least one of your opponents by drawing him to you and away from your *confrère* so as to prevent him bringing off a double *coup*. The psychological moment for passing is *just before* you are tackled, but better too soon than too late, and under no circumstances should you wait to give the pass till an opponent has his hands on you, for this tends to make the pass erratic and inaccurate, and also prevents you from immediately backing up and being ready for a pass back.

TACKLING.

Always tackle low and hard. There are various opinions as to which is the best place to go for a man, some say just below, and others just above, the knees. We rather favour the former, but the knees or thereabouts is a fairly safe place to aim at. Never go at a man higher than his waist unless for some special reason you want to smother man and ball and see your way to do it by going high. Make sure of bringing him to the ground : half and half measures are useless. Do not wait for the man to come to you, but throw yourself at him as hard as you can. You will find that you can cover a wonderful amount of ground with a dive at the man's legs, and the impetus will almost inevitably bring him to the ground. Avoid looking at a man's head ; if you do you will very likely be put off by feints and dodges. The best plan is to fix your eyes on the place which you intend to grip and look at nothing else.

THE THREE-QUARTERS.

In Attack.

The three-quarters should stand in such a position behind each other diagonally—an interval of six to eight yards is a pretty safe one—that they can all begin to run simultaneously the moment the ball leaves the scrimmage, and so be in position,

each in his turn, to take their passes without having to check their speed at all. All three-quarters, and especially centres, should run as straight down the ground as possible towards the opponents' goal. To run thirty yards across the ground, dodging antagonists as you go, may look stylish and effective, but it is entirely useless and often actually loses ground. If you do this you may at once dispense with at least one three-quarter, for at the very best your wing will be driven on to the touch-line and be practically out of play. As a rule, the centre should pass out to the wing nearest him, but passing back to the other centre is frequently advantageous, or even passing right across the ground to the far wing. Anything rather than be stereotyped. If you always adopt the same manœuvre any decent team ought to be able to checkmate you every time. Another very effective method of attack, one which is far too little tried in England, is punting high, either straight down or across the ground, and following up. This is always bewildering to the defending side, who seldom or never score by it, whilst it keeps the ball loose and gives your own side a chance of scoring which would otherwise be denied them. Of course, for the success of what we may call 'irregular tactics,' practice is required, and all the team must be on the alert for such developments.

In Defence.

In defensive play the three-quarters should keep as nearly parallel to the ball as possible. Whereas in attack you can hardly stand too far back, in defence, short of being off-side, you can hardly stand too far up. Each member of the three-quarter line should mark his own man, and the moment the ball leaves the scrimmage and the attack begins make straight at him, and if he gets the ball bring him down. Never mind anybody else's man, put your own *vis-à-vis* out of action and you have done your duty. Promptness and vigour are absolutely essential. The moment you have successfully disposed of your man, if he has managed to get rid of the ball, you must be off and after another opponent; but, of course, your ideal should be to get man and ball together. In defence kick whenever you get the chance, always remembering that a twenty yards kick which ends in touch is more valuable than a forty yards kick which falls in play in one of your opponent's hands.

HALF-BACKS.

In Attack.

The half-backs really form the pivot of the whole game. To them, more than to any one else, belongs the opening out of the attack for their own side, and the chance of suppressing aggressive tactics in their opponents. In attack the regular plan now is for one half, and usually the same one, to work the scrimmage whilst the other stands nearly straight behind him, from four to six yards away. The half who is taking the scrimmage should be well up to his forwards' feet, and the moment the ball comes out gather it and pass it *in one motion* to his *confrère*. The secret of success, as in wicket-keeping or fielding at cricket, lies in just this combined action. To first gather and then pass loses that fraction of a second which makes all the difference between first- and second-class play.

Having made this initial pass the half's further movements will, of course, depend on how the game develops. As we have said before, the play should not be stereotyped. When occasion offers, the half who is taking the scrimmage may break through himself, or pass right across the ground to the wing, or when the scrimmage is fairly near touch to the three-quarter on the blind side. Any such change in method necessarily implies, as in the case of the three-quarters, that the players know each other and are on the alert. Every half-back must be able to pass with equal strength and accuracy to either side, and this is not a gift which comes to most players naturally.

Defensive Play.

In defence the halves must be prepared for hard work and distasteful work. When the opposing side get the ball they should keep nearly parallel to it in its backward course through the scrimmage, and the moment it comes out should *both* hurl themselves on their opponent who is taking the scrimmage. Theoretically this leaves one man unmarked except by the back, but practically it will be found that by the time the ball has got to the wing—if it ever does get there—the halves will have been able to get across in time. In this tackling, again, quickness is absolutely essential, just as essential as in attack.

If the attack to be defeated is made by the forwards the halves must be prepared to throw themselves on the ground to

get the ball. No attempt to get it with the feet, or to pick it up, is likely to be successful against forwards who know their business; the one and only way is to compel them, so to speak, to pass over your body. This requires a certain amount of nerve, and in doing it a half should be careful to have his head *bent away* from the feet of the forwards; in fact, to put himself in semicircular form as nearly as may be. Of course, if the forwards kick hard the half can pick the ball up and punt into touch, and every half should cultivate the short, sharp punt made with players only a yard or so away.

FORWARDS.

A good forward must always bear in mind that neither in attack nor defence is his work done till a try has been scored on one side or the other. He must be perpetually on the move. If his side is being pressed he must be incessantly dashing back to help in the tackling and saving, and it is really marvellous what saves a forward can sometimes effect. 'Varsity players of 1890 will not readily forget W. E. Bromet's performance as the *deus ex machinâ* when disaster seemed inevitable. If his side is attacking he should be well up on the chance of getting a stray pass.

Following Up.

Forwards should always follow as hard as possible. True, nine times out of ten no very striking success is scored, but it is apt to flurry a back and also to curtail his kick if eight forwards are pounding down at him as hard as they can. They should not all run exactly to the spot where the ball will fall, but spread out fanwise across the ground in order still further to circumscribe the opponent's space.

Loose Play.

When the ball is loose the forwards should be in two lines at least, so that if the ball be overrun by the first contingent it may be taken on by the second, and the original first line will follow up behind. Individual dribbling is seldom dangerous, but eight forwards keeping the ball well at their feet tax the resources of any defence pretty highly. Practice is absolutely necessary. At Oxford some ten years ago it was our custom to have little games of 'soccer—four forwards a side, and only dribbling allowed; and it was astonishing with what certainty

one got to predict the amazing angles at which a Rugby ball will bounce, and how soon one acquired the art of short and accurate foot-passing—an art which is hardly sufficiently cultivated nowadays.

Hand Passing.

Another very dangerous form of forward attack is the short, rapid hand-to-hand passing. For this the forwards should be nearly abreast, with a not greater interval between them than a yard or two, and the ball should change hands like lightning. We have yet to see the team which can stop this attack when once it is fairly going.

Out of Touch.

Lining out of touch will depend on the position. If you are near your own goal-line—ten to twenty yards away—it is generally advisable to have a five yards scrimmage and not throw the ball out at all. If you are in the neighbourhood of your opponent's twenty-five you should line right out across the ground. The more you are scattered the more chance of breaking away, and at the worst it is better to be tackled in the middle of the ground than on the touch-line. When tackled put the ball down *immediately*—it is quite useless to struggle. With heroic efforts you may make a couple of yards, by which time all your opponents are around you. By putting it down at once and beginning to dribble you have quite a fair chance of doing something useful. Of course, if it is your opponents' throw you must just mark one man and see that you tackle him effectively. On occasion a forward may pass back with success from the touch-line to one of his three-quarters, but it is not advisable to try this often.

Scrimmage Work.

Forwards should form up in three lines, three, three, two, with the present most unpractical number of eight. Their first object is to get the ball in their own feet between the first and second rows. This is essential, and consequently the front row must be ready and clever with their feet to hook the ball back the moment it enters the scrimmage. Having got the ball, what you will do with it depends whether your side is attacking or defending.

In Attack.

In attack you presumably wish your outsides to get a chance of scoring, and will manœuvre to this end by 'heeling out' as it is called. The best way to heel out is to hold pretty tight together and shove straight ahead as hard as you can. Always try to get the first shove, and be ready to exert all your strength the moment the ball comes in. The idea is to shove your opponents right off the ball and leave it behind you as you go on. If this proves impracticable the ball must be kicked backwards between your legs. In doing this great judgment must be exercised. If you kick it too hard it is liable to go through the half-back's hands ; if it comes out too slowly and gently the opposing half-backs will be up and annihilate your own man. The *via media* can only be obtained by practice. Two points must be insisted on. First, that you must never stop pushing whilst you are having the ball out ; and, secondly, that it must always come out at the back and never at the sides. If you are being pushed give up all idea of heeling at once.

In Defence.

To shove straight against a side about as good and heavy as yourselves will gain you at best but a few yards, and that only by an expenditure of infinite effort. To screw a scrimmage is not very easy, but it is the only way of effectively relieving pressure. The front rank of forwards should hold each other fairly tight, and the moment they have got the ball should make a rapid half-turn *away from* the touch-line. This will have the effect of momentarily turning the whole of your adversaries' scrimmage. The two back rows should not make this half-turn but go straight ahead, only holding very loosely and breaking clean away as quick as they can. At the risk of being wearisome we must repeat that assiduous practice is necessary for the success of this manœuvre.

THE FULL-BACK.

The duties of the full-back are too obvious to need much remark. What we have said on the subject of tackling applies to him just as much as to any other player ; in kicking he should be able to use both feet and make sure of finding touch ; fielding he should be able to acquire by practice. But, in our opinion, a full-back is, as a rule, born and not made.

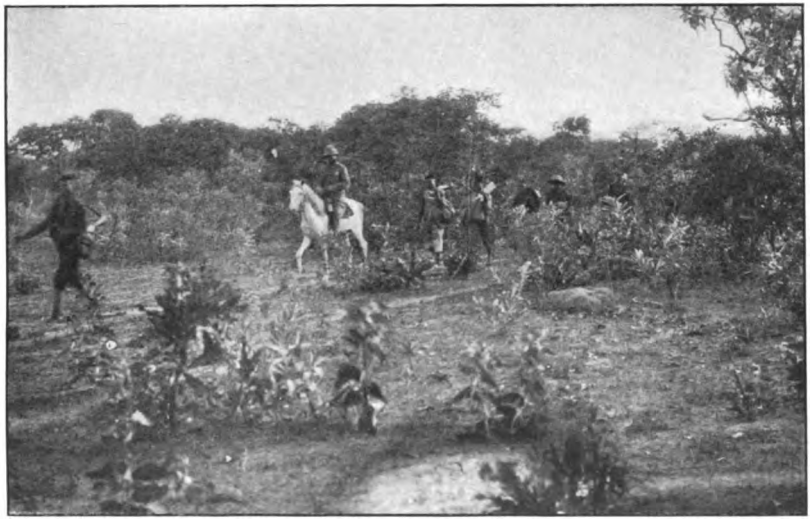
NATIVES OF NORTHERN NIGERIA

SPORT IN NORTHERN NIGERIA

BY CAPTAIN B. R. M. GLOSSOP

BIG-GAME shooting in the country bordering on the middle reaches of the Niger is, it must be owned, extremely laborious, indeed so great and numerous are the difficulties with which the hunter has to contend that the results would, I fear, to most people seem scarcely commensurate with the toil that must be undergone. However, the greater the difficulties the more pleasure there is to be obtained by surmounting them, and I for one shall never regret the time I spent out there. The country is for the most part very thickly wooded, not in a respectable park-like manner, but with small bushy trees growing so close together that riding through them is almost impossible, walking even often difficult, while for three-parts of the year the grass and undergrowth attain such a height that shooting is nearly out of the question. The natives, as a rule, moreover, are of very little use as hunters, there only being a few of the latter in each district and these are somewhat looked down upon, so that upon arriving at a village and telling them you wish to hunt, the head man, having himself no idea of sport, and being

unable to believe that the white man really wishes to exert himself to obtain what he could either send others to get for him or buy in the market, looks upon the whole thing as a bluff to cover secret intentions, or as a species of insanity which should not be encouraged. He will probably 'form up' himself on his horse with several retainers and take you for a short ride on the outskirts of the town, where you may (with luck) get a flying glimpse of a disappearing duiker, the real bushman hunter not being produced at all, and being in fact



ON THE MARCH IN NORTHERN NIGERIA

very likely miles away at the moment, stalking roan antelope in places for which your soul longeth.

On one occasion, I remember well, a friend of mine after days of 'palaver' and explanation at last impressed on a chief that he really wanted a roan head, and a thorough bushman was produced who said he knew exactly where to find them. He did. Arrangements were made to meet him a day or two after on a bush track miles away, and my friend set off triumphantly for some real good sport at last. Imagine his horror and disgust when he arrived at the rendezvous to find the bushman there sure enough with the head of a freshly killed roan which he had secured overnight with a poisoned arrow—to save the white man trouble!

Having secured your bushman, your troubles are only

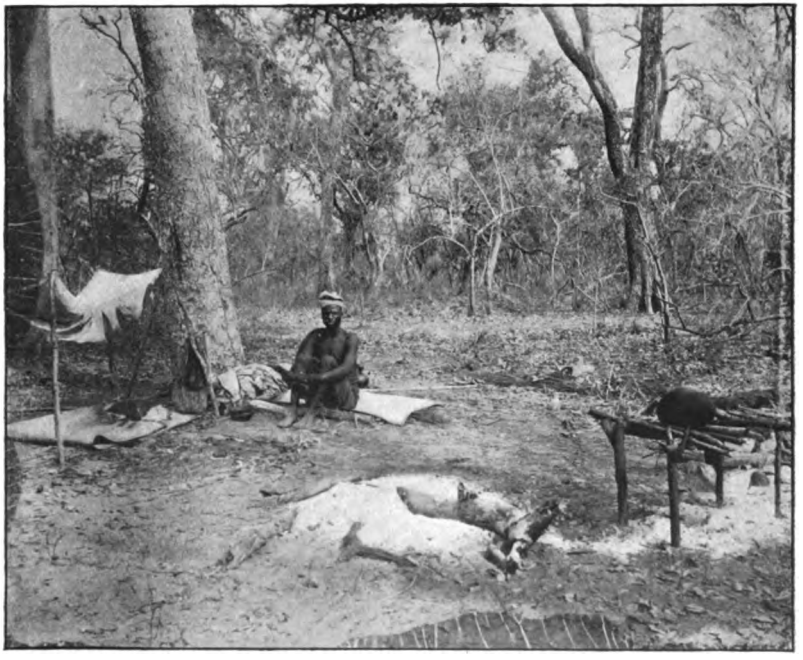
beginning. You have next to convince him that it is his interest to show you game. He is suspicious of you altogether at first; he earns much money, or rather its equivalent in his district, by hunting, and he isn't going to give away his knowledge for nothing. He will not believe that you really want to shoot, as no 'big' man in his country will toil about in the bush if he can help it. Accordingly he will begin by carefully

BARIBA HUNTERS

showing you nothing; but as long as you keep your temper, gradually earn his confidence, and rouse his natural keenness on your behalf, all will be plain sailing in time. Doubtless shooting is easier to get now in those districts than it was at the time of which I am writing—two or three years ago; but the country was absolutely new then, and it shows that the sport in an untouched country, which one always thinks before trying it must be so good, has its very decided drawbacks. I may add here that one is helpless by oneself, as it takes years

to find the haunts of game in an African forest and one wants to get to a place, do some shooting and move on elsewhere; while in that bush without a bushman one would 'swiftly and silently vanish away and never be heard of again.'

The photograph shows one of these bushmen. He is an old Bariba hunter with his son from the Borgu country on the right bank of the Niger. At the time of year when this was taken the grass was too low for his game but just right for

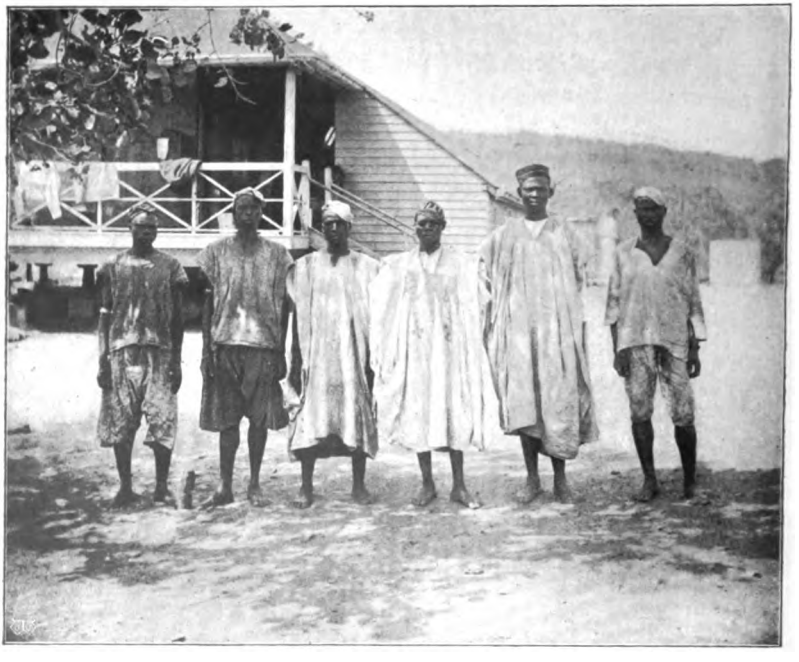


BARIBA HUNTERS' ENCAMPMENT

mine. On their heads may be seen admirable imitations of toucans' heads constructed of wood. These great birds make a lot of noise stalking about in the grass, and all you can see of them when the cover is a bit higher than in the photograph is their heads; so the hunter bends low and comes quietly through the grass at his quarry, which if alarmed by the noise looks up, and seeing only a toucan goes on grazing again. In this way the hunter gets up quite close and a poisoned arrow does the rest.

I had a capital week's hunting once with these two. We secured water-buck, bush-buck, hartebeeste, oribi and duiker,

and *saw* roan antelope, though on that latter occasion I didn't happen to fire in quite the right direction. The old man had never seen a rifle used before and was dreadfully upset the first time he saw me fire, as I shot at a hartebeeste at about 120 yards, whereas he with his arrows would have stalked to about twenty, or even closer, had it taken him all day. I shall never forget his face of disgust and his indignant 'Ah! ah!' when the splendid fat beast galloped off apparently untouched. He



YORUBA SOLDIERS—THE RECRUITS

thought I had clean thrown my chance away, but he changed his mind altogether when we found our buck stone dead within 200 yards.

We gave him and his son a good half of the meat we killed on this trip, and in another illustration can be seen the platform of sticks on which they smoked it, this being their invariable custom so that it will keep till they can get into a town and sell it. On the left of the picture the gentleman's bed and mosquito curtain may be noted, rolled up.

The Yoruba soldier is not a great hand at 'shikar,' though a thoroughly good man at his work, as he has shown in Ashanti and elsewhere; but if pluck and keenness could make up for other

deficiencies in the bush, Ajala, No. 3 from the right in the illustration of 'The Finished Article,' was the man for the job. His greatest defect, perhaps, was the huge size and extreme tenderness of his feet. He could not walk over the thorny undergrowth without putting on sandals that used to flap about in the most alarming way, scaring everything for miles; the size prevented my ever being able to supply him with boots or shoes. Many a time have I dropped my rifle butt on to his toes as a gentle reminder to him to make less noise, on which occasions he

YORUBA SOLDIERS—THE FINISHED ARTICLE

would contritely remove the offending sandals and trudge on till his feet were like pin-cushions, but despite all this, he declined to be left behind, but would go through anything for the pleasure of shaking hands over a dead beast, not forgetting the horrible gorge he would have in the evening, though I really think that was a secondary consideration with him. I lost him once in a country he didn't know after I had shot a bush-buck which he was carrying. He turned up two days after, nearly starved, with the buck on his head *entire*, because he had not had leave to eat any of the flesh, and though hopelessly 'bushed,' would neither eat nor leave it!

Once, before he had learnt any English, he came to me one evening after I had shot some small buck and said something

which my interpreter translated as, 'he say head bad, what he do?' I gave him a pot of taxidermine to rub on, explaining how it was to be rubbed well into the hair and round the eyes and nose; it was not a good head and I wanted to see what sort of a job he would make of it, or I would have done it myself. About half an hour after I strolled round to the men's camp fire and beheld Ajala looking very disconsolate, with his

THE GREAT ROAN ANTELOPE

own woolly head, eyes, nose, &c., smeared with white taxidermine. It was his own head he had been referring to!

I entirely owe a very fine leopard to Mr. Ajala. I came on him suddenly one day in a very thick bush, and I think he had been stalking us as my Bariba hunter was carrying a small buck I had just killed, and the leopard must have smelt blood. He showed no inclination to get away, quite the reverse, in fact, and I shot him at very close quarters when he bounded into almost impenetrable bush. I could find no blood and he had given no sign of being hard hit; I therefore took the greatest precaution in following him, leaving my two men, neither of whom was

armed, outside the cover, and going in very slowly myself with my rifle ready for instant use. Tracking, forcing my way through the cover, and looking out for Mr. Spots all at once were too much for me, however. I soon gave it up and was reluctantly turning back when I heard a whistle. Going over there I found that Ajala thought he had observed the leopard turn to the left, and seeing me go too much to the right had plunged in entirely 'on his own,' unarmed, and had come on the brute, a very large male, luckily for him stone dead in a bush.

JEBBA ISLAND

Ajala was hardly a greater success as a soldier than as a sportsman. He rose in his profession to the rank of lance-corporal, but being unable to master any more drill than saying 'Biri quimarsh' (by the right, quick march), followed by 'Lep—lep lep—ri—lep' (left—left—left—right—left), with somewhat dreary monotony he had eventually to return to the less exalted rank of full private.

Three years ago good shooting was obtainable quite close to even the large and populous towns of Jebba and Lokoja, and it would seem hard to believe that game could be got actually within sight of such a busy scene as is depicted in the picture of Jebba island wharf; yet I have left the island at 2.30 P.M. and barely an hour later secured a fine water-buck on the hills

of the right bank. I must own, however, that no one was more surprised than myself. I was looking for a little oribi at most, and had come out without my hunting-knife, so having no one to send back, and as it was getting late, the head had to be severed with a pocket-knife, a big job with an animal carrying a neck like a large male 'Cobus ellipsiprymnus,' on a sweltering

WEST AFRICAN HARTEBEESTE AND DUIKERS

afternoon and with the whole air thick with flies of every variety.

Lion and leopard are fairly plentiful. I have seen numerous tracks, but they are almost impossible to get at unless one is extraordinarily favoured by fortune, while the difficulty is further increased by the reluctance of the ordinary native to have anything to do with them. I have actually known them refuse to follow fresh lion tracks, which, in a great measure, doubtless, can be put down at first to their ignorance of the killing power of the rifle; but the fact remains; and if your hunters are going to take that view of the matter, you can't expect much assistance in a country where you need all you

can get. I have known cases of natives shooting marauding lions from safe cover with poisoned arrows, to which the beasts soon succumb wherever they are touched.

Perhaps the finest trophy to be secured is the great roan antelope, with his long sweeping horns and majestic port. They are fairly common, and I have on several occasions heard them snorting all round me, and crashing away in the heavy bush. I never found any particularly clever way of getting a

CROSSING A FORD—NORTHERN NIGERIA

shot at one. It rests with sheer hard work and a bit of luck. Out first thing in the morning, I used to walk through the bush till dark, going as quietly as possible, looking out all round, every nerve strained to hear the least noise, carrying my rifle myself, and ready at any moment for a snap-shot. Even then they probably hear you before you see them, and a crashing in the bushes tells you there's another chance gone ; or, again, you may see one without knowing it. The best I ever got I really should have lost. I should never have forgiven myself if I had. I saw him standing almost hidden by bushes, and the part I could see looked so exactly like one of the big ant-hills that show up everywhere through the bushes that I can't think what made

me pause. I suppose some slight movement must have caught my eye. Any way, after watching some seconds, I made up my mind that it *was* an ant-hill, and moved on, luckily with my eye still on him. As I moved, the supposed ant-hill in a flash was a great roan bull, and was off with a snort and a bound. I just got in a snap-shot as he was off apparently without effect, and dashed after him mad with disappointment, when there he was, straight in front of me, head up, pawing the ground, an indignant monarch of the forest. Another bullet laid him low, and in another second my hunter and I were skipping round his great carcass yelling ourselves hoarse with delight in various tongues. My first shot had caught him fair and stopped him, but rather by good luck than good management.

More open ground may be found towards Lake Chad, but the country bordering on the middle Niger must always have the disadvantage of being unrideable. Everything must be done on foot, and while the trophies to be obtained there are second to none in Africa, still you probably will obtain but few, and those without the delights of a good gallop or a long stalk. So my advice to those who are able, or who have not already done so, would be: try other parts of Africa first, and then if your keenness has been whetted, you perhaps will better put up with the difficulties and disappointments of one of the hardest countries to hunt big game in that could be found.

THE KILL.

From an Oil Painting by J. N. Sartorius.

WITH REGARD TO THE PHEASANT

BY L. H. DE VISME SHAW

RISING in the mountains of the Caucasus and discharging into the Black Sea at Poti, some thirty miles north of Batoum, runs the river Rion, which in olden times bore the name of Phasis. By the banks of the Phasis flourished a bird whose edible qualities marked him out for sure promotion in the avian world. He was tasted by epicurean Rome and epicurean Greece, and forthwith epicurean Rome and epicurean Greece caused him to be lifted from his native wilds and placed under the direct patronage and care of mankind. Coming from the regions of the Phasis, Rome called him *phasianus* and Greece *phasianos*. The derivation of the word pheasant from the name Phasis is not of the fanciful order ; it is indubitable. Certain descendants of the founder of the Asian branch of the distinguished Gallinæ family discovered the Phasian valley, were held there by an unfailing supply of food and water, which they found unattainable directly they set foot on the higher land, specialised themselves into their own particular type by the banks of the Phasis, and by the banks of the Phasis alone, and existed in a wild state nowhere away from the Phasian swale at the time of their importation to Rome and Greece. This, if not certain, carries extreme probability. The Asian water-way seems, as a factor in evolution, to have been to the pheasant family much what the American valley has been to the humming-birds. Though the original *locus a quo* of the 'English' pheasant was beyond doubt the vale of the Phasis, the bird's range may have been far wider, of course.

The date of the pheasant's first arrival in England is

shrouded in a mist of uncertainty. Glancing at Morris's 'Game Birds and Wild Fowl,' I notice that the author baldly declares this date to have been the year 1299. But the declaration is without grounds. A hundred and twenty-nine years earlier Thomas à Becket, on the last day of his life, dined upon pheasant, and, according to one of the monks present ate this particular dinner more heartily and more cheerfully than was his wont. Yet seventy years earlier, about 1100, there is another authentic mention of the bird. The British Museum contains a manuscript penned late in the twelfth century in which allusion is made to the pheasant. This manuscript, purporting to be a copy of a dietetic order formulated by Harold in the year 1059 for the governance of the tables of his ecclesiastics, proves, granting its authenticity, that the long-tail was familiar to Englishmen prior to the Conquest, and quite upsets the apple-carts of those who, at various times, have expounded the creed that the pheasant's immigration synchronised with the coming of the Normans. I have known it adduced in support of this creed that the bird was never mentioned by the Anglo-Saxon writers—a somewhat shaky adduction. Records or no records, however, evidence or no evidence, every assumption points to the almost certainty that the Romans introduced the bird. Bringing as they did their fallow deer and their snails, one cannot—at least, I cannot—believe that such a highly esteemed luxury as the pheasant should have been left behind. According to Martial, about 100 A.D., their pheasants were kept in courts. Granting, which is much more than merely likely, that the Romans had pheasants brought over as soon as ever they found themselves comfortably established in this island, I decline to believe that for centuries they kept all their birds so carefully confined in courts, or pens, that never once did a cock and a hen escape and thus found a wild-bred stock. The earliest classic allusion to the pheasant is made by Aristophanes (*circa* 420 B.C), who cites a saying which had it that the greatest dainty extant was 'a pheasant fed by Leogoras.' John Skelton (Poet Laureate, *temp.* Henry VIII.), when seeking to curry favour with the Bishop of Norwich, took with him as a special present a brace of 'Norfolk pheasants.' Other early English mentionings of the bird are many: it would but be tedious to read them here.

According to a writer whose work lies before me, the ring-neck made its bow to the British public a little more than a century ago, the then Duke of Northumberland introducing it.

His grace conceived and carried out the idea of importing the East Asian stranger on account of the threatened extermination of its West Asian cousin, the English bird, by a singularly malignant epidemic of gapes which was then raging throughout the country. An estimate gives it that in one year no fewer than ninety per cent. of the total of young birds hatched during the season fell victims to the malady. In view of such a death-rate one cannot feel surprised that a sportsman of the period should have viewed the future with alarm. From Alnwick the Duke of Northumberland sent some of his newly arrived ring-necks to Lord Carnarvon, who forthwith started to breed them at Highclere. Thenceforward, from these two points so far apart, the white ring began gradually and steadily to assert itself among the English stock, till at the present time the wild-bred pure English bird may be said to have practically passed out of existence. The East Asian blood is more puissant than the West Asian ; the hybrid it has given us, I speak in averages, is a finer and a heavier bird than its ringless forerunner, though, placing averages aside, it is an open question whether the weight of certain individual English birds has ever been exceeded by individual ring-necks or individual hybrids. In East Anglia a century ago an English bird weighing 3¾lbs. was very far from uncommon, while there are records of at least three birds which weighed as much as 4½lbs. each. These were wild-bred, unfed birds. Maize-strewn drives have produced a few, but very few, specimens which exceeded 4½lbs. Mr. Tegetmeier mentions one, an English bird, weighing 5lbs. ½oz. Another, also English, of 5¾lbs., and yet another, variety not mentioned, which reached the prodigious weight of 5lbs. 15ozs. But I am wandering.

The greater vigour of the East Asian blood is seen, if in nothing else, in the persistency with which such a comparatively insignificant feature as the white ring has imprinted itself upon our existing hybrid stock : the tiny dash of leaven has leavened the lump most effectively. Remote, barren corners of the country yet hold a thin stock of the old pure blood, but they are very few and very far between, and cannot be taken into account ; while there may be, and I believe are, occasional preserved estates wherein only the old English birds exist, the original being preferred before the new-comer, and any taint introduced by straying hybrids being extirpated directly it makes its appearance ; but in the general question this cannot be taken into account either. Later introductions to English coverts,

introductions which flourish therein, are the Japanese pheasant, the Prince of Wales's pheasant, Reeve's pheasant, and Sœmmerring's pheasant. How far these will eventually modify our wild stock it is impossible to say, but it is quite open to assumption that in fifty years time, or less, the hybridisation will be so much involved that we shall scarcely be able to find two birds alike. If the six feet tail of *Phasianus Reevesii* asserts itself as persistently as the white ring of *Phasianus Torquatus*, we shall seldom shoot a wild-bred bird with a caudal appendage less than four feet in length.

With only one exception, or with only one exception known to me, natural history writers credit the pheasant with the virtue of monogamy while living in a purely wild state in his native land, and not only this, with the yet greater virtue of mating for life. How far they are right or wrong I know not. If they are right, the pheasant as I am personally acquainted with him in England is a sad backslider, an awful example of how demoralising a thing civilisation may be at times, for here he is anything but constant in conjugal matters. Civilisation has also killed his instinct of paternity ; at least, one seems forced to assume that if he was monogamous as a quite wild bird amid his natural surroundings, his solicitude for the safety of his young would not then have been less than that of other monogamous birds. The cock pheasant in an English covert thinks no more of his progeny than his remote relative the barn-door chanticleer thinks of his—if so much ; and he would no more dream of looking after them as the cock partridge looks after his family than he would of acting as parent to a brood of orphan water-hens. This fortuitous coming together of the words pheasant and water-hen reminds me of the reading, six years ago if I remember rightly, of a case in which a holiday-making visitor to Norfolk was summoned for shooting a pheasant on the bank of the river, or broad. He pleaded guilty to the slaying of the pheasant, but entered an emphatic plea of ignorance ; he thought, so he said, that the bird was a water-crow ! The lack of knowledge did not save him, however.

Our pheasant of to-day has perhaps full extenuation for his lack of parental affection, inasmuch as he knows not whether any given youngster is his own or not. While he is no whit better than the farmyard cock in the matter of promiscuous matings and want of active interest in his young, he is on a far lower level than his fully domesticated relative in the matter of his

general behaviour to the ladies. The farmyard cock at all times prefers the society of the opposite sex before that of his own; the cock pheasant, save during the breeding season, shows marked preference for male companionship. A haughty, gay Lothario he is, but only a gallant one when the period of breeding draws nigh. Before this period comes along he has put on his very brightest of hues, the spring-time dress in which he goes a-courting—and a-fighting. A sense of overweening importance takes possession of his soul. He carries his tail erect, he drops his wings almost to the ground, he puffs out his feathers and struts around like any padded puppy of the human race; and then he whirs with mighty fluster to some point of elevation, whence he crows forth defiance to the whole pheasant world, following up his crowing with a vehement clapping of wings. He has declared himself monarch of all he surveys, king of his own little coppice or covert-corner, and is prepared to fight any other cock who cares to contest this supremacy. As likely as not that other cock comes along. If he does, and means to fight, and we are able to see without being seen, we shall witness something very much like the following: Cock No. 2 sends back a crow of defiance to cock No. 1, and then they crow against one another for some little time. When cock No. 2 heaves in sight cock No. 1 descends quietly from his perch. All his strut and display are gone—so tightly are his feathers now folded that he appears not much more than half the size he appeared before. With chins, bodies, and tails almost touching the earth the combatants slink along towards each other, looking, as they make their way through the grass, more like cats or snakes in their movements than like birds. Quickly, glidingly, they approach till but a foot or two of space separates beak from beak. There, crouched upon the ground, they lie, each watching for the slightest motion on the other's part, and expecting each moment that his opponent will engage him in deadly fray. They may lie thus for a quarter of an hour, for half an hour, for an hour perhaps, doing nothing but glare. When two cock pheasants face one another in this manner nothing can obviate a scrimmage save disturbance by some other creature; there is no possible escape for any one of them should his heart fail him, as the slightest movement he may make will bring the other at him like a flash of lightning. While we watch our two birds, we see them at a given moment crouched cat-like on the ground, and the same moment we see them engaged in the most desperate and bloodthirsty of duels, beak

and spur playing an equal part. The fight as a general rule extends no further than a single bout, the weaker bird quickly realising that he is outmatched by his heavier and stronger opponent and turning tail and fleeing, hotly pursued by the other.

Then the victor returns to the hens—hens always seem to get wind of what is taking place, and draw near to watch the fun—and drops his nearer wing and spreads out his tail and turns it sidewise towards them so that they can see all its true magnificence and glory, and tells them what a famous victory it was; and then he crows yet more mighty challenges to the effect that any other cock within earshot is quite welcome to come and try conclusions if he thinks he has a ghost of a chance of licking a spursman so doughty. Not very infrequently two equally matched and equally plucked cocks will fight almost to the death; now and again one will kill another outright or leave him dying on the field. I have never had the fortune to witness a fight between a pheasant and a barn-door cock, but from from what the Rev. J. G. Wood says about such a combat it should be rather an interesting sight: 'When the two fight, an event of no very unfrequent occurrence, the pheasant often gets the better of the combat by his irregular mode of proceeding. After making two or three strokes up goes the pheasant into a tree to breathe awhile, leaving the cock looking about for his antagonist. Presently, while his opponent is still bewildered, down comes the pheasant again, makes another stroke and retires to his branch. The cock gets so puzzled at this mode of fighting that he often yields the point.'

I am afraid this is a flagrant case of placing gentlemen before ladies: I ought to have discussed the hen bird first.

As, save during the breeding season, the cock pheasant seeks the society of other cocks, so does the hen bird give herself up to the society of other hens till Nature tells her that the time of mating is at hand. At the proper period she makes herself a nest upon the ground. Why is it that this family of birds which, with few exceptions, the partridge for instance, roosts in trees, has never mastered the art of building nests among the branches? The partridge nests on the ground and roosts on the ground; the pheasant nests on the ground though, through all the leafless months at all events, preferring a roosting-place as high as can well be attained. One would think that so toothsome and large a family of birds should have been the very first to evolve the instinct of nesting aloft

to save themselves and their eggs from the attentions of prowling preyers. Certainly, in all other ways at least, the family is not a dense one—indeed very much the reverse, and perhaps even the most wary of all avian families. Yet for some unfathomable reason or another they have always preferred danger before safety in this matter. While the golden-crested wren takes very good care to place her insignificant self and her insignificant eggs well out of reach of any predatory animals, the pheasant, an infinitely more considerable *bonne bouche*, lays herself and her clutch open to every danger. The pheasant in general has no solitary idea of building a nest beyond scratching a hole in the planet and then placing a little rubbish into it. Now and again a slightly more advanced bird will deposit her eggs in some convenient site a little distance above the ground, but only now and again. A few years ago, not far from where I am writing these words, a pheasant and a partridge both nested on the same partly cut stack of hay. There are authentic cases of hen pheasants having nested in the derelict nests of other birds ; very few of them, however. Though the idea of building her nest in a tree has never occurred to the pheasant—or if it has, has never become developed into an instinct—the bird possesses two instinctive habits calculated to lessen the risk which her method of nesting entails upon herself and her eggs. First, before leaving her nest she makes a more or less successful attempt—generally less than more—to cover the eggs with leaves or other rubbish, and then, as a rule —more often than not—flies, instead of running, from the vicinity ; secondly, as a rule—more often than not—she again breaks her scent by rising on the wing, while yet some considerable distance from the nest, and alighting almost, if not at times actually, upon it. The English bird I knew, and knew alone, in early boyhood was, as far as individual observation could gauge, absolutely constant to the habit of covering her eggs and breaking her scent both when leaving and returning to her nest.

The hybrid is more careless. As to whether the pure ring neck possessed either of these habits I plead ignorance. Probably, I think, she did not. I must confess myself a terrible unbeliever in the very widely credited theory that during incubation Nature suppresses the scent—some have gone so far as to state that such suppression is by an act of volition on the bird's part—of the hen pheasant, and thus very largely safeguards her against attack. It is a pretty theory, but a

theory merely. That there may be slightly less scent given off by a sitting pheasant than by a pheasant roaming the covert at Christmas I do not deny, though I shall continue sceptical in the matter till such time as Edison places on the market a patent electro-magnetic odorometer capable of recording degrees of smell up to 1-100,000th of an inch and I have had full opportunity of testing it on sitting pheasants at all ranges from 1 ft. to 40 yds. I know a wide mass of opinion is against me in this, but that I cannot help. Heaps of people have seen—and so have I seen—a dog pass within a foot or two of a sitting pheasant, and never know the pheasant was there ; heaps of people have seen—and so have I—a retriever's nose within a foot or two of a squatting wounded partridge, and the retriever quite ignorant of the partridge's whereabouts. It is all a question of the relative positions of the dog, the bird, and the wind ; a dog cannot scent a bird if the wind carries the scent away from him. Let any one wishing to convince himself as to whether or no there is any appreciable diminution of the scent given off by a nesting pheasant select a day when a fair breeze is blowing, and then take a good, keen-nosed, poaching terrier in a line which will bring the dog twenty yards or so to the leeward of the bird, and notice the result. I have seen such a dog go up wind like an arrow, and almost as straight as an arrow's course—and on one occasion I saw the dog's enterprise and dash rewarded with a very fair mouthful of feathers.

The hen pheasant—but this after all is only like nearly every other bird—is a devoted mother up till the time when her young are able to do for themselves. Sometimes one may approach within a step of her on her eggs before fear forces her to flight. There is at least one thoroughly authenticated instance of a sitting bird allowing herself to be stroked without leaving her nest. Softly beautiful are the little downy chicks, and surely the most precocious of chicks too, when they make their appearance. Mother and youngsters together constitute a picture than which none in the bird world is more pretty. Unceasing are the mother's watchfulness and caution; instantly do the young take heed of the low warning note that tells of danger or suspected danger, and drop flat in the handiest hollow or under the nearest scrap of shelter. Against every natural background those tiny velvety balls of infantile pheasant are almost invisible—and well do the velvety balls know it.

One has heard it debated which bird is the first to rise in the morning. Taking that period of the year when bird-music

is at its highest, and putting that dissipated nocturnal reveller, the nightingale, out of the question, my own experience as to the order of the notes of birds which greet the ear during the hour of dawn has always resulted in detecting those of the lark and the cuckoo before any others'—sometimes the cuckoo's first, sometimes the lark's. What birds in any particular locality are the earliest to make themselves heard in the morning it is very easy to determine ; what birds first stir from their night resting-places no one can accurately ascertain. On my own part, I am disposed to give the palm for early rising to the pheasant. One may walk across a meadow at the earliest paling of a winter day's dawn and put up a lark or a covey of partridges, and it is impossible to say whether either the lark or the covey had yet stirred from its sleeping-place or whether it was disturbed therefrom by one's footsteps ; but if one puts up a pheasant in the same field it is certain that the bird was not sleeping there, but had left its perch and wandered forth to the field in search of food. On various occasions—let me say six at least—when making for some favourable point for the morning flight at a time when there was barely light at all in the east, and when a bird the size of a duck, except against the sky, would be invisible a quarter of a gunshot away, I have put up a pheasant on the open marsh. In answer to your mental question : No, I did not see the birds, but I am convinced that it is out of the question for a trained ear to mistake the sound made by a pheasant rising near at hand for the sound made by any other rising bird. Pheasants, as every one knows, sleep on the ground during the leafy months. But cover of some kind they will have. Low scrub, coarse grass, a field of roots adjoining the wood—any of these afford sufficient cover, and the birds will pass the night among them. And this is only from the budding of the trees till the fall of the leaf. Irrefutable evidence alone would make me think it possible that in mid-winter a pheasant ever spent his night on bare ground two or three hundred yards from the nearest cover.

Was the pheasant once as much a water-fowl as the moorhen is a water-fowl now? Why not? The river valley is the natural haunt of most of the Phasianidæ. The English bird came, as we have seen, from the banks of the Phasis ; the ring neck shows marked partiality for the vicinity of water when attainable, and from what one gleans is also native to the low land, as are nearly all the dozen or so varieties which closely approach *Colchicus* and himself. *Principalis*, an Afrikander, is

said by Mr. Condie Stephen to 'abound in the reeds fringing the river, rising in places in far larger numbers than I have seen at any battue in England. You can imagine what a quantity there must be from the fact that we killed more than four hundred on our march of thirty miles up the river.' Major Yate writes: 'It is extraordinary what a number of pheasants there are in the reed swamps of this valley, and this year they seem to be even more numerous than last. I know of no country in the world where one can get such good real wild-pheasant shooting as this. . . . The reeds are so thick, and the birds, especially the old cocks, so strong, that it is very hard to bag one's bird even after it is shot.' Dr. Aitchison says of the same bird: 'It not only wades through the water in trying to make from one point of vantage to another, but swims, and seems to be quite at home in these thickets, where there is always water to the depth of two or three feet.' When a traveller records having encountered a pheasant in some wild district, it is well nigh always in the vicinity of water that the bird was seen. Putting things together and placing out of court the one or two, or two or three, pheasants (I have no means of reference at hand) whose native haunts are on the uplands, we find the family as a whole to be dwellers by the water side.

The wild run pheasant in England instinctively seeks watery land, and is never so strong, so thriving, so flesh-carrying a bird as when one bags him in a marshy country; give him the run of marsh and dyke, an osier bed or two which he may use use for mid-day shelter, and a conveniently handy tree wherein he may roost when the leaf has fallen, and you place him in his very element. But the strongest evidence pointing to the probability that circumstances have evolved the pheasant from a water bird to a land bird lies in his possession, let me say retention, of the swimming instinct. Comparatively few people seem to be aware how thoroughly at home the pheasant is in the water when circumstances compel him to enter it. A barn-door hen who, happening to have made a mistake of some kind, finds herself in the middle of the farm pond will flap and flounder, and flounder and flap, and then lapse into a state of stagnation, and if left alone will drown—very likely within a yard or two of the brink. She has no idea of swimming—her own branch of the family never had, or if they ever had, it was at so remote a period that no shred of natatory instinct remains in existence to-day. With the

pheasant it is very different. A winged bird falling in the water is quite familiar with what circumstances demand. Instead of flapping and floundering like the barn-door hen, he swims swiftly away with the ease of a duck, and not merely that, but will dive like a duck too if hotly pressed. The pheasant in England does not, I think, ever take to the water for sheer pleasure, though he will do so, not very infrequently either, when seeking to avoid danger. This comes about thus: One of his strongest instincts is to slink away on the approach of a foe, and not to expose himself by taking wing as long as he thinks he can judiciously continue to slink; when, while attempting to slink away in this manner, he happens to encounter water, the instinct to persevere in his slinking and not to expose himself by flight is occasionally of sufficient force to prompt him to enter the water, and, aware that he can swim, he swims. Young pheasants unable to fly, or fearing to trust themselves to so lengthy a flight, have been known to swim a river across which their mother had flown. The very first move made by a wild bird when her brood are out of the shell is to lead them to the nearest water—and she keeps them within ready touch of it till they become independent.

What a shy, wild, wary creature the pheasant is!—hopelessly outside the pale of domestication as we apply the word to the living things we keep about us. The mallard raised from the egg of a purely wild bird will place himself on terms of complete familiarity with his owner, and will remain faithful throughout life to the spot of his birth if the food and water supply continue ample; the pheasant, even if the descendant of twenty generations of penned birds will, if from the first accustomed to the presence of human beings, show itself fairly fearless during babyhood, but then in a very, very short time the bird's unconquerable instinctive timidity asserts itself and the early tameness is gone for ever. Only the most careful handling of, and selection from, hundreds of generations of penned birds could produce a breed of pheasant as domesticated as the farmyard fowl, and I think the hundreds would have to be extended to thousands before such a breed came into fixed existence. In a pen the pheasant can be kept only comparatively tame; he is never really at ease in the presence of man. At liberty his familiarity with us is strictly reduced to a question of yards. Like so many others I have tried my utmost to keep young pheasants tame, and like so many others have failed conspicuously. Instances there are, it is true, in

which individual birds have managed to overcome their instinctive timidity, but such instances are extremely rare, and count for nothing in the general question.

The pheasant's dietary commends itself as worthy of brief attention. A wide one it is—vastly wider than that of most birds. Few things, indeed, which he encounters in his ramblings come amiss to him. Green matter of many kinds he revels in; young clover and all members of the cabbage tribe afford him infinite delight, but lettuce, when he finds access to some quiet garden, is perhaps his greatest luxury in the way of saladings. Other green food being unavailable he falls back on grass. Flowers of various sorts are delicacies eagerly devoured. He eats potatoes and Jerusalem artichokes—the latter often especially planted for his delectation—with avidity; to farm roots he frequently shows himself firmly addicted. Of carrots, too, he is remarkably fond. All tribes of fruit he relishes to the last degree. Corn and pulse of every denomination are as manna to him, his bias towards them relatively swaying him strongly in the direction of oats and beans. No wild seed does he disdain—of all the seeds sown by the farmer he likes to take whatsoever proportion his scratchings and searchings may reveal. The galls—often called spangles—on decaying oak leaves he consumes to a large extent during the winter months. Hawthorn berries, hips, chestnuts, acorns, beech-masts, and hazel nuts are all pressed into his menu. He will unearth and devour buttercup tubers for hours at a stretch. Insects of every size and every flavour are gone coons whensoever they place themselves within his reach, the grasshopper being perhaps the veriest tit-bit among them all. Caterpillars, grubs, snails, and wireworms suit his palate admirably. The good he does on wireworm infested land is incalculable, the number of wireworms destroyed by him almost incredible. Over eleven hundred have been counted in the crop of a single bird. Now and again strange side dishes make their way into the pheasant's bill of fare. He will kill and eat a field mouse by way of a change, slow-worms he is rather partial to, while even adders he has been known to swallow. Rather a curious taste of his—a taste by no means infrequently acquired—is that of eating shot. The cause of the death of many a shot-eating bird has puzzled many a keeper. After the shooting season has begun a pheasant is found dead, or if not dead in a semi-paralysed condition, emaciated and dying. External examination shows no sign of injury; internal examination very likely discloses

nothing. The bird has been brought to its unhappy state by blood poisoning due to eating shot. If the gizzard itself does not afford proof of the presence of lead, chemical tests will at once reveal its existence in the blood. The sharp particles of flint or gravel in the pheasant's gizzard quickly grind a shot pellet to dust and the lead becomes assimilated with the food. There can be little doubt that the bird is unable to discriminate between the properties of lead and stone, and that when swallowing a crushed pellet it does so quite under the impression that the lead is silicious matter. A dozen or so pellets have been taken from a pheasant's gizzard.

Just a brief closing glance at the general question of feathers. The crossing between *Colchicus* and *Torquatus* has given us a bird in which plumage of immense variation is found, while the fashion of fostering the increase of yet further kinds of pheasants promises to make this variation still more involved. Then there are the pied birds, from those with but a blanched feather or two to those which are nearly white. After the latter, the pure white specimens, the occurrence of which is not so very rare. The pied and quite white birds are unaccountable freaks. To the best of my knowledge no attempt to fix a pied or white strain has ever met with success, for the progeny of such birds seldom show any disposition to reproduce the plumage of their parents, but prefer to don the ordinary hues of more remote ancestors. A white or a much pied bird may live in a covert for years, and all those years may remain the only bird there which has a white feather on its body. Nature's averseness to the continuity of white plumage in the pheasant argues that the bird can lay no claim to descent from a white ancestry in the far back past ; for if there were such a descent, and white feathers were a throwing back to a superseded albino type, the white should show—which it does not show—a strong tendency towards perpetuation. The cause of white feathers is therefore to be regarded as proximate and not telegonic. Corn diet most likely lies at the root of the matter. Not that it is to be considered at all improbable that careful artificial selection might fix a pure white strain. A strain lacking vigour compared with the coloured bird it would almost assuredly be, for, as a general rule, the more white a pheasant has upon it the less robust is the bird itself, and the less robust are its offspring. A covert containing only a pure white stock would be a decidedly showy thing in the sporting way.

KICKSHAW '96

THE BLOODHOUND AS A SPORTING DOG

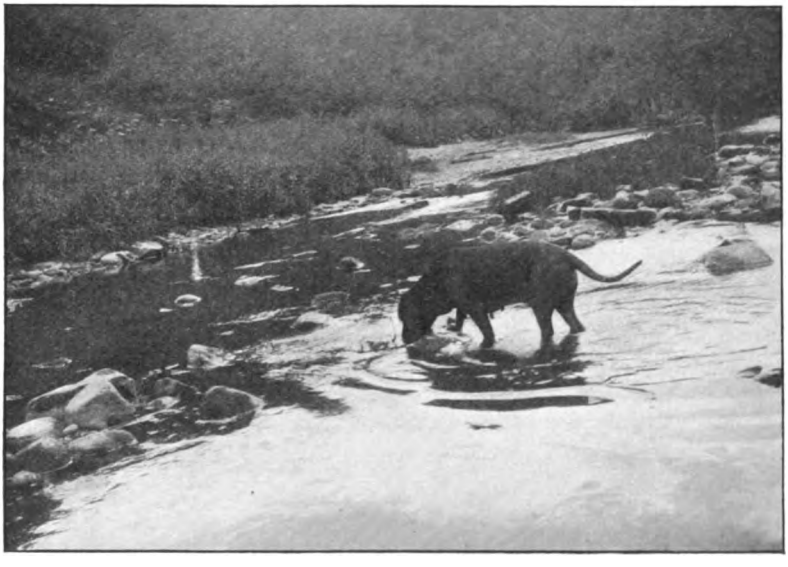
BY RUSSELL RICHARDSON

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
. . . A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.
. . . . .
Judge when you hear.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

THAT the bloodhound fails to occupy the high position amongst sporting dogs to which, by reason of its high qualities, it would seem to be entitled—that it is, in fact, perhaps less understood than any other of the canine race—must be a matter of surprise and regret to all who have any personal knowledge of its capabilities, and to all who remember its associations with the old-time romances which have been so frequently celebrated in

song and prose. It surely cannot be that the old-fashioned idea of its ferocity which its name suggests still deters many from making a canine friend of this noble creature, for it is now pretty well known that it is in no way allied to the Cuban blood-hound of slave-hunting notoriety, and that for gentleness and affection it has few rivals. It is this trait in its character, combined with its unequalled power of scent, its patience, sagacity, and perseverance under difficulties, which makes it



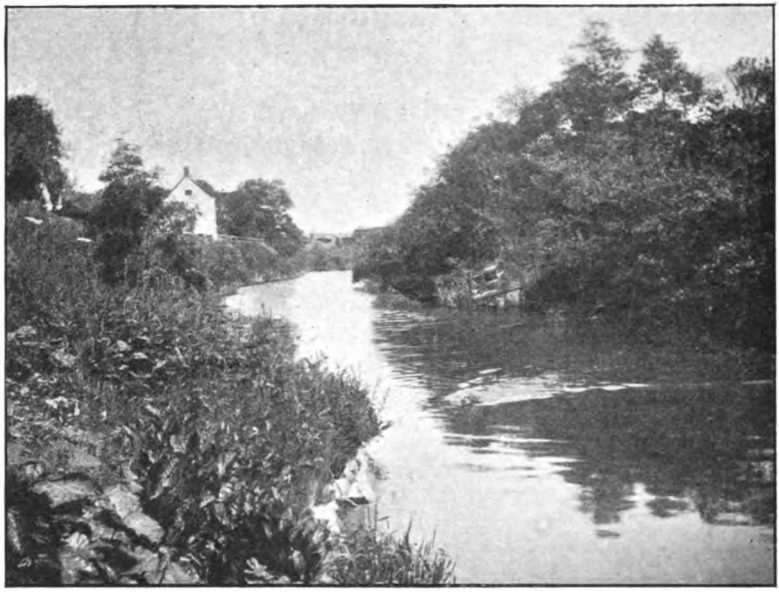
WORKING OUT A DIFFICULT PROBLEM

eminently fitted for the sport which has hitherto been indulged in by so few.

Hunting the clean boot is a sport in which rapid strides have been made since the public trials at Warwick in 1886, and at no time within recent years has it attained a higher state of proficiency than the present. Much of the credit for this state of things is due to Mr. Edwin Brough of Scarborough, who, since 1871, has been a most enthusiastic breeder and trainer of bloodhounds, and whose bitch 'Kickshaw '96' is probably the finest worker known to the present generation.

As showing the tremendous amount of interest taken in the bloodhound by Mr. Brough, and the great success which has attended his kennels, the following magnificent record may be mentioned in passing: No fewer than 714 prizes have been

secured by his hounds, and of these 386 were firsts, 132 specials, and 49 championships, the remainder consisting of 105 seconds and 42 thirds. Probably his greatest triumphs on the show bench have been his winning outright the Kennel Club's Challenge Cup for Bloodhounds, the Rollo Shield on nine occasions, and the Deakin Cup for the best Sporting Hound, which he also won outright. But as it is of the bloodhound as a sporting dog that this article purports to treat the above

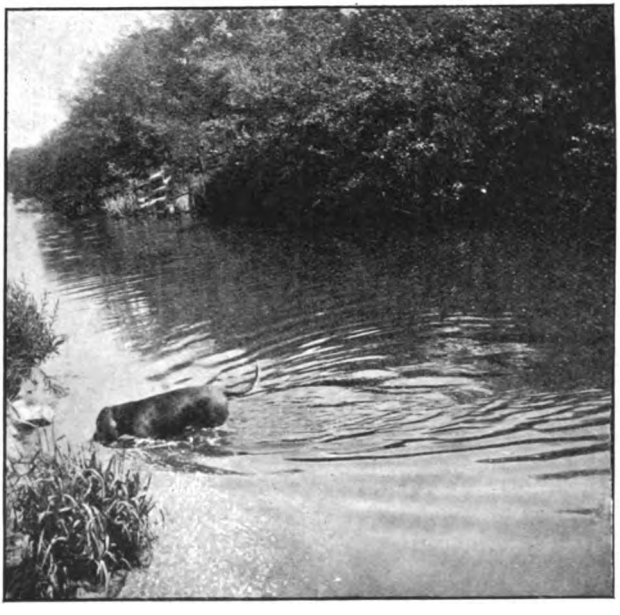


TAKING A LINE OVER A RIVER

brief allusion to the records of the famous Wyndyate Kennels must suffice.

Many instances might be given of the use of the bloodhound in hunting wild animals, but space forbids more than a passing mention of one pack. Lord Wolverton hunted deer with a bloodhound pack and on Lord Carrington obtaining this pack he hunted it for a season in Buckinghamshire ; it was then offered for sale in 1881 at Tattersall's, at Rugby. Only a couple and a half were then sold, but on the rest being offered a short time afterwards at Cheri's, Paris, that celebrated French sportsman, the Count Le Couteulx de Canteleu, purchased the remainder with which he hunted the wild boar. They proved very satisfactory in many ways but were somewhat lacking

in the necessary courage required for this pursuit, and the Count, having no collaborateur in France, his being the only pack of bloodhounds, did not persevere with them. In his present pack of English foxhounds, however, he has a dog descended from his bloodhounds, but with a slight cross, which is very fast, possessed of a fine voice and is so courageous and powerful that he can throw down a very big boar. Mention of this hound's voice reminds one that though bloodhounds give



PICKING UP THE LINE AFTER CROSSING A RIVER

tongue freely when hunting a wild animal they are frequently quite mute when hunting man.

Sufficient has been said to show the capabilities of the bloodhound in hunting a quarry other than man, but with the latter as a sport there appears to be the possibility of gaining a good deal of genuine health-giving enjoyment where it is impossible to hunt on a larger scale. How often during a hunting season are the meets too far away—to say nothing of the days for which there is no fixture, besides which there are the months when there is no hunting at all. To every true sportsman who takes an intelligent interest in hunting, and who keenly appreciates the working of hounds, it would be possible,

with the aid of one or two couples of bloodhounds, to fill in such blank days as those mentioned, by hunting the clean boot. In such sport it goes without saying that the best of hunting men would be able to add something to their stock of knowledge concerning the mystery of 'scent,' whilst probably the interest in keenly watching hounds work would be quickened in others, hitherto absolutely indifferent on this point—and so sport would benefit all round.

To enjoy the sport of hunting man there need be no occasion to go in for the bloodhound on a large scale—in fact one hound alone would be sufficient where circumstances prohibited a larger kennel. Friendly trials might be arranged with one's neighbours, and most enjoyable runs indulged in. The hounds could be followed either on foot or on horseback; on a good scenting day the latter method would be a great advantage, for under favourable conditions bloodhounds go so fast that one requires to be well mounted to keep with them. If hunted on foot, with an unknown line, the hounds should be held in a leash, or they will quickly leave their followers behind; but when possible a much better way is for the runner to run a ring, when the hounds can be allowed to go free, the followers easily crossing from one point to another. If preferred the quarry may be mounted. This, however, would not be altogether desirable unless it were intended always to hunt mounted, as the best results are undoubtedly obtained where the hounds are entered to one particular scent, and kept to that only. From this it must not be inferred that the same person or horse should always be hunted, but that the scent should be either that of the clean boot or the horse, the runners being changed as often as desired. It is undoubtedly best to afford no artificial aid whatever to the hounds—such practices as smearing the boots with blood, liver, or horseflesh being to say the least, most undesirable.

With tact and patience bloodhounds can be entered to hunt the clean boot very quickly, and they may be trained as young as three or four months—the earlier the better. The best way to train—and this is the system adopted by Mr. Brough—is to let them first run some one they know. The runner should caress the hounds and let them see him start away. He should then get out of sight as quickly as possible, run about 200 yards straight up wind on grass, and hide himself. The hunter should know the line chosen exactly and take the hounds over it, encouraging them to hunt until they find, when they should be

rewarded with a piece of meat. This should be patiently repeated several times until the hounds get their heads fairly down, but when they once begin to hunt they rapidly improve and thoroughly enjoy the sport. At first everything should be made as easy as possible, and the difficulties should be increased gradually. The first difficulties might consist of having the line crossed by other persons—by increasing the time before laying hounds on, or by crossing roads, &c. Pups, when old enough, should be taught to jump fearlessly, and

KICKSHAW SWIMMING

swim brooks, &c. A very good plan when hounds have begun to run fairly well is for the runner to take with him a bundle of sticks, pointed at one end, with a piece of white paper stuck in a cleft at the other. These he should stick in the ground whenever he makes a turn or crosses a fence, inclining them in the direction in which he intends to go next. By this means the person hunting the hounds will have some idea of the correctness of their work—though many good hounds do not always run nearest the line, sometimes running hard on a good scenting day fifty yards or even more to leeward of it. Of course the sticks should be taken up after the run to prevent mistakes on future occasions, and they can be

dispensed with altogether when hounds have learnt to run with confidence.

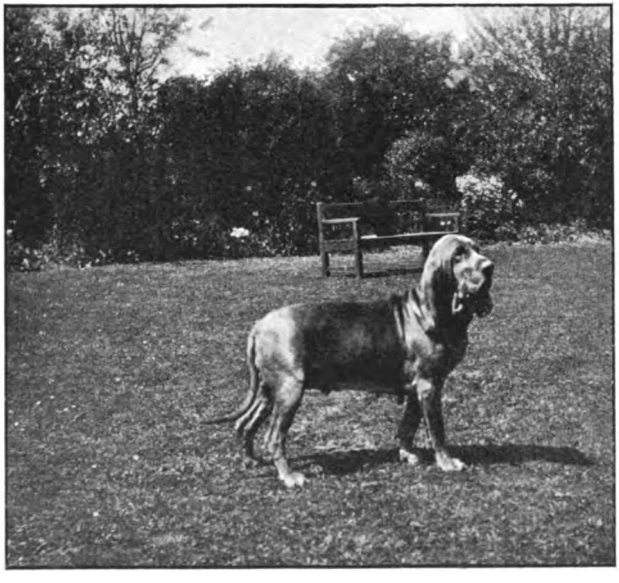
They will soon begin to cast for themselves, and to try back if they overrun the line; no assistance whatever should be given them as long as they continue working on their own accord, for self-reliance is most important. The line should be changed as frequently as possible, and it is undesirable to run hounds over the exact line of a previous course. When thoroughly trained there is very little fear of the bloodhound, when hunting,

FINDING A PERFECT STRANGER AFTER A RUN

changing from one scent to another, in the way that foxhounds so often change foxes, for it will hold to the true line in a manner which calls for the greatest admiration, and which is truly a pleasure to see. As an instance of their remarkable power in this direction it may be mentioned that some years ago a couple of bloodhounds were kept in connection with a pack of stag-hounds in Derbyshire. It was by no means an infrequent occurrence for a hunted deer to take refuge among a herd in some park, and when this happened the pack was whipped off, and the bloodhounds laid on. They would stick to the hunted deer until they got him clear of the herd when the pack would be laid on again and the chase continued. The best results are

always obtained by training hounds singly, though it is well to hunt them together at times, or they may refuse to work with other hounds, or overrun the line through jealousy. If it is intended to bring a hound to such a state of excellence that it may be used in busy thoroughfares, it is advisable to take it into the noise and bustle of a town as much as possible, but if only intended for use in the open country, with occasional spells of road work, this is not necessary.

From what has been briefly written it will be seen that



KICKSHAW AT HOME

hunting the clean boot may easily be added to the pleasures of country life ; however limited one's own property may be there should be little difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission to cross sufficient land to make up any number of good runs, and this form of hunting has the advantage that a course can always be chosen in the direction one desires to take, and no damage whatever need be done. Most interesting and instructive experiments might be easily tried by means of the bloodhound, and many points on which hunting men differ might be put to a series of useful tests—such, for instance, as whether scent is destroyed by a sudden frost, and, if so, whether totally or only temporarily, and in the latter case whether the line

could be taken up again immediately on a thaw setting in—perhaps some days afterwards. Other 'knotty' points would readily suggest themselves to the observant sportsman, and, in short, the possibilities of the sport, with constant training, are inexhaustible, to say nothing of the additional excitement which may at any time be presented by the tracking of burglars, poultry thieves, &c.

That there is a great deal to be done yet before the bloodhound attains that degree of excellence which characterised its tracking powers in days gone by, is very evident; for although our present hounds are far better in those characteristics which denote special scenting power than those of a hundred years ago, it used to be easy to hunt man with twenty-four hours' start, whilst 'Kickshaw's' best performance in public was probably (with 'Clotho '96') in a match at Winslow, Bucks, in 1899, when the line was two hours ten minutes cold. Mr. Brough's hounds, however, when out exercising one morning at seven o'clock, picked up the line of a man who had left work the previous evening at six o'clock, and worked it out without difficulty.

In conclusion it had, perhaps, better be made perfectly clear that no danger whatever attaches to the runner, even though hounds have never seen him before, for when they have succeeded in running him down their only demonstration will be one of joy at having brought their quest to a successful issue. As a matter of fact they seem to hunt with greater appreciation the line of a perfect stranger than that of one who frequently runs for them.

In the event of any readers of the *Badminton* deciding to supplement the endeavours of such well-known friends of the bloodhound as Mrs. Oliphant, Lieutenant-Colonel Joynson, Mr. Brough, and others, to bring it back to that high standard as a tracker of which it is capable, may they find the sport of hunting the clean boot both highly instructive and thoroughly enjoyable, and may they feel some of the keen enthusiasm of Mr. Brough, who says: 'I know nothing more delightful than to see bloodhounds working out a scent carefully under varying circumstances, and to hear their sonorous, deep, bell-like note.'

A MILITARY STEEPLECHASE.

From a Painting by G. D. Giles.

UNIV. OF MICH.

THE PAST CRICKET SEASON

BY HOME GORDON

IN the September issue of the *Badminton Magazine* it fell to my lot to review the tour of the Australians, and that article had to be written before stumps were pitched for the final and glorious Test Match at the Oval which furnished the finest example of British pluck in playing an uphill game that has ever been witnessed in the long series of these encounters. Now, with yet more daring, I am attempting to summarise the cricket season before the players are gathered together for the Scarborough Festival. Emboldened by the kindly reception which a similar epitome met with a year ago, I am still conscious of all the perils that beset an effort fraught with such temerity. Yet, as the main lines on which the results will run are now plain, there is some excuse for these suggestive observations.

Never did a season open amid such eager anticipation ; never has any predecessor left memories of keener disappointment. After our cycle of fine summers, we appear to have entered on another bad series, and even the aquatic orgies of 1879 have been surpassed by the heavy downpours, the chilly atmosphere and the depressing light which have characterised the miserable summer that is now past. The cricket, largely affected by these inclement adjuncts, has been of an unsatisfactory nature. True, the Australians have proved themselves a magnificent side, but so powerful were they that, apart from

representative matches, it was felt that their fixtures were often mere exhibition games ; indeed, so thoroughly had they the best of the various encounters that it may appear ungracious to lay stress on the fact that they have been blessed with a lot of luck. Their bowling—which, apart from the wily deliveries of Mr. Trumble, possessed more quantity than absolutely superior quality—has never been collared, and if the rain materially affected their receipts it at least prevented our visitors from becoming stale.

That other great source of interest in former seasons—the County Championship—has throughout been a foregone conclusion, and beyond doubt the apathy shown by spectators everywhere may in great measure be set down to the conviction that Yorkshire always had matters all their own way. No one desires to deny that they played far finer cricket than any other side and fully deserved their success; but whether this prolonged and immense superiority benefits the game is a debatable matter. A keen competition between several counties struggling for first place until the very last fixtures arouses more enthusiasm and tends to develop valuable moral qualities.

Rightly or wrongly, county cricket depends largely on gate-money, and, therefore, it is not good news that, apart from the extra matches with the Australians, a considerable diminution of receipts will be found in nearly every balance-sheet. Never were cricket articles so eagerly perused, but the public apparently prefers to read about all the matches in progress rather than be present at the one in the neighbourhood. To see only four thousand people watch Surrey *v.* Lancashire at the Oval is a diminution indeed from the crowds when Messrs. Hornby and Key were the respective captains. Nor was this an exceptional case. Of course the Test Matches overshadowed county engagements, but both at Birmingham and Sheffield the attendances at these national encounters were hardly so vast as might have been expected. At the Oval, however, fifty thousand people paid to see 'the final,' and the enthusiasm when Mr. Gilbert Jessop achieved his century will be memorable for at least a generation. Four cricketers will for ever be associated with this remarkable match—Mr. Trumble, whose bowling, at its pace, has never been surpassed in the history of cricket : the Hon. F. S. Jackson, who first stemmed our downfall; Mr. Jessop and Hirst, whose courageous batting was absolutely invaluable. In the opinion of one of the finest judges,

himself the hero of earlier Test Matches, Mr. Darling committed an error in not availing himself more freely of the wily deliveries of Mr. Noble.

Fortunately for the peace of a protracted season, the threatened discussion over the Amateur question was tacitly shelved, and the purchase of the services of Mr. Victor Trumper by an English county appears to have failed. This is a matter for congratulation, because a county team ought not to be manufactured through the generosity of a few wealthy individuals. Indeed, Yorkshire's rule that no one shall play who was not born within the county is an ideal we should like to see realised elsewhere. In the actual encounters themselves, cricket suffered even more than before from the low standard of fielding prevalent, and there was a tendency to exaggerate leg-break bowling until at times the positions taken up by the fieldsmen on the on-side became positively absurd. Stimulated by the discussion on the obstruction question, umpires enforced the penalty far more freely, but certain individuals gave deplorable exhibitions of this perversion of batting. Of unfair bowling there was far less. Great curiosity had been aroused about the delivery of Mr. Saunders, but it was not until the final Test Match that the present writer saw reason for objection. However, several of the umpires did not like his action, though none had the courage to penalise him. The extension of the crease did not check no-balls so much as was expected, and the professionals who made most use of the additional space did not appear to have thereby gained much advantage.

A curious breach of the law of cricket, undoubtedly made through inadvertence, is chiefly remarkable for its subsequent lack of reprimand. A promising and excellent batsman, Mr. L. D. Brownlee, after playing for Somersetshire *v.* Oxford University, began to appear regularly for Gloucestershire. An appeal to the Committee of M.C.C. about this breach of the law prohibiting a man from playing for two counties in the same season elicited the reply that the ruling body would only take cognisance if some other county protested. It is obvious that this is a most dangerous precedent. Assume that, for the benefit of a Surrey professional, Yorkshire, which is to meet the Metropolitan county, agrees that for the sake of the gate-money Tyldesley, Trott and Llewellyn may be drafted into the Surrey side, the law can thus be broken with impunity, because, however much the Committee may disapprove, if Yorkshire raises no objection the matter must be dropped. I have, of course,

stated a preposterous hypothetical case, but some strange consequences may ensue. Several men have already represented a minor and a first-class county in the same season, which is just as illegal, but Mr. Brownlee is the first who has played for two prominent shires. In 1892, when Somersetshire had to obtain outside assistance for their fixture with Cambridge University, it was agreed to describe the visitors as Mr. H. T. Hewett's Eleven, and the match has never been regarded as one of the county's fixtures.

The standard of both University elevens was distinctly low, and Mr. S. H. Day's 117 not out was not only the finest feature of a dull Inter-University encounter, but had much to do with the victory of Cambridge by five wickets when set 272 on fourth hands. His figures in the annual encounters with Oxford show that the old Malvern boy has altogether scored 305 runs with the fine average of 61, and his excellent batting for Kent, stylish and watchful in character, emphasises his value to any team. Mr. E. M. Dowson, with bat and ball, improved on his previous University efforts, but Mr. E. R. Wilson, the captain, was only happy when the old Harrovian and himself shared the bowling, so that the pair actually took 119 out of the 155 wickets captured by the Light Blues. Mr. C. H. M. Ebden proved a steady defensive bat, but so moderate were the rest that the exclusion of Mr. K. R. B. Fry seemed unwise, although his form against the Australians was most disappointing.

Oxford had not one bowler with any pretensions to be first-class, but their batting was undeniably more interesting than that of their opponents. Mr. W. Findlay, always a fine wicket-keeper, made a remarkable advance with the willow. He possesses no strokes and is monotonous to watch, but few amateurs are so troublesome to dislodge, and on the principle that runs come if you can stay long enough, he has taken a notable place in first-class averages. It was feared that, by going to the West Indies, Mr. E. W. Dillon had failed to satisfy the University authorities, but his services were not lost and he made a lot of runs. As he, with Mr. Findlay, put on 118 and 86 for the first wicket against Cambridge, their joint services were substantially useful, however leisurely the methods. The captain, Mr. C. H. B. Marsham, made almost as great progress as his old schoolfellow, Mr. Findlay. Although he had scored a century against Cambridge last year, he could not keep his place in the Kent team. But this season his steady batting has yielded a succes-

sion of big scores. He will never be attractive to watch, but he is amazingly difficult to dismiss, and once he has played himself in, he makes runs at a good pace. Much will be heard of Mr. W. H. B. Evans, the freshman from Malvern, who has now thrown in his lot with Hampshire instead of Worcestershire. A nephew of Mr. A. H. Evans, the famous Dark Blue bowler, who in 1879 scattered the wickets of all opponents, though his action aroused invidious criticism, this young cricketer showed a grace and a facility for employing a large variety of good strokes which should ensure his future being most successful. As Mr. Bonham-Carter achieved the undesirable spectacles in the University match, it may be mentioned that others who have earned this unpopular presentation in the historic encounter include Messrs. Frank Marchant, T. C. O'Brien, W. Blacker, A. H. Heath, H. G. Tylecote, H. Bassett, M. J. Dauglish, C. M. Knatchbull-Hugessen, and W. G. Grace, jun. Something is wrong in a system which does not afford adequate trials to such promising University cricketers as Messrs. C. H. Boddington, M. R. Herbert, J. E. Raphael, C. D. McIvor, and L. D. Brownlee, who ought all to get their colours in years to come.

Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's proved a very one-sided match, Braund, Denton and Lockwood absolutely collaring the amateur attack. For the latter the services of Mr. T. C. Ross, an Irishman, were enlisted, and his appearance will be mainly memorable for the fact that he never sent down any trial balls. Would that in this all would emulate him! The Players were not well selected, for Barnes, Haigh and Llewellyn had all strong claims. Mr. Gilbert Jessop, making one of his rare appearances as a regular trundler, rattled out a good many of his opponents, and performed the same feat for his county against the Australians when his eight wickets cost some thirteen runs each. At the Oval the professional element was more powerful than at St. John's Wood, and the game is noteworthy because it afforded one of the earliest occasions for Hayward to display some glimpse of his old skill. The veteran G. O. M. of cricket and Mr. Charles McGahey were here both prominent as run-getters. The London County Club had a distinctly vigorous season, and it is a pity that the games played upon the pretty Sydenham enclosure are not a little more serious. At the same time, nothing so phenomenal as the batting of Mr. W. Smith in 1901 occupied public notice. At Lord's, the secretary put up in the pavilion placards requesting captains to assist in carrying out the law that only two minutes must elapse between the fall

of a wicket and the resumption of play. The laudable effort failed to effect much reform, the Australians being especially dilatory in this matter. Of the first-class fixures fulfilled by M.C.C. not much need be said. A great side was put into the field against the Colonials, but in the return encounter the feebleness of the eleven was disappointing, even when due allowance was made for the fact that most of the counties were engaged. Against Cambridge a powerful side scored prodigiously, but on other occasions none could have more deeply realised the inadequacy of the club teams than the President and Secretary. At the same time the weakness of the ground staff both in batting and bowling must be apparent, and will probably be remedied before next year.

If Hirst hardly bowled so well, and if Mr. Frank Mitchell was lost to Yorkshire, the absence of the latter was completely compensated by the return of the Hon. F. S. Jackson in superb form, and by the ability of Haigh to bear the brunt of a season's work. The amateur, playing with superb confidence, was also more effective than ever with the ball, while many are of opinion that the omission of Haigh from the National Team was a grave error. The vacancy caused by the retirement of Wainwright was filled by Washington. This admirable left-handed bat only needs to avoid cramping his cricket by stepping in front of his wicket. He is also a wonderful field, who not only covers more ground in the country than any other player, but also possesses a safe pair of hands. Mr. T. L. Taylor, albeit his mannerism of playing quite close to his legs seems perilous, is one of the foremost bats of the day. Hirst is a deadly punisher of all classes of bowling. Tunnicliffe and Brown have been possibly less consistent in run-getting than of yore, but Denton, always good to watch, has made a notable advance, being one of the four finest batsmen of the day on a wet wicket; and Lord Hawke, for the first time in his career, made centuries at Lord's and the Oval, the latter one of the finest innings of the whole season. Rhodes still is the foremost bowler of his pace whenever he can get the wicket to give him the least assistance, and directly he loses his skill with the ball will become a fine bat. The co-operative work of the side in the field, in conjunction with old Hunter's quiet efficiency behind the sticks, was really the secret of the phenomenal success which has been placed on record. If in the last eighty engagements only two have been lost, the Yorkshiremen will not grudge that brace of triumphs to Somersetshire, and the

two defeats only throw into relief the high standard of the champion team in every department. At the same time, it is impossible to lay too much stress on the enormous advantage experienced by the same side playing so frequently together, and upon the sympathetic and judicious captaincy of Lord Hawke, who handles his men with superlative discrimination.

A limited number of men playing well together was no characteristic of Lancashire. It was even observed by an irate member in the Manchester pavilion that one eleven knew not the next eleven which would do battle for the County Palatine ; and the constant changes worked disastrously so far as combination was concerned. Naturally, the two England representatives, Mr. MacLaren and Tyldesley, were the backbone of the shire, and the little professional batted with even finer consistency than in former seasons. There was an absolute plethora of efficient wicket-keepers, and the Oxonian, Mr. W. Findlay, was a valuable acquisition in August. To replace Mr. Harold Garnett, who could rarely find time to play, a very useful amateur was discovered in Mr. G. Potter, a batsman who combines vigorous tactics with soundness. Hallows and I'Anson ought by now to have convinced a reluctant committee that they are very valuable performers with both bat and ball. The keen energy of Mr. A. Eccles also deserves a word of appreciation. Prior to the beginning of the programme it appeared as though he were to be captain, but Mr. MacLaren resumed his old position, though the basis of the arrangement between him and the executive was not made public. Among a multitude of moderate bowlers, the services of Webb might have been more utilised, and it was the emphatic weakness of this department, and the uncertainty as to Barnes, which did much to mitigate the powerful batting. Albert Ward's benefit was one worthy to commemorate the honourable career of this eminent cricketer.

Somersetshire have always earned an enviable repute for showing spirited cricket, and this year their close finishes have provided the most sporting element in county fixtures. Besides beating Yorkshire by one wicket, they scored success by the same narrow margin against Middlesex, and a victory by two wickets over Kent. A side dependent on amateurs for the bulk of its batting must be subject to variations, and certainly the performances were uneven. But, on the whole, this was the best season the Western County has enjoyed since the retirement of Mr. H. T. Hewett. Braund was the first in England

to obtain both a hundred wickets and a thousand runs in 1902, and to-day no one shows more of the spirit which once made George Lohmann so remarkable as a player in every department. Unquestionably the most graceful bat of the period, Mr. Lionel Palairet was as fascinating as ever to watch, and appreciative reference should be made to his conspicuous improvement as a field. To support Mr. A. E. Newton, who was as good as ever, Mr. H. Martyn qualified in July, and his form at the Oval induced many seriously to assert that to-day he is the best wicket-keeper in the world. He is also a lively bat, as full of confidence and pluck as his stalwart captain, Mr. S. M. J. Woods, whose cricket retains all its old enthusiasm. Gill made a decided advance as a rattling hitter, and on occasions he, Robson and Cranfield put flattering performances to their credit. It was a pity the last named, when getting his first chance in a big match, found a wicket at Lord's on which he was quite unable to make the ball turn.

Of Gloucestershire it may not be true to say *aut Jessop aut nihil;* but the prospects of the county are forlorn if his rumoured retirement becomes an accomplished fact. Paish so completely lost his bowling that he had to be dropped, and a terrible amount of work was thrown on Spry, a young bowler rather below medium pace with a nice action. The punishment he came in for was mainly due to the lack of support, and against the Australians, after an absence of eight years, Woof came back once more. Precedents could be found, among others, in the cases of Walter Humphreys, Richard Daft, Alfred Shaw and Wootton. The bulk of the constantly changing side played fair cricket, but did not attain a sufficiently high standard to challenge the great counties effectively.

The besetting sin of Worcestershire seems to be lack of confidence. Of course the loss of Mr. R. E. Foster was irreparable, and in his few appearances he gave a taste of his old quality. Mr. R. K. Foster, though he afforded some good exhibitions, was not so consistent as of yore, and the team, as a whole, played tamely. They are a young body of cricketers quite capable of much better performances, and far more can shortly be expected of them. The reported retirement of Bowley will be a severe loss, and Burrows has disappointed hopes. Wilson may be regarded as a consistent fast bowler even if he makes no material advance, and Bird is a capital performer. Mr. Simpson-Hayward, who learnt to bowl lobs by flicking billiard-balls about the table, has had effective hours.

Indeed, the novelty of his delivery often misled quite prominent opponents. The Irishman Gaukrodger has proved a great acquisition. Not only does he keep wicket in thoroughly efficient fashion, but he is an excellent run-getter with a powerful drive. At least two good judges believe he will prove Lilley's successor.

Warwickshire possessed a syndicate of captains and the county team preserved the even tenour of its steady form. Hargreave was again the best bowler, often sending down unplayable balls, and W. G. Quaife proved the most successful bat. Lilley quite failed to get runs up to his old standard, and Kinneir was even more leisurely than before. Moorhouse appears likely to justify the hopes of the authorities, but Charlesworth was disappointing. Leicestershire for a prolonged period had a place second only to Yorkshire. This was due to happy accident, and once the tide turned the Midland County dropped to the bottom of the list. Nevertheless the team are capable of big things. Every member of the side has some excellent performances, the fault being that so few are ever achieved in conjunction with those of their comrades, while runs of bad luck dishearten them. King began in great form, and when he grew stale, first Knight and then Whitehead occupied the position of determined run-getters. Mr. C. J. B. Wood played good defensive cricket and Dr. MacDonald is becoming a positive proverb for stonewalling. His prolonged occupation of the wicket at Brighton was one which astonished those acquainted with the normal rate of getting runs on the Hove ground. Last season at Hastings he was six and a quarter hours scoring 107, and this year he was five hours and a half compiling a brace of innings yielding 81 runs. Mr. R. T. Crawford may be somewhat of a rough-and-ready cricketer, but he is at times of considerable use, though it does not say much for the strength of the attack that he so often has to be called upon. Mr. W. W. Odell is also a hardworking bowler, effective on occasions, who, with more restraint, should take a high place. Leicestershire, like Worcestershire, may be expected to go higher on the list in years ahead.

The revival of cricket in Derbyshire is most welcome. It was not only the actual number of victories, but in the more spirited form of the side and the readier discipline that general cause for satisfaction can be found. The energy of Mr. A. E. Lawton proved infectious. This keen young amateur showed an enormous advance, but was excelled by Mr. Maynard Ashcroft, who displayed masterly form, in striking contrast to his

luckless play in 1901. These excellent performances atoned for the decline in batting of Storer, who seems to have resigned the gloves to Humphries, while Chatterton and Bagshaw have been placed on the retired list. The Australians thought Bestwick one of the most valuable bowlers in England. Hulme was also stimulated by better fielding and had creditable figures, and a promising bowler was found in Warren. He would be better still if he did not pitch balls short on the off stump directly he is hit.

The Old Guard had much to place to their credit in the Nottingham aggregate. William Gunn did not retire after all, but batted splendidly. Yet more notable was the magnificent form of Arthur Shrewsbury. He would not play for England, but it is no exaggeration to say that he is still the finest batsman in the country, and though he has been nearly thirty years before the public, his powers appear to be only ripened by time. Iremonger fully maintained his exceptional advance of 1901, and his inclusion among the Players was a merited recognition of his valuable cricket. Wass had a great season with the ball. He could get a footing when other bowlers of his speed were forced to be spectators, and he literally ripped through certain elevens. John Gunn was totally inept and Hallam only a fair change, so Wass deserves the more praise. Mr. A. O. Jones in some measure redeemed his collapse at the Antipodes, but it was not his best year, and he rarely bowled.

Hampshire did little. Llewellyn, who returns to South Africa, though he will be back next year, was the mainstay of the side. But he had to do too much, and his efforts were more prodigious than his figures reveal. The return of Major Poore was most welcome, and against the Australians he batted well directly after landing. Barton, after a moderate benefit match, fell sick, and Mr. A. J. L. Hill could not always play. A new bowler, Mr. Hesketh Pritchard, at least served to keep up an end opposite Llewellyn, and may some day prove of more account.

The conspicuous failure of the two Sussex crack bats in Test Matches furnished food for widespread comment. After the visit of the Australians to Brighton, K. S. Ranjitsinhji stood out of the county team owing to a disagreement, and actually played for M.C.C. at Lord's when the shire of which he was captain had an important engagement, thus following the example some years since set by Captain E. G. Wynyard. Oddly enough, he made two of his greatest scores, at Leyton and at

the Oval, just prior to a couple of Test Matches, and his figures do not show that his skill is diminishing. Mr. C. B. Fry, without repeating his phenomenal record of 1901, was a great performer, though his fine critical work somewhat distracted his actual participations in the game. The bowling of Tate was positively the feature of the season. On occasions he literally conjured with the ball until the disastrous match at Manchester reacted badly on his sensitive disposition. The extraordinary advance he has made in this comparatively late stage in his career, for he is five-and-thirty, is the more notable because he has pegged away during so many seasons on the thankless Brighton pitch. Mr. W. Newham had an extraordinary return of his old skill as a bat, and Mr. George Brann made an excellent reserve captain besides getting runs in his old attractive method. Vine did not approach his sensational performances of the previous year, but he, Relf and Killick formed a valuable and formidable triumvirate, while Butt kept wicket as deftly as ever. Mr. R. B. Heygate, of Epsom College, gave one fine display, and Cox took some wickets. The Sussex Committee must have had some anxious deliberations, and firmness is very essential for them.

Kent did many things so well that the position of the Hop County should have been much better. If Mr. J. R. Mason could not quite win the place universally coveted for him in the England team, he did superb work with both bat and ball. Mr. C. J. Burnup batted with pertinacious efficacy, displaying his ripe judgment to the material advantage of his side. Reference has already been made to the excellent batting of the University contingent, and if Alec Hearne had bad spells, he could still come out with an occasional contribution, and prove mystifying with the ball when he had a chance. Blythe bowled finely and his notable performances were not duly insisted upon. At his pace he is only inferior to Wilfred Rhodes. Seymour, though promising, was not quite so good as his work for the Second Eleven gave reason to anticipate. Huish, clever and quick as ever when wearing the gloves, would have been called upon for national service in the event of an accident to Lilley.

With Essex drawn games were, as usual, preponderating. The very proper abandonment of Carpenter gave further opportunities to Buckenham, a fairly useful professional who hardly gives ground for believing that he will ever be good enough to retain his place. Sewell, frankly, has proved a

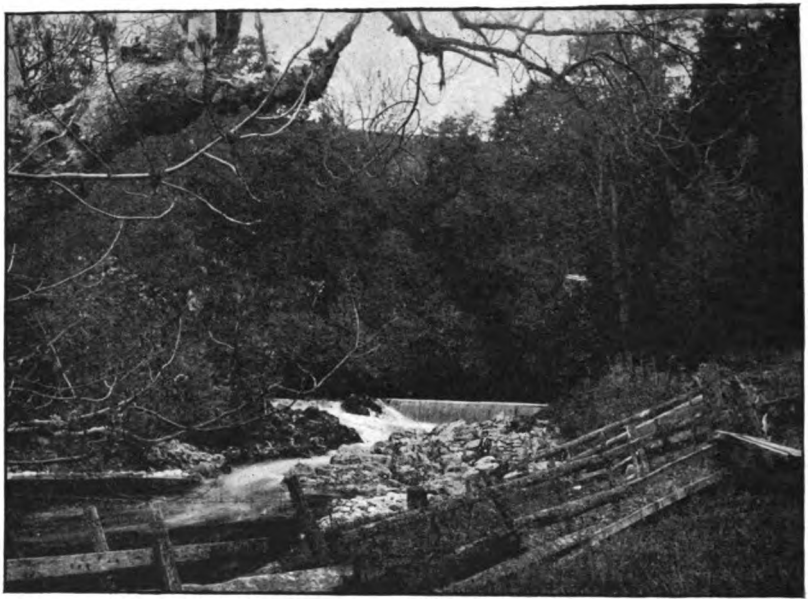
disappointment. He is magnificent in the field, but his batting thus far seems marred by over-anxiety. A notable advance should be noticed in Mr. C. J. Kortright. Once a reckless hitter, he has now trained himself to be almost as correct as Mr. A. P. Lucas himself, and is a valuable steady bat, besides making an excellent captain. Of course, Messrs. Perrin and McGahey were as valuable as ever, and age cannot mar the polished skill of the veteran Mr. Lucas; nor did lack of confidence so materially affect the batting of Mr. F. L. Fane, consequently his innings show more consistence than usual. Of him the present writer once heard the observation as he went in: 'Well, it's a beautiful century or an ugly duck, and no one would lay much more odds against one than against the other.' Remembering that the Leyton wickets afford no assistance to bowlers, the attack must still be pronounced weak, though Mead improved his figures and Mr. McGahey bowled leg-breaks as well as any one in the country. Be it noted that the Second Eleven has not met with a reverse in the four years of its victorious existence. However it has not yet provided the deadly fast bowler so eagerly craved in the Eastern county.

Middlesex had a deplorable season until the schoolmasters came back admirable as ever. Albert Trott never bowls his fast ball, and is consequently less dangerous. J. T. Hearne still sends down the same elegant balls which always look so excellent from the pavilion, but are apparently now played with ease. Rawlin was on several occasions unwisely shelved for unsuccessful amateurs. There is still a lot of cricket in the willing fellow. A new wicket-keeper of some skill was dug out in the person of Mr. Headlam, who was in the Rugby eleven with Mr. R. W. Nicholls. Mr. MacGregor himself found business and his honeymoon interfering with his appearances, and Mr. P. F. Warner was some time before he settled down in his old true vein of run-getting. Mr. Beldam began bowling at medium pace very serviceable balls either round or over the wicket, and a Wykhamist, Mr. J. H. Hunt, was a fairly useful discovery, whose dance on the pitch was the cheeriest feature of the Whitsuntide match. Considering the wonderful scores compiled by Mr. H. B. Chinnery in minor matches, it is positively lamentable that he should not be regularly seen in the metropolitan team.

Of Surrey much might be written, chiefly about the way in which the side was selected. But so unsatisfactory is this topic

that perhaps the matter had better be dropped. The finest feature of the season was the wonderful bowling of Lockwood. The way in which he dismissed Middlesex at Lord's must have been witnessed to be duly appreciated. Tom Richardson, very hardworking, had days when he could get work on his ball, notably in the home match with Somersetshire. Of the rest, Clode did better than Nice or Lees, who were quite below county standards. The batting reveals Abel as good as ever and practically expected to make half the runs. Hayward's early failure and the depression of Mr. D. L. A. Jephson alike were powerless to affect the fine scoring of the wonderful 'Guvn'r.' Hayes and Mr. V. F. S. Crawford both hit well at times, and Captain Bush was almost as stylish as Mr. L. C. H. Palairet himself. It was therefore regrettable that he had to return to his regiment before the end of the season. Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower batted so well on the few occasions he was included that his modesty in going in late when captain was positively injurious to the side. In Strudwick there is an excellent reserve stumper, but Stedman is the better bat. The reappearance of Mr. K. J. Key in the match against Oxford was the most gracious act of his cheery career. The immediate prospects of both the elder metropolitan counties are not particularly halcyon.

In concluding this summary, it may be mentioned that the aim has been to supply an answer as frequently as possible to the query 'How So-and-So played this year,' rather than to give a strict review of the matches in dry-as-dust fashion. Possibly there will never again be such a plethora of fixtures, and it is to be hoped that such wretched weather may also have established a record. Any one who has studied the progress of the games will forgive a chance omission when condensation of such a range of encounters is attempted, but without expatiating on the topic one warning must be added: if the spirit of cricket is to be maintained, the business aspect must soon be put under some restraint, or our national sport will degenerate into the professionalism of modern football.



HAPPY VALLEY, MIDDLETON HALL

AN OCTOBER MORNING IN NORTHUMBERLAND

BY LAWRENCE B. JUPP

THE air is keen—for the early frosts of autumn have made an appearance in this northern shire—but the sky is cloudless, and the sun promises power and warmth, although it has only just risen above a neighbouring fir-plantation as I set out on my five-mile tramp. Hounds are meeting for cubbing purposes at Chillingham Castle, the hour nine A.M. The roads ring out hard beneath my feet ; the rime lies white in sheltered spots, untouched as yet by the sun's rays. Down a long, winding lane, the hedges are on fire with the crimson of innumerable berries ; and blackbirds, thrushes, and smaller feathered fry are garrulously breakfasting. A weasel slips through the hedge-row a few paces in front of me—evidently puzzling out in an uncertain manner the cold trail of a rabbit or hare. Presently he sits up for a moment on his hind legs—

for all the world like a squirrel—sees me, drops, and vanishes in a flash back into the hedge.

Now through a Northumberland village, white-walled, slate-roofed houses; in narrow gardens a flaunting hollyhock or two shivering in the north-westerly wind.

There are big coverts in these parts. That fir-wood—where the pale green of larches shows so deliciously—holds a strong litter of cubs, to be left in peace for yet another week or so: and a mile away that great wood—oak and ash predominating—is a blaze of colour, and a cock pheasant challenges harshly as I swing past.

Over a wooden bridge and the sullen Till is crossed, and the old lines of an unknown author flash through my brain:

> Says Tweed to Till—
> 'What gars ye rin sae still?'
> Says Till to Tweed—
> 'Though I rin with speed,
> And ye rin slaw,
> For ae man that ye droon,
> I droon twa.'

The same river, by the way, that Earl Surrey crossed by Twizel Bridge, at the head of the English army, before the fatal fray at Flodden—fatal indeed for Scotland and her King.

And now I pass through the little border-village of Chillingham, and enter the Park; and so, up a sweeping avenue of elms—a shower of whose golden leaves flutter down on my head as I go—and I find myself in front of the castle, the stately old seat of the Earls of Tankerville. There is no time, however, to stay to admire the massive grandeur of the grey pile. Hounds and a goodly sprinkling of riders are already moving away from the terraced front, and servants who have been engaged in the hospitable office of ministering refreshments to members of the hunt gaze with me after the departing cavalcade. The scarlet liveries of the huntsman and whips, with their seventeen and a half couple of hounds, disappear round a bend in the drive, and I decide to stroll leisurely in the same direction.

They will draw Lilburn woods—down in the valley, two miles distant: the park coverts are sacred; game abounds in them, and foxes are anathema; besides, there is the famous herd of wild cattle roaming about up there towards Roscastle

—the highest point of the Park—with its traces of an old British camp ; and the Chillingham wild cattle are not to be approached too closely with impunity, for they are a genuine remainder of the savage herds who haunted the shaggy hills in days when man was primitive, and motors for the rich and b cycles for their poorer brethren were luxuries undreamt of.

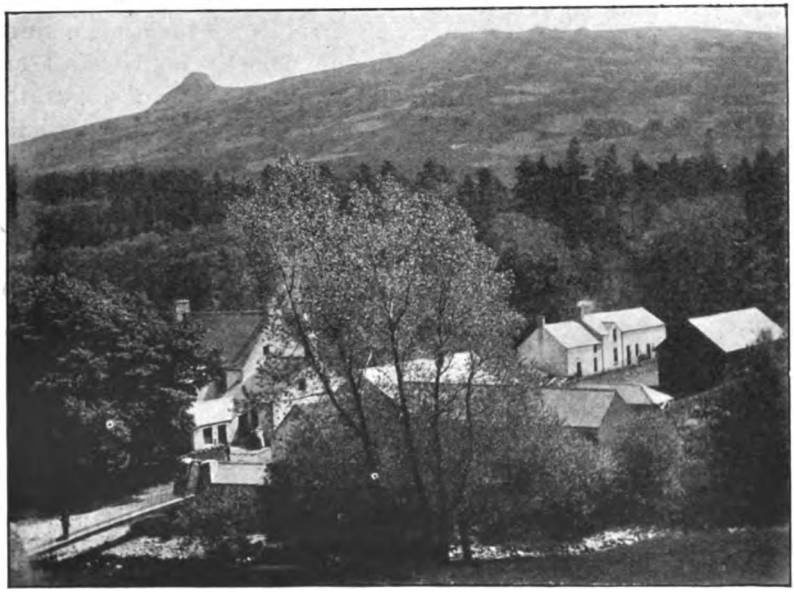
Landseer's famous picture has made them familiar to most of us—short and sturdy, with rough white coats ; the bulls have a trick, when quarrelsomely inclined, of goring the ground

CHILLINGHAM CASTLE

with their horns, and tossing the earth back over their heads, hence the yellow stains that soil their heavy shoulders.

Once outside the park, after pausing to admire from a distance the noble herd of red-deer browsing peacefully in a glade a quarter of a mile away, I decide to follow the boundary-wall of great loose stones, and ascending through the little hamlet of Hepburn, gain the summit of Roscastle—pronounced in the vernacular Rascastle—from which point, on a clear day, a very perfect and typical Northumbrian view may be enjoyed. A pretty stiff climb brings me to the desired spot. Grand is too mild a word—our English vocabulary is unable to furnish me with a fitting expression with which to hail the prospect unrolled before my eyes.

Seawards the land shelves gradually to a great expanse of wild moorland, dark with heather, its bloom, alas! withered and dead, save for an occasional purple patch; here and there a huge boulder shows grey and gaunt amid the prevailing sombre hue; then the ground rises again abruptly, and beyond a treeless ridge I catch the glimmer of a steel-blue ocean. A few hundred yards off a curlew is flying in narrowing circles, whistling plaintively the while; a flock of plovers flap in their leisurely, lop-sided manner above the heather, piping peevishly, until they suddenly drop, and are lost to sight.



LANGLYFORD, UNDER CHEVIOT

Turning westward, Chillingham Park, with its wooded slopes rich in October tints, lies below me, and away in the distance the Cheviot Hills stand out clear-limned against the sky, untrammeled to-day by the trailing skirts of storm-clouds, which so often at this season of the year roll from hill to hill, hurling cold, sleety showers into the valleys, and whitening the upper slopes with hail; or at the close of a wild autumn day the sun sets red and angry behind the dusky fringe of woods on Flodden-edge. Great shafts of crimson light shoot up athwart the driving masses of purple cloud which surge over the hills, hurrying seawards to meet the night, until the gathering

shadows triumph over the last defiant effort of day, and darkness, deep and intense, settles broodingly down upon mountain and plain.

But now the sun, warm and genial, shines on the dun-red patches of faded bracken until the massive shoulders of Cheviot itself seem clothed in gold.

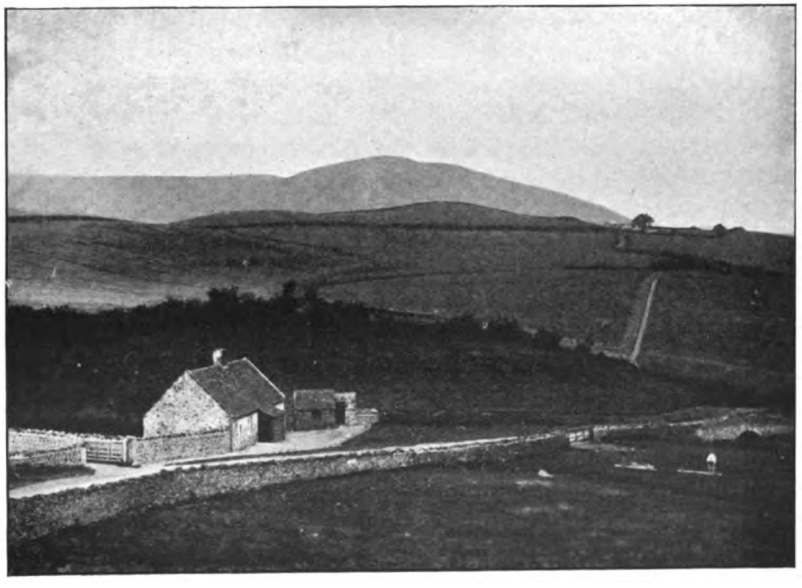
How well the hills stand out! Each one has an expression entirely its own, and no two are much alike in character. Cheviot, huge and hog-backed; Hedgehope, conical and steep; Kirknewton-tor, that boasts an ugly precipice; Hens-hole, where the raven still makes his home, and croaks dismally; Yavering Bell, most graceful of the range, on whose summit long, long ages back Sun-worshippers reared their rude stone altars; Akeld Hill and Harehope, whose craggy sides are beloved by the big hill-fox; Homilton, on whose slopes the Scots under Douglas were mown down by the feathered shafts of English archers, led by the fiery Hotspur; and beneath the shadow of the hill in a quiet meadow—there in Milfield plain—still stands the huge lichen-stained stone that marks the spot where the bones of the dead slain in that sanguinary conflict lie; and, indeed, the whole surrounding country side is fertile in memories of bloody border frays. Here and there the ruined remains of an old peel-tower still stand, a broken relic of ungentle days; to them women and children fled for shelter when the shrill slogan of the fierce Northman sped its message of death and destruction through frowning passes and peaceful pasture lands, and flames leapt up into the night from the rude beacon-pile that crowns the summit of each sullen hill.

Near the foot of Homilton a square church-tower and a cluster of white-walled houses—almost hidden away among elms and fir-trees—note the position of the old market-town of Wooler. Hard by, Earl Surrey took camp on his northward march to Flodden-field.

Down in Milfield plain I catch the shimmer of waters—three winding rivers wander there: the Till, the Glen, and the Wooler Water. Miles away a blue haze hangs over the valley of the Tweed; but beyond, the Scottish hills, with Duns-Caw's sugar-loaf shape aggressive, stand out distinctly; the Eildon Hills, not far from 'fair Melrose,' and hard by Scott's stately home of Abbotsford, with its false Gothic of Ruskin's abomination, are hidden by the shapely hills of Glendale.

But look! while I have been dreaming stirring things have

been happening down below in the Lilburn woods. A distant cry of hounds is borne up to me on the freshening breeze; and presently I make them out, slipping across a fallow field between two coverts, a wedge-like formation of black and tan colour; the grey horse and scarlet coat of the huntsman appears and vanishes; one of his whips is in the act of putting his mount at a nasty bit of timber, and gets over with a scramble; the rest of the hunt straggle along—as the rest of the hunt generally does. Some pedestrians on an eminence a mile away are gesticulating; one waves his hat, but my eyes



HOMILTON HILL

are not binocular enough in quality to view the 'little red rover' as he quits his comfortable woodland quarters for the perils of a stern chase, although in this case it is not destined to be the long one no doubt desired by certain hard-riding young Northumbrian yeomen.

The music of the hounds swells into a melodious volume of sound—they are running this way—a still louder burst from yonder belt of firs—another too brief glimpse of black and tan, with sterns erect—a flash of scarlet and grey once more—a vision of black coats with flying tails, and then—silence! As I afterwards learnt Reynard got to ground in Hepburn Crags, and was left, perforce, among those rude boulders, as it would

require a small charge of dynamite to dislodge a fox who sought sanctuary in that rugged fastness.

Half a dozen miles away, on Doddington, close by the great rock on the side of the moor, that marks the spot where, popular rumour has it, the devil hanged his grandmother—a most ungentle act when we consider that the Prince of Darkness is reputed to be a gentleman—I once saw this same pack of hounds badly demoralised by a badger, who was dozing quietly in a warm corner and enjoying the rays of a late autumn sun. Objecting, naturally enough, to the intrusion on his privacy, he set to work vigorously, and several of the hounds were severely mauled before the huntsman was able to put an end to the conflict by knocking the badger ignominiously over the head.

Well, it is time I turned my steps homeward. I have a fair tramp before me; my appetite is sharpened by the keen mountain air, and luncheon appears in every way desirable. So I retrace my steps, covering pretty much the same ground, with the exception of the walk through Chillingham Park, that I did on my outward journey in the early morning.

As I go I not infrequently cast a 'longing, lingering look behind.' My last point of vantage is on Whitsun Bank, or Whiteside as it is called more often than not; there, standing for a moment, I make out a scarlet dot or two in the distance, moving slowly away; and I know that ere long the great Trickly woods, all red and gold in the autumn sunshine, will ring to the sound of the horn and the cry of the hounds, as another happy vulpine family is broken up, and taught that there comes a time when all must learn to fend for themselves, and that with foxes, as with men, it is very often a case of the survival of the fittest.

EMU HUNTING AT COREENA

BY EVELYN A. HENTY

'WOA! Steady now, Sunlight! No bucking,' I murmur soothingly, having succeeded (after great exertion) in swinging myself into the saddle—a difficult feat which I have been vainly trying to accomplish for the last five minutes.

Sunlight is a superb piece of horseflesh standing something over 17 hands, colour dark-brown, with lean head, and tan muzzle, possessing shoulders and quarters fit to lift him over anything, the perfection of a weight-carrier *once off*, when 'Lucifer flying from Hades' is as nothing to the way Sunlight covers the ground, but alas! he is just a *little* bit difficult on starting.

'I say, you fellows! Do hurry up! What a time you are!' I exclaim impatiently between my teeth, getting my sentences out in a series of undignified jerks, and having bitten my tongue horribly in my endeavours to persuade the aforementioned animal to go upon four legs instead of two, a mode of support he appears particularly averse from, judging by the antics he is indulging in at the present moment, that include frequent and vicious lashes out in all directions, which, occurring as they do at unexpected moments, are not calculated to sooth one's feelings ('pig-jumping'—with a buck thrown in at intervals); and when Sunlight goes in for *this* little diversion, he does it with an energy that tries my patience, and my seat, unimpeachable as I know the latter to be; for ten years' experience of hard riding on the station has given me a pretty idea of the art of sticking on—including as it has a mount on every description of 'cattle' under the sun.

This morning Sunlight's behaviour is, if anything, a trifle more unseemly than usual, and as I wait for my companions, being first in the saddle, an awful foreboding comes to me to

the effect that if we do not take our departure speedily, my snowy buckskins will make an undesired acquaintance with Mother Earth.

'All right, old boy! We shall soon be ready now,' a voice makes reply to my agonised appeal; the tones are necessarily somewhat muffled as the speaker is vigorously employed in tightening a girth with his head supporting a saddle flap. On the verandah Coldham (who came over last night with Winter from the neighbouring station of Willura for a day's hunting) is initiating Neville into the mystery of putting a fresh cracker to his stock-whip successfully, while through the open French window, I catch a glimpse of Kit Musgrave—my *fidus Achates* and partner in Coreena—struggling through a hasty breakfast, late as usual; for Kit has a rooted antipathy to turning out with the sun. He has a supreme contempt for the early bird theory, so it generally requires a liberal bestowal of 'cold pig' to induce him to leave his bed before 6 A.M.

'Come on, Winter! Let us be off,' I exclaim, seeing that he has at last finished the arrangement of girth satisfactorily, and not a little relieved at the prospect of a start. I whistle the dogs—two game-looking kangaroo hounds, named respectively Nellie and Smut—and we give our horses a breather across the 'home-paddock'[1] to the lower slip panels, where we halt and wait for our companions. A hundred yards off are the men's quarters—a neat row of stone cottages, where an animated scene is going on, and the cook is having a busy time in providing breakfast for some sixteen hands, for shearing is in full swing on the station, and I am greeted with many a cheery 'Good morning, sir,' as I ride forward for a few minutes chat with the overseer, and then rejoin Winter at the slip rails and wait for the other fellows, who are still at the starting-point. Coldham and Musgrave I perceive are mounted, but Neville (who is a 'new chum,' having only arrived from England two months ago) appears to be experiencing a little of the trouble I have just gone through.

After many attempts he is at last in the saddle, and as the trio come towards us, I see that Musgrave is offering sundry dry judicious cautions with regard to keeping the mare's head up—a piece of advice which Neville receives with a demeanour very suggestive of 'teaching your grandmother.' As he reaches us he carelessly loosens the reins and laughingly remarks with

[1] The field surrounding the squatter's house or homestead.

his usual *bonhomie* which has made him a universal favourite since he came out to the Antipodes :

'I say, Lindesay, what a confounded hurry you are in this morning!'

The words are hardly out of his mouth before there is a scuffle. I catch a glimpse of a rounded back, a flourish of arms and legs in the air—and then chaos, while amid general commotion the Hon. Montague Neville lands on all fours a few yards distant.

'What the Dickens has come to the horses?' I murmur, as Neville picks himself up with a rueful face, fortunately with all bones intact, but the pristine freshness of his snowy cords alas! no more. A few minutes ago they were spotless and set one pondering if, like the young man in *Punch*, he had got into them with the aid of a shoe-horn? Now they are a mournful spectacle, but Neville good-naturedly joins in the laugh against himself as he scrambles to his feet, and we watch two of the station hands with Musgrave who has gone to the rescue, tearing wildly round the home paddock in pursuit of my favourite mare who is behaving in anything but a ladylike manner, and is showing her temper and her heels at the same time. A good five minutes pass before she is recaptured, with infinite caution Neville again mounts, and we set off without further delay.

Our object to-day is an emu hunt, and our destination a certain mountain called Napur, about twelve miles from the homestead at the foot of which we have started on not a few capital runs ; for the base of the mountain forms a chosen feeding-spot of the emu and kangaroo, owing no doubt to the fresh green herbage which flourishes at the foot of it.

It is one of fair Austral's fairest mornings. Afar off from over the mountain the young sun is glinting and gilding the trees with its light, while the whole air resounds with the cries of newly awakened birds, mingling with the baaing and bleating of scattered flocks of sheep, which regard us with alarmed eyes as we ride on in pairs at a slow pace across the plains where we sometimes come out after wombats on fine nights ; past the big lagoon, another well-known spot which affords good sport in the way of platypus—*ornithorincus paradoxus*—shooting by moonlight. As we ride by, a startled brood of baby wild ducks which are disporting amongst the new-born sunbeams slowly creeping over the water disappear amongst the reeds, and with a whirr-r-r innumerable wild fowl fly shrieking away, their

various cries mingling with a deep-toned chorus of bull-frogs, and the harsh grating notes from a group of native companions[1] which stalk away to our rear. A long line of black swans sails majestically overhead, their dark forms clearly outlined against the rich blue fathomless expanse stretching far above us, unbroken as far as the eye can reach save where one fleecy cloudlet—an exquisite thing—hangs motionless in the far-off ether.

About a mile past the big lagoon, our path takes us through a dense forest where the track necessitates a scattering of our party, so close is the timber. Here and there a startled opossum beats a hasty retreat as we come into view, and the laughing jackasses burst forth into such a noisy chorus of ha! ha! has! as to give one the impression that the forest is the abode of a whole tribe of cachinnatory demons.

'What a horrid row. Pandemonium is a joke in comparison,' exclaims Neville, laughingly, as he gives vent to such a 'who-whoop' as causes our horses to jump again, induces the mare to resume her tactics of the morning, and starts sundry families of new-born parrots — pink-skinned, naked little creatures (as yet too unclad to go out into the world)— to lift up their voices and swell the chorus with their alarmed screeches from their nests in the giant trees.

The noise is terrific—small wonder that a frightened dingo imagines his last hour has come, and scuttles away through the brushwood in hot haste with his bushy tail showing at intervals through the ferns (masses of which grow on all sides) as the ha! ha! ha! hoo! hoo! hoo! breaks out afresh. It is a veritable Bedlam let loose, and we are thankful enough to leave the forest and emerge into the open.

On the edge of the timber we come upon a pair of soft-eyed rock wallabies indulging in their early breakfast with a luxuriant absence of all haste that betokens a security from interruptions in their feeding-place. The snap of a twig beneath the horses' feet startles them, and sends the pair hastening away into the forest, where they are soon lost to view.

We are nearing our destination by this time, and Mount Napur, looming before us from out a mist of blue haze—the remains of yesterday's bush fires—appears only a few yards distant, but in reality there is at least half a mile between us and the mountain. As yet we have seen no trace of emus,

[1] 'Native companions,' tall birds resembling cranes.

though a fine 'old man'[1] has come into view, and is quietly feeding about two hundred yards distant.

'What a glorious fellow!' Coldham murmurs involuntarily as we rein in our horses. Quietly as he speaks it is enough. The kangaroo is on the alert *instanter*. Raising himself to his full height, which cannot measure less than five feet six, he stands erect evidently scenting mischief. Before another minute passes, he has spied us with his sharp brown eyes, and is hastening away to the east in the direction of the forest.

'Come here, sir! Back, Nellie!' I shout authoritatively as the dogs spring forward, and it is as much as we can do to restrain them from following the fast flying grey figure speeding away to our left. Thump! thump! we can hear his great tail coming in contact with the earth, and as we watch him Neville says, regretfully:

'What an awful pity we do not follow!' It does seem a temptation hard to resist, but Musgrave, who is commander-in-chief on this occasion, declares that we have come out for emus, therefore emus, and nothing else, are to be the order of the day.

So we again set off, and jog steadily on towards the mountain, one and all keeping a sharp look-out. The merry badinage and conversation which has accompanied us up to this point is at an end, for we are near our hunting-ground, and all on the alert. A few moments pass, then an excited ejaculation from Winter, brings us to a halt.

'I see one! Look! To the right of the shey oak!' he exclaims, indicating the spot with the handle of his whip.

'Two. By *Jove!*' returns Neville.

There sure enough are two stately grey objects moving slowly over the grass. They are within a few feet of each other, and are evidently male and female. There is a moment's silence. A hasty, if important, looking to girths and bridles, and then silently we follow Musgrave who is riding a little in advance. Nearer and nearer we creep, exercising great caution to prevent any sound reaching the birds, for it is a great object to get as near them as possible, an emu once started being a match for any horse. When we are about a hundred yards distant the bird on the near side discovers our proximity. He stops suddenly; the succulent morsels no longer engage his attention, then as he cranes his long neck from side to side, and

[1] 'Old man,' black fellows' expression for big kangaroo.

grasps the fact that an enemy is in his camp, breaks into a smart trot, with a warning grunt to his wife, who promptly follows her lord and master.

The important moment has come! It is the signal for a general start and now the hunt begins as the dogs bound off, cheered on by an exciting shout of 'After him, boys! Forward!' from Musgrave, while we follow in full chase.

Away we go helter-skelter through the timber and brushwood. Coldham and Winter ride close up under the mountain to head the game away from it, and prevent any possibility of the birds entering the trees, which are very thick on the sloping base of Mount Napur; a little to the right is Musgrave taking everything in his way; stumps, fallen timber, and some of the gigantic trunks are no joke, but nothing comes amiss to Kit, and however big the obstacle he invariably scorns the idea of a *détour*.

He is to-day mounted on a wiry grey animal more useful than ornamental, and is sailing along with a steady sweeping stride which threatens to leave us all out of the race should the latter prove a long one; for in spite of reckless riding he seldom comes to grief.

Hurrah! Off we are at a cracking pace across the home-paddock—which comprises some four hundred acres—and out on to the open plains, startling the vast numbers of crows which here and there are feasting noisily over a dead sheep—mournful evidence of the late drought—past the solitary gums and shey oaks dotted over the plains where magpies and minahs are warbling a welcome to the sun.

'It's glorious fun,' shouts Neville, with his hat stuck on the back of his head, and his handsome boyish face all aglow with excitement as together we clear a fallen gum-tree and race on side by side; for Sunlight is, as usual, atoning for his misbehaviour of the morning, and the mare is making splendid running with her light weight, Neville just turning the scale at ten stone.

Glorious, indeed, it is with the fresh morning air blowing cool in our faces, filled with a sweet subtle scent of mimosa wafted to us from that distant clump of golden crowned wattles, which stand out distinct and clear in the form of a dark green patch on the yellow, sunbaked plains. A mile or so beyond this the country becomes somewhat uneven, and the ground—strewn as it is with huge lichen-covered boulders and innumerable 'crab-holes,' makes the pace somewhat slower and the going a little risky. As I pass one of these moss-grown rocks

my horse snorts wildly, and swerves so much to the right as nearly to send me over his head ; and glancing down I see a large iguana open his jaws with a snap and disappear beneath the stone.

The emus keep pretty well together and are striding along at a tremendous pace. We have left the mountain some distance behind us by this time, and four of our party have successfully negotiated two brush fences possessing gaps which formed a loop-hole of escape for the birds, though one of the horses I notice is absent.

As I reach the top of a ridge, I am just in time to witness the downfall of another of our party, as Coldham's horse puts his foot into one of the treacherous crab-holes and comes to earth with a crash.

It is a regular 'crumpler,' I involuntarily slacken speed, and am not a little relieved to see Coldham scramble to his feet, and start in pursuit of his 'quad,' which is making tracks in the direction of home.

'All right! Go on,' he shouts ; and, nothing loth, I gallop after the others. Uphill and down dale we sweep, with pulses throbbing and souls filled with that exquisite *delirium* of pace that any one who has experienced a quick thing across country will understand the meaning of. Afar off a formidable obstacle looms before us in the shape of a stiff post and rail, and for an instant I imagine, as we near it, that it will baffle the birds. But no ; not a bit of it. Edging off to the right, they head back, keeping well away still from the dogs, and make for a distant forest. This little manœuvre places me foremost in the van, and, as an excited shout of 'Keep them out of the timber, Lindesay!' reaches me, I turn Sunlight sharp to the right and ride all I know to intercept the emus before they reach the forest.

But I do not gain my object. The birds are too quick for me ; so there is nothing for it but to follow in through the timber into the gloom of the forest, where the lank gum-trees—*eucalyptus Amygdalina*—towering to some hundreds of feet, appear to have formed a conspiracy to shut out every peep of heaven's blue. On we go between the trees, keeping a vigilant look-out for overhanging branches which sweep down from the sturdy red gums, and threaten us with Absalom's fate, should we neglect to throw ourselves flat in the saddle. The forest lasts for about a mile, and is, what Neville designates graphically, 'Beastly uncomfortable riding.'

Overhead the babel of an hour ago begins afresh as all the parrot tribe, started out of a noon-day siesta, fly screeching away; a timid native bear looks down upon us with reproachful eyes from the branch of a tall gum, and then hastens to higher regions till he is lost in a bower of leaves amongst the topmost branches; and a great jew lizard squirms spirally up a tall gum near me, with half-closed eyes and well-poised head, and then follows his favourite, if primitive, mode of hiding by lying motionless on a branch, appearing to an unpractised eye to be merely a piece of bark on the tree.

As we emerge from the forest the ground slopes away again, and I dash down the rise and endeavour to make up for lost time, hotly pursued by Neville and Musgrave.

Yoicks! Away we go once more at a tearing pace; now crossing a patch of sandy country where a radiant spread of crimson purple and white heath forms a picturesque carpet, amidst which tall 'blackboys' rear their bottle brush heads from out their bushes of spear-like grasses, and I catch an obscure glimpse of the crimson and white bell-like blossoms of the corea peeping shyly out of the munificent wealth of colour. Not that the flowers have it all their own way. Gay winged dragon-flies flash by like floating diamonds, their ethereal wings radiating a thousand prismatic tints in the sunbeams; myriads of brilliant butterflies are frivolling together over every patch of colour—ephemeral creatures content to endure for a day, unconscious that their beautiful wings might lead a more exquisite life; they exist but a sun, and sink into eternity; a brilliant plumaged honey-sucker is thrusting its long beak into the blossoms of a wild fuchsia, a couple of rose-cockatoos rise from beneath our very feet, and a brown carpet snake glides away with sinuous motion into the heath.

Leaving the patch of heath behind us we gallop on across an undulating tract of grass country where, afar off between the gaps of a low ti-tree scrub, I see the waters of the Mia-Mia creek flashing in the golden sunlight. Straight for this water make the birds, and as I follow some fifty yards in rear, I watch anxiously the movements of the game and dogs as I debate hurriedly the possibility of getting across—for the creek, though shallow in parts owing to the drought, possesses just at this juncture steep banks on either side and is too wide to admit of a jump. But the emus are equal to it, and as I ride up to the edge I perceive the dogs swimming the narrow bit of water in rear of the birds, so much I see as I dash into

the ti-tree sending a couple of bronze-winged pigeons flopping away, and causing dire dismay amongst a mob of 'scrubbers' which stampede in all directions, with extended tails and bellowing lustily.

For some time no crossing place presents itself, but my horse struggles—floundering would better describe it—gamely on in the soft boggy track, and I am just beginning to lose all hopes of seeing the end of the run, when I come upon a welcome gap in the close scrub. It is evidently a drinking place for the cattle, and suggests all manner of possibilities in the shape of our being 'bogged,' but it is all or nothing now. There is no time for hesitation so I urge my horse forward. Squish! Squash! I hear as he plunges boldly into the soft black mud, and, crossing the water a moment later, is struggling up the opposite bank, and once more we are on *terra firma*.

'Well done, old boy! Go ahead,' I say administering an encouraging stroke as we set off after the retreating dogs and game. The female bird is some distance behind her companion, and the dogs are almost up to her, but evidently thinking discretion the better part of valour, keep a judicious distance from her heels.

Musgrave has cleared the creek and is riding a few yards in advance of me, his face and figure liberally besprinkled with black mud. Turning in his saddle he shouts a word of advice to Neville, who has apparently followed his lead into the creek, but cannot get his horse up the steep bank on this side.

'Try lower down—to your left,' I shout with all the strength of a well-conditioned pair of lungs as we sweep on, and a few minutes later a hasty backward glance shows me that he has succeeded, and is sending the mare along at a rattling good pace in our rear.

'Come along, Pace. We are nearing the end of the run,' shouts Kit as we reach another fence. It is a stiff dog-leg, and for a time the birds hesitate, and then trot backwards and forwards in search of a gap, the female bird is apparently almost done, but, as the dogs fly at her, a howl of pain testifies that she has bestowed a kick upon one of them.

For an instant they hang back, and once more the birds set off keeping close to the fence this time, but they are too used up for much, and easily enough Musgrave, who had ridden forward, heads them and drives them back into a corner of the paddock. Slowly we close up, getting nearer and nearer to

them, and calling off the dogs I edge still closer till within striking distance.

'Whizz-z'—and as I swing the long stock whip by the lash, and bring the butt end down sharply, the heavy handle does its work satisfactorily as a mass of iron-grey feathers come to the ground and the biggest emu falls dead. The sight seems to put new life into his companion, but she is soon brought back by Neville who despatches her in a like manner, and is not a little elated at this—his first *coup* being successful.

Dismounting we set to work to skin the birds, undoubtedly splendid specimens; after that we set off for the creek to water the horses, and this finished, having eased the girths, and given their reeking sides a hasty 'rub down,' we retire under the welcome shade of a box-tree and enjoy an hour's rest and smoke.

'No sign of the others. I wonder what became of Winter,' I say lazily, as I lie on the cool sward.

'He broke his bridle at the first fence, and Coldham came an awful cropper over the crab-hole country,' replies Neville, as having finished an animated discussion regarding the hunt we relapse into silence.

'A glorious run,' we all agree as we ride on our way across the plains and through the great forests where all nature seems at rest, and with the exception of a startled bandicoot, there is no sign of the life of the morning.

The heat is intense, the very insects seem overcome by the hot heavy atmosphere, for the sun is shining forth with relentless rays over the plains.

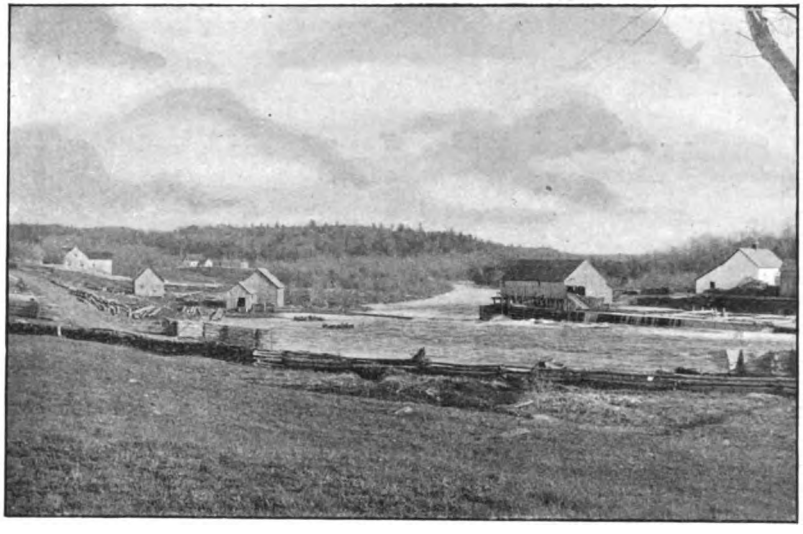
All the birds are asleep; there are none to be seen save two little green budgerygahs[1] which are flirting energetically with a shocking disregard of all observers as they swing together on a tender gum sapling, and a tiny lark which springs up from a bush of delicate maiden-hair fern, and breaks forth with an exquisite trill of music, then silently, swiftly floats back to earth like a falling leaf on a breathless day.

It is late when we reach Coreena; Winter and Coldham are waiting for us on the verandah, and we are glad enough to enter the cool-looking bungalow house, where tiffin is ready, and in spite of heat we sit down as hungry a trio as ever met together to discuss grilled steaks and Verdeilho—a fitting conclusion to our morning's hunting at Mount Nepur.

[1] Love-birds.

CAUGHT!

From an Oil Painting by H. Alken.



INDIAN POOL, MELWAY RIVER

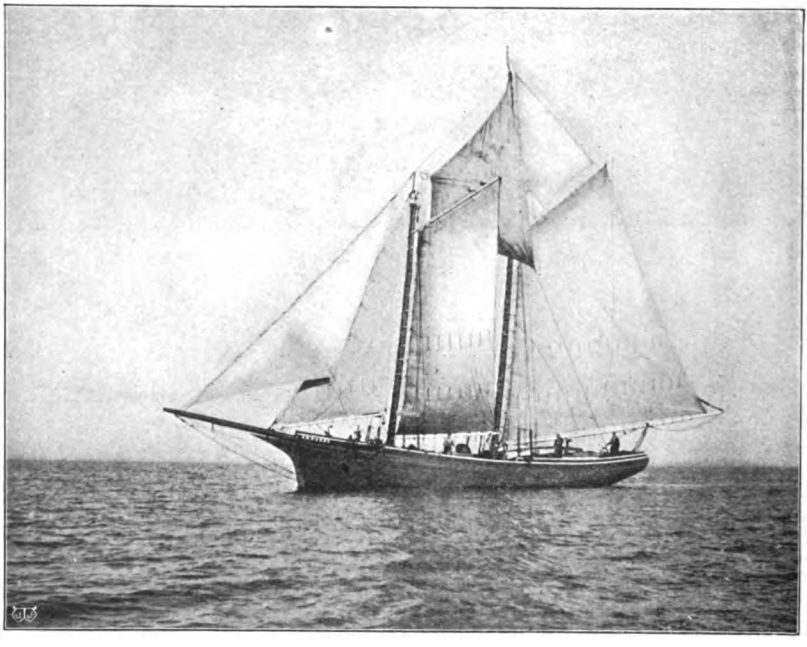
SPORT ON CANADIAN SALMON STREAMS

BY ARTHUR P. SILVER

IN contrasting Canadian inland waters with those of the mother country, one cannot fail to be struck by the difference in the character of the trout fishing. Not only in remote sheets of water, lying amid sequestered solitudes, which have remained and will continue for centuries unvisited by the angler, but even in lakes and streams of the settled districts, when trout are found feeding, they are extremely unsophisticated in dealing with the artificial fly. Not that for trouting some occasions may not prove far more favourable than others. Dear to the heart of the honest fisherman everywhere are a few fleecy clouds, not sufficiently dense to interfere with the warmth of the sunshine, yet serving to veil the intensity of the light: sweet the curl of a gentle south-west breeze coming across the meadows to darken the water. Yet such conditions are apparently of less importance in Canada than in England. Cautious approaches and the cast made on the knees by the chalk stream fisherman would cause no small merriment to the young urchins who are given to the practice of driving out

trout from underneath the shelter of overhanging alder thickets *vi et armis* for the purpose of 'fly-ing' them, even in small and shallow pools.

When it comes to *Salmo salar*, however, it cannot be said that his habits contrast very sharply with his representatives in the old world. He seems to enjoy life more keenly perhaps, and parts with it after braver struggles. The rush at the fly of a thirty-pounder of the York or Grand Cascapedia is sometimes almost tiger-like in its fierceness. Something may be due to



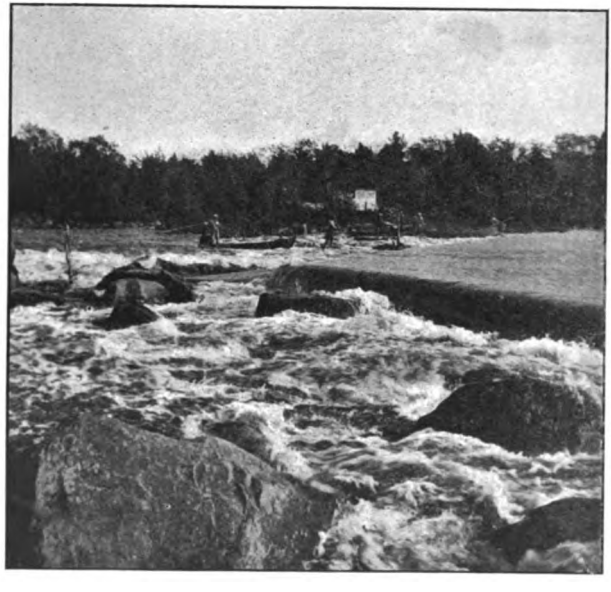
FISHING SCHOONER FROM CAPE BRETON SAILING TO SANDWICH BAY AT THE HEAD OF WHICH IS THE WHITE BEAR RIVER

environment to account for this. Perhaps the more highly aerated waters of the rapid streams, and wild revels in the midst of broiling torrent and mad cascades, may develop strength. The late Sir Donald Stewart used to say that 'salmon fishing in the heavy tumbling rivers of Canada is to salmon fishing in Scotland what tiger shooting is to deer stalking.'

Alike is the Canadian salmon, however, to his European brother in that there are times when he cannot be enticed by a well-flung fly; when he puts man's petty artifices utterly at defiance; in that he generally refuses to rise well during the

waxing of the water after rain, but comes well with the river on the wane, while *decrescentia ripas flumina praetereunt.*

His favourite 'seats,' too, are in the rough rapids at the head of a pool, else in front of some submerged rock far below, where the water deepens and darkens at the tail. Here he loves to lurk and laze beneath the foam-flecked whimpling ripples, and here, when he does rise, the old country angler is familiar with the rocket-like rush, the javelin-shaped uplifting of the water, the pink gleam of the sides, and then the brief glimpse



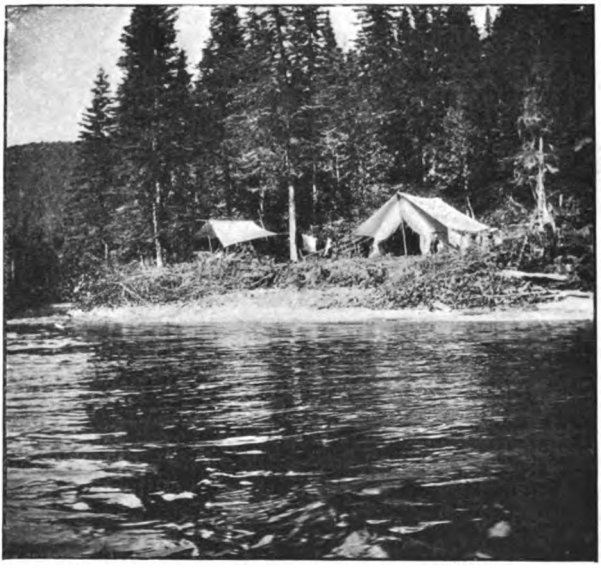
THE MEDWAY SALMON RIVER, NOVA SCOTIA

of black dorsal fin and tail as the fly is carried down in the midst of encircling waves. In the more quiet water the fish seems to gain added strength, and even a twelve-pounder will go off 'pulling like a wild horse with the lasso about him.'

Everywhere, even in Canada, the same golden rule is to be observed in salmon fishing: '*nil desperandum.*' Slight changes affect the fish; the atmospheric conditions attending a change of weather, a calm after storm, or *vice versâ*, will set obdurate individuals agog for the fly. An exceptionally warm day occurring in a cold spring, or a cool day in midsummer, in short any surprise in weather—and such surprises are of astonishing frequency. The threatening eye with which fortune looks upon

men just before she means them most good she often turns upon the angler.

Although salmon are often caught during the brightest hours of the day, the same rules apply in Canadian streams as elsewhere. Avoid fishing a pool after ten o'clock on a clear summer morning until about five o'clock in the evening. In comparatively still water the fly must descend as lightly as a feather exactly on the right ripple, for the salmon will not offer to take unless the fly is precisely at a certain distance away.



CAMP ON THE NEPISIQUIT

If the water is very still it is a good plan frequently to allow the fly to sink a few inches, then draw toward the surface and again allow it to sink.

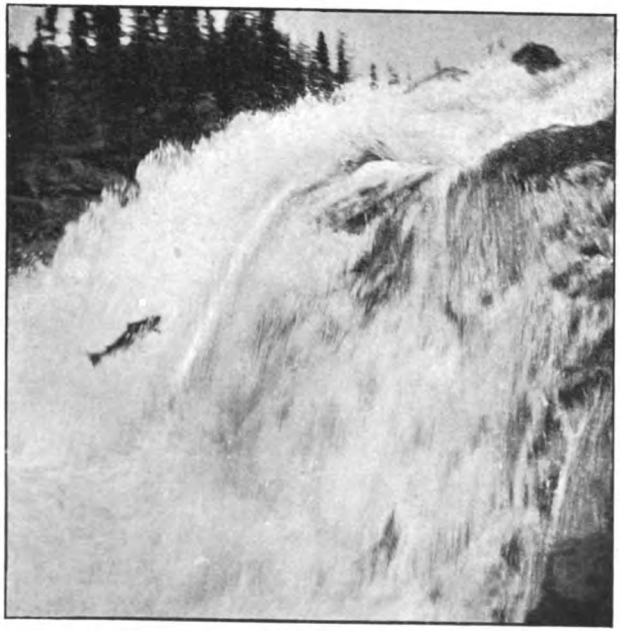
Many of the pools in Canadian waters are surrounded by perpendicular or overhanging rocks, and in such places it is well to keep out of sight as much as possible and never disturb or approach the water before trying it. In hooking a fish it is best to strike a little sideways, rather gently, 'doing something with your wrist which (as Mr. Penn says) is not very easy to explain.'

Scrope's advice is very much to the point everywhere: 'It is indispensable to have a quick eye and a ready hand. Your fly, or its exact position, should never be lost sight of, and

you should imagine every moment of the live-long day that an extraordinarily large salmon was coming at it.'

Although the orthodox method of casting generally answers, namely, 'to bring the fly round the stream, describing the segment of a circle, taking one step in advance at every throw, occasionally giving short jerks in order to set the wings in alternate expansion and contraction,' yet there are exceptions to this rule.

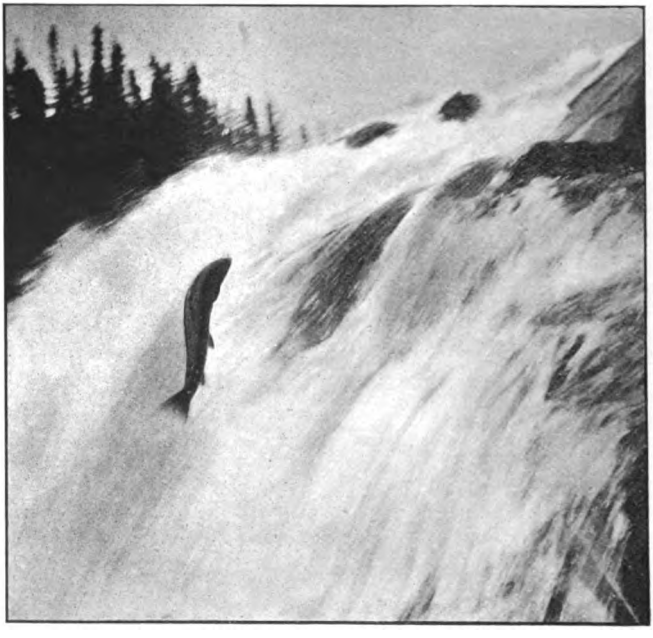
For instance, take the well-known 'Falls Pool' below the



SALMON LEAPING THE FALLS OF WHITE BEAR RIVER
Photograph by Dr. R. T. Morris, New York

Grand Falls of the Nepisiquit, in New Brunswick, the highest point of the river which the salmon reaches. Here the falling water in countless ages has worn away a deep gorge between precipitous cliffs, raging and wallowing through a narrow channel, sending up volumes of fine spray to be pierced by the rays of the summer sun until a beautiful mist rainbow overarches the cataract. Below this is a smaller fall where the salmon occasionally essay a futile leap. At a little farther distance the mass of foaming water rests in a pool of comparative calm and quiet. It is extremely interesting to stand on the rocks overhanging the river and watch the salmon, their every

movement distinctly evident. As the pool is shallow, it would be impossible to take any fish here, were it not that a great fragment of shelving rock, detached from the cliff, rests on a ledge at the base. Crawling upon this rock on all fours, and entirely concealed from view, the fisherman has to throw his fly very lightly on the pool, and allowing it to rest for one moment only on the calm surface, must immediately withdraw it if not taken. One clumsy action will entirely destroy his

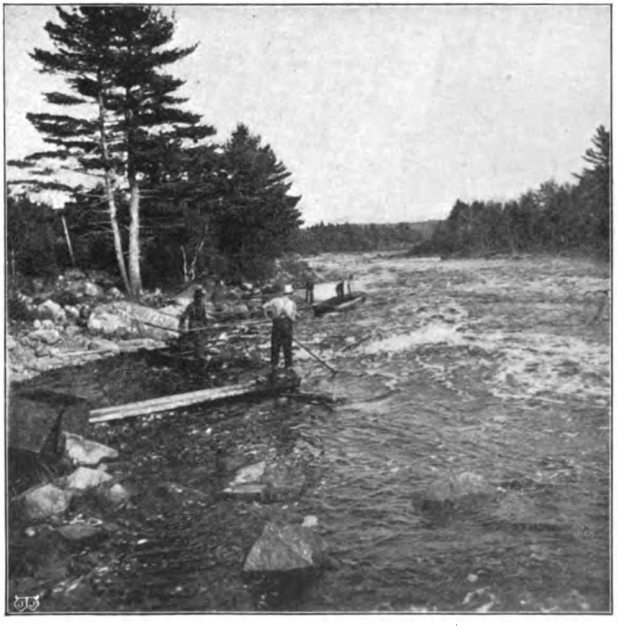


SALMON LEAPING THE FALLS OF WHITE BEAR RIVER

Photograph by Dr. R. T. Morris, New York

chances, until a fresh fish slips into the pool, which is continually happening. This method of casting calls for a very stiff rod. The work has to be done with the tip. One veteran sportsman who fishes this pool has fortified his rod with a narrow double strip of steel rod running from tip to butt. The salmon meaning to rise will separate himself from his companions, and not until the fly is at the exact distance which pleases his lordship will he deign to make his plunge after it. The 'old soldiers' seem to know the deception, and occasionally turn on the side and eye the feathery cheat in a sidelong mocking way that is very provoking. The only fish hooked

are those that have newly arrived in the pool. If the throw prove successful, the moment that the fly touches, like an arrow shot from the bow, a torpedo-like shape darts diagonally toward it, and floundering for one moment on the surface, disappears below. The other fish appear to eye the hooked one with amazement, but hardly with alarm. They evidently fail to take in the situation, and draw aside lazily when he comes among them, as if to implore sympathy and aid. Seeing that there is no relief here for him, the fish usually darts down



SCENE ON GOLD RIVER, NOVA SCOTIA

stream, and the Indians bringing up the canoe, the fisherman steps in and gaffs his prey a few hundred yards down the river on a sloping, gravelly beach that seems to be provided for the express purpose.

One can here see a procession of salmon passing into the gorge and back again from the broad lake-like basin below twice each day.

It is easy to believe the tales of canoe loads of salmon speared here in the olden time by the Mic-mac Indians when game wardens were a thing unknown. What more tempting spot for 'burning' could the desperately wicked heart of the poacher desire!

After vainly essaying to scale the falls, the fish slink back into the shaded waters of the cañon. Salmon are unable to surmount a fall upwards of eight feet, and even in effecting this much depends on the perpendicular character of the fall and the depth of water at its foot. The deeper it is the higher

BIG SALMON RIVER, NOVA SCOTIA

they can leap. Highly amusing is the ancient myth that the salmon takes his tail in his mouth :

> And bending like a bow,
> That's to full compass drawn;
> Aloft himself doth throw,
> Still yerking, never leaves
> Until himself he fling
> Above the opposing stream.

Next to the actual play of a lusty fish on the rod, perhaps the most delectable amusement of your genuine admirer of *Salmo salar* is to watch some salmon 'leap,' where fish after fish springs in the air, nearly all falling backwards again to renew the struggle, while few only, with a wriggle of the tail, sail off triumphantly, bound for the pleasant pools in the upper

reaches of the river, which their less agile comrades have been unable to achieve. The successful vault appears to be a nicely calculated arrival at the curve of the sheet of falling water at a correct distance below the escarpment, where, after a slight pause, when the body trembles violently all over, a rapid quivering of the pectoral fins and tail puts the finishing touches

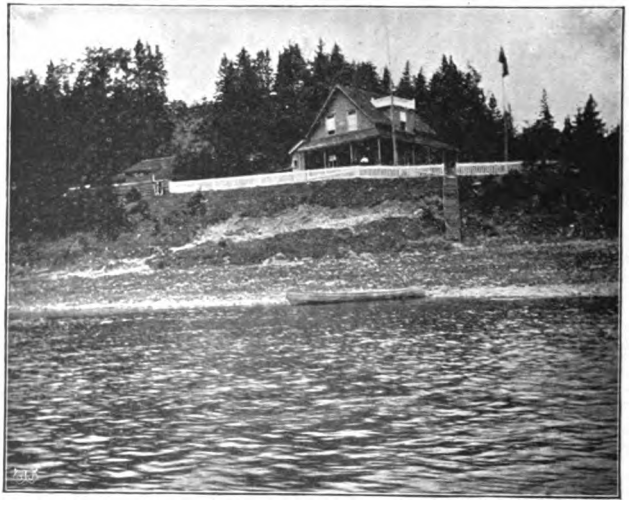
THE RESTIGOUCHE

on the supreme effort. The heart of the honest angler is often lacerated by the treatment accorded to this noble fish in the inland waters of the Province of Nova Scotia. The time will come when, as has happened in the State of Maine, the policy of annihilation will be succeeded by expensive re-stocking of the salmon streams. An ounce of precaution in this instance would be worth, however, many pounds of cure in the shape of expensive Government Fish Commissions and slow rehabilitation.

The interior of this province is occupied by a number of lake basins, from each of which a picturesque salmon stream seeks the Atlantic. Within easy reach of the City of Halifax there are, to the westward, Indian River, Gold River, Ingraham, East River, the Lahave, Medway, Liverpool, the Clyde, the Shelburne, and the Tusket, each of which has glorious salmon

pools, and once fairly swarmed with sea trout, salmon, and the useful gaspereaux—in appearance something like the herring, a member of the *Clupeidæ* (*Alosa tyrannus*). The catch of this latter fish alone in 1870 amounted to 50,000 barrels a year in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where they formed a welcome addition to the means of the farmers settled along the river banks.

The same may be said of Salmon River, the Musquodoboit, the Tangier, and the St. Mary's to the eastward of Halifax. The beautiful Annapolis, a slow full river, flowing through long



TYPICAL FISHING-LODGE ON THE RESTIGOUCHE

fertile meadows and luxuriant apple orchards, has of late vastly improved, and offers many tempting pools to which the fish have a free course from the Bay of Fundy. Although in each of these rivers (named in the order of their distance from the capital city) the fishing is free and open, each season tempts a bare score of salmon anglers to their banks. A couple of fish a day seems to be the maximum of an angler's hopes, and it must be confessed that on the majority of fishing days he draws a blank.

For the purposes of good fishing there may be written of each '*fuit*'—to the sorrow of the sportsman and the severe financial loss of the inhabitants. The rivers are crossed by the dams of saw-mills, often, it is true, furnished with a flume or fish ladder, but placed with such a lack of intelligence that in

nine cases out of ten the effort is abortive. The timber industry seems to have irretrievably damaged the inland fisheries everywhere, although it is an open question which could be made of the greatest value to the country at large.

Turning to New Brunswick, there the conditions are widely different. Her numerous charming streams, of far greater volume than those of the sister province, perhaps ranking among the noblest salmon rivers of the world, are all leased, and the privileges of the rod, with few exceptions, are only

TOWING FISHING-PARTY UP THE RESTIGOUCHE

obtainable by purchase or favour. Every year some streams, or sections of streams, are offered at public auction in the town of Fredericton, and prices are often ridiculously cheap compared with those obtained for far inferior water in Norway. The Restigouche ranks high in merit in comparison with any salmon stream in civilised territory.

The Miramichi, not one river, but several, draining an immense tract of wilderness, is divided into two main branches, the North-west and the South-west. The Metapedia is a fine ample river, but has failed of late for causes not determined.

Flowing into the romantic Bay of Chaleur, in the Quebec district of Gaspé, are several rivers commanding high prices, noted

for the large size of the salmon which they hold. The most famous of these are the Grand Cascapedia, the Little Cascapedia, the Bonaventure and the York, which flows into the charming Gaspé Basin. In a beautiful grove, on the Grand Cascapedia, a few miles from the mouth where a mountain torrent storms into the river, nailed against the wall of the fishing camp, is an effigy cut in birch bark of a salmon which weighed 54 pounds, killed by Lord Stanley.

SALMON LEAP, WHITE BEAR RIVER FALLS

The season for all these rivers is from the 10th or 15th of June up to the 1st of August.

Along the north shore of the St. Lawrence there is a succession of noble salmon streams (accessible from Quebec by steamer) which are capable of yielding their dozen or score of fish a day to each rod. The St. Marguerite, the Godbout, the Wacheeshoo, the St. John's, the Mingan, the Moisie, the Romaine, the Natashquan, the Meccatina and the St. Augustine, are the most famous of these, but all are under lease to private owners or clubs.

Passing on to Labrador, this coast has recently been placed among the 'accessible' regions of Eastern Canada by the powerful agency of steam, and should interest the angler looking for new

worlds to conquer. The country through which its streams run is very peculiar ; rough hills of laurentian and granite rocks rise near the edge of the coast, and, extend far back from an elevated table-land, for all practical purposes an unexplored and unknown territory. The hills are bare and bleak, or if clothed at all with wood, have nothing but stunted spruce and white birch. At intervals, some large rivers, after winding along the plateau in lacustrine expansions alternating with turbulent rapids, fall into the sea, as a rule offering a very short course before the ascent of the salmon is barred by impassable cataracts. The Forteau is a river well known to many officers of his Majesty's warships which patrol the coasts of Newfoundland ; noted, however, more for its sea trout than for its salmon. The White Bear River at the head of Sandwich Bay, where Cartwright found his fishing-station in the middle of the eighteenth century, must have at that date simply swarmed with salmon. In one year he killed, between June 23rd and July 20th 12,396 salmon, averaging 15lbs. apiece. He adds that, if it had not been for interruptions caused by privateers, he is confident he would have killed 32,000 fish or 1000 tierces.[1]

This river below the falls often yields excellent fly-fishing, while several rivers further north call for exploration. Sandy Eil's River, near Tub Harbour, and the North West, running into Hamilton Inlet, excellent salmon streams, can be reached without great difficulty.

Such is a cursory review of the scope suggested to the angler in Eastern Canada. The range offered is immense. The rod will often be carried far into the wild solitudes of nature in its primeval grandeur, surrounded by sombre forest; the fisherman will at times be called on to undergo, perhaps, severe labour ; yet it is surprising how comfortable it is possible to make oneself in the wilds by means of a few simple artifices.

'The most exquisite kind of angling, in my opinion,' said good Sir Humphrey Davy, 'would be that of angling in a river never fished in by European before.' This supreme pleasure may still be enjoyed by the adventurous sportsman in some portions of Eastern Canada.

[1] Cartwright's 'Sixteen Years on the Coast of Labrador, July 1778.'

THE HUNTING OF MICKY GROGAN

BY FRANK SAVILE

'THRUE for you, Master Francis, 'tis a disolate shpot an' all, but b' this an' that I've seen it as full of disthraction an' emotion as a menagerie—so I have. That ould barn that the sparrows —bad cess to them!—have taken the roof off f'r their nestes was the kennel, as nate as a new pin, wid binches covered wid straw as swate as daffodils. The bothie there—the wan widout a lift hand wall to it—was the over-night shed f'r the hunting hounds and the other wan alongside f'r the bitches. The hape of black bricks against the corner 's all that's lift of the boiling house, and in the tumbled down ruination beside the strame there John Ahearn, the huntsman, lived, an' died, too, the hard-bitten champion that he was.

'The kennel man shlept in the loft above the barn and Ahearn's two men lodged wid him. There they all were as snug as four kernels in a nut, an' their horses an' the ould Squire's in the score of loose boxes that shtud where ye see the pigs rootin'. 'Tis sad to see—Ah, 'tis sad indeed. Many's the time I've shtrolled by and watched the whole concourse of them settin' out on the top of a September mornin', John makin' his music to the hounds, an' the hounds, bedad, makin' theirs back at the bright face of him. An' now! Bedad, 'tis only a funeral y'd be expectin'—so it is.

'When was the hounds giv' up, says you, and why? Twinty years agone, an' f'r the same ould rason. The millers

won't supply male for love an' kisses, and even the man wid a broken-legged horse wants the price of the tough skin of him. Ye can't hunt a country on nothin' a year, sorr, and though the Squire was the last to find it out, find it out he did, an' here's the raysult.

'It all goes back to the land an' the rint, an' last of all to the Black Year. Nobody 'd pay f'r diggin' shtinkin' p'taties out of the soil, and wid no rints there's no huntin'. 'Tis the same iverwhere. Is there a pack of hounds nearer than Mr. Burke's? B' St. Patrick I can't remimber wan!

'Well do I recollect the beginnin' of the ind. For weeks the ould man hadn't been seen in Moyle, and 'twas said on all sides that 'twas the sight of the tradesmen he owed money to, and didn't dare look in the face of, that made him avoid the town like a fayver horspital. He'd just begun to rayalise that nothin' was comin' in and ivrything goin' out, an' what most people 'd discovered five years back was all news to him in the twinty-four hours of wan quarter day. They didn't press him—bedad they didn't—save an' except wan blaggard, an' 'twas here where we're shtandin' that I saw him beard the Squire in his own straw-yard like the raypublican divil that he was. 'Twas Grogan, him that had the houldin' beyont Sullivan's barn, an' a sweatin', toilin', black-hearted money grubber he was, an' did well at the trade, the schamin' caterpillar. But b' this an' that he wint too far that wan time, an' got his resate in full.

'His cabin was on the south side of Sheila's Hill, free an' open to the winds, on sandy soil that was light enough for barley an' yet not so light but what he c'd have growd most things that he'd a mind to. A snug farm an' worth its rint. He an' his wife—her that was ould Sullivan's daughter—though they do say the "people" changed her at nurse, that mane was she, while her ould father 'd have sowld the right hand from off him to do ye a convaynience—giv' all their mind an' heart to poulthry farmin', an' they hated foxes as St. Patrick hated shnakes—so they did. There wasn't an earth within five miles of the place that Grogan wouldn't dhrop a poisoned rabbit beside if there was so much as the sniff of a shmell of a vixen about it, an' him and the Squire niver met widout the shakin' of fists an' the exchangin' of complimints, an' 'twas seldom Micky came out on the top of the argumint, the ould gintleman havin' the tongue he had.

'So whin it got to Micky's ears that his inimy was in diffi-

culties, he saw his way to dhrivin' his dhirty knife into the ould gintleman whin he was down. He marches up here wan huntin' mornin' as bould as brass, an' hands in a bill f'r pullets devoured b' foxes—him that had assassinated as many cubs as he'd chickuns in all the hen-houses of him!

'"Twas I mesilf that had come up to borrow a martingale from John Ahearn f'r the young colt y'er father bred from Sir Peter's Mercury, an' I shtud beyont the boilin' house there an' see him giv' the Squire his account. The ould man wint dark as death when he saw the face of him, but he tuk the note, an' fumbled it open, while Micky, he hild up his head like an Im'pror, wid the caubeen shtill upon it. 'Twas Flaherty, the whipper-in, that come suddenly out of the shtable an' flung it on the midden.

'"Uncover, ye uninishyated blaggard, uncover!" he says, "when ye address y'r betters!" When Grogan w'd have argued the point, Flaherty swore that for two more violent words he'd toss him afther the hat. Flaherty, for all his lathy look, c'd fight his weight in scrap iron, so Grogan decided to confine his attintions to the Squire.

'The ould man 'd masthered the contints b' now, an' he flung the dhirty scrap of paper in Micky's dhirty face.

'"Twinty pounds f'r pullets, ye damned vulpicide!" he holloaed. "I'll see ye to the gallows—an' they aren't so far beyont ye—before I pay ye a farthing! Get out of my yard wid you before I horsewhip ye from it!"

'Micky went white wid the passion of him.

'"So sure as you lay finger or whip upon me, Squire," says he, "I'll have the law of you. Ye'd better pay me my just claims," he says.

'The ould gintleman didn't shtop to argue.

'"Out wid him, bhoys!" he says to Flaherty an' Dinnis, the second man, an' between the two of thim Grogan went out on to the hill-side like a cannon ball. They run him twinty yards, an' he run another twinty by himsilf before he c'd shtop, and thin 'twas in a furze bush.

'He got up, passin' his hands about the thin legs of him, and cursin' iverything that he c'd set eyes on, what while he was pullin' the pricks from his shins. Just f'r wance I misdoubt me if he didn't aqual Sir Peter himsilf, that gifted was he wid opprobriosity that mornin'; but the Squire an' the men bein' occupied wid lettin' forth the hounds, had no time to attind to him, or perhaps he'd have been escorted to a better houldin' furze bush

an' shtuck deeper in it. But at last they come forth an' Micky lifted up his voice.

'"B' ivery imp in the pit I swear," he calls, "that I'll have me revenge on you for this, Squire. If ever ye dare to crost my land I'll shoot the fox in front of the pack, an' I'll have the life from ivry hound that I can get widin a shtick's length of. So hear me, now," he says, "an' know me f'r a man that'll shtay behint a promise till me death-bed, but I'll kape it!"

'The Squire giv' a look to Flaherty, an' Flaherty, he needed no second wan. He touched his horse wid his heel, an' canthered towards Grogan, his double throng coiled in the fist of him. Micky didn't wait. He bolted f'r the sand-pit there, an' slipped over the edge an' down the slope like a hare, an' Flaherty only got wan flick at him—just wan—but wan to be proud of. It made a rent in the slack of Micky's breeches that ye c'd see the half of his shirt through, an' echoed like a pistol shot—so it did. The Squire wasn't throublin' himsilf to be lookin' at all, but I c'd see his showldhers heave, and John Ahearn an' Dinnis—'twas the loud guffaw they had.

'From that time forward 'twas war, an' open war, between Micky an' the Squire. Foxes 'd be shot an' their bodies left in the middle of the road to meet the hounds goin' out to cover side. Poison was here, there, an' iverwhere on Micky's farm, till it got so that the half of the pack was coupled if they passed within a mile of it, an' John Ahearn grew eyes in the back of his head watchin' to see that the hounds picked up none of the bones that was strewin' the ground promiscuous in ivery ditch. Half the counthryside was in Micky's debt, the ould money-linder that he was, an' the bhoys 'd have given their sowls to catch him at his thricks, but divil a wan could get him within the grip of the law, watch as they did, day out an' day in. Before Christmas a score of the hounds had been buried, an' half a dozen more so wakened wid poison that as far as huntin' went they was no more good than fut-shtools. Oh, he was a malicious ribil—so he was—an' for that time he bate the Squire —bate him horse, fut, an' artillery. But his time was comin,' an' on New Year's Day it came.

'There was two wake shpots in Micky—just two—the dhrink and the superstitions of him. 'Twas little he'd spind on any divarsion himsilf, the mane worm, but if b' hook or b' crook he c'd get his shkinful of the good shtuff from another man's pocket he'd get it, an' kape on gettin' it while there was so much as a sniff of whisky within a mile of him. An' in the

cowld heart of him he hugged such a load of idolattries about witches an' divils, an' pookies and sorceries, as w'd surprise any good man that went dutiful to mass. Bedad, there wasn't a foolish tale that's used to fright the childer that Micky didn't belave wid ivery bone in his body!

'Twas secret enough Flaherty c'd be whin he'd a divilmint on hand, an' I heard no talk of doin's of his wid Micky for a long time. But on New Year's Night, whin I dhropped in casual at Auntie O'Geohegan's, I had my suspicions somethin' was a-do.

'Dorsey, the horse coper was there, an' he was plyin' the dhrink on Micky as if he was own brother to him, an' hadn't met f'r years at that. 'Twas "Misther Grogan—here's a happy New Year to ye," an' "Micky, bhoy, just wan more to settle the last," till Micky went from pale to red, and from red to pale, an' from weepin' to fightin', and from fightin' to weepin', till I misdoubt me if he knew himsilf from Dorsey or Dorsey from me. Oh, 'twas terrible intosshicated he was, an' got at last to singin' like a blackbird—him that had the voice of a bull frog, the creature!

'Twas when Micky was tellin' Auntie that she was his wan an' only love, an' carryin' on most outrageous before half a score of the bhoys, that was laughin' theirsilves into contortions over him that Dorsey giv' me a wink an' shlipped from the room. I wint after him.

'"Tim," he says, "'tis you can giv' the polish to a horse's hoof. Come now wid me an' we'll turn out Micky's nag wid a shine on the four feet of her that ye can see y'r face in. 'Tis royally dhrunk he is, and sh'd be trated wid royal civilities."

'I stared at him, burstin' wid surprise.

'"Me to set a shine upon the blaggard's horsehoofs!" says I. "I'd more likely set wan in the twin eyes of him wid me fist!" I says. "What in the name of wondher is it y'r at?" I asks.

'"Whisht!" he says, "an' don't be too particular. 'Tis a composition of me own," says he, haulin' a box out of his pocket. "Shmell ut!" he says, an' bedad I c'd have done that same widout a nose, that shtrong was it. The yard dog was tuggin' at the end of his chain like all possist as he got a whift of it to the hungry nose of him. 'Twas bloater paste, no less!"

'"D'ye see," says Dorsay, "'tis on New Year's Night the pookies hunt," he says, "an' b' this an' that they sh'd have had

a fox if I'd had to buy ivery dead herrin' in Moyle. But this 'll satisfy thim. Lay it on thick," says he, grinnin' so's he nearly choked himsilf.

'I begun to get a glimmerin' of what was up, but by no manes did I see it clear yet for all his talk.

'"Where's the hounds, then, that's to run this fine dhrag of yours, Pat Dorsey?" says I. "Has Father Malachi given you a dispinsation to unkennel the Pit?" I asks, "f'r who are you that the pookies sh'd come to the whistle of you?"

'"'Tis not Father Malachi but Tom Flaherty that's given this dispinsation," says he. "He's waitin' beyont the ould toll gate wid twelve of the dog hounds that's only bin half fed since Christmas Day. If they don't wind Micky an' his bloater-pasted mare an' run thim from there to to-morrow mornin', call me an Englishman," he says.

'"Tut!" says I. "They'll catch him an' pull him over before he's gone the half of a mile. How can this stiff-showldered cob of his kape the pace in front of the hungry divils. 'Twill be no hunt at all," I says.

"Make no mistake," he says. "'Tis all arranged for. There's witches an' sorcerers at ivery turn to head the blaggard sh'd he get too near his own home—half the bhoys in the place is out disguised in liquor an' white sheets—there's an imp of dharkness in ivery field f'r tin miles around. An' the hounds 'll niver catch him till his horse is fair spint. The pookies is ridin' thim," he says, "an' sh'd be a fair weight, too, seein' that I helped to shtuff thim mesilf," says he.

'I stared at him wid all the bewilderment in creation.

'"Shtuffed thim?" says I.

'"Wid straw inside bits of last year's huntin' coats," he says. "'Tis rale iligant pookies we've made of thim,' an' fixed as tight on the good hounds' backs as straps 'll hould thim!"

'An' thin, d'ye see, Master Francis, I see the whole schame as plain as daylight, an', bedad, I had to hould on to Dorsey wid both hands while I let the great laugh out of me. Micky hunted b' the pookies, an' half the popilation of the land assistin' at the shport! Begor, I laughed and I laughed. I knew thin that the ould Squire's balance was to be the right side of the lidger b' mornin'—so I did.

'I needed no further persuasions to grease up Micky's nag after that, an' I turned the four feet of her out fit to dhraw a royal carriage. We had her shtinkin' like a fish-shop and

archin' her nosthrils as if she'd encountered a pole-cat before we'd done wid her, an' then we went off to look for Micky.

'B' this time the bar was in an uproar. Micky 'd taken to dancin', not meetin' the appreciation he thought sufficient f'r his singin', an' it was here, there, an' iverwhere he was, hands, and feet, an' coat tails, the mouth of him open an' roarin' like a bull. 'Twas close on closin' time, but divil a fut w'd he set outside the door till some wan whispered that there was a free noggin f'r all that left wid punctuality. Then 'twas on the tips of his toes that he throtted out. Divil a dhrink w'd he miss that he'd not got to find the money for, an' so we got him round to the shtable discrate an' commodious.

'He hauled his ould nosegay of a nag from the shtall what while we hild a stirrup f'r him, an' dhrunk as he was he c'd but sniff the bookay of the bloaters.

'"The Howly Mother be wid us!' says he. "'Tis surely Flannigan's fish store that I'm in!" But Dorsey giv' him a leg, and smote the baste a slap, an' the cob walks from the yard an' turns f'r home like the sinsible quadhruped that it was. Dorsey giv' wan shout afther him.

'"Raymimber the pookies hunts to night, Micky," says he. "Cross a runnin' strame if ye meet thim, or they'll have an' kape ye," he says, an' dives back into the yard beside me.

'"Ye mustn't miss this shport if ye ride the ould cow, Tim," says he, "but Auntie O'Geohegan's lint me the three-year-ould for ye," an' he led me to another shtall where the colt shtud beside his own good nag. He'd swathed the eight feet of thim in ould carpets, and whin we got on to the road in purshuit no sound did we make—none at all. We c'd hear Micky's horse ahead of us, trottin' most salubrious; an', bedad, we c'd shmell her, too, f'r all the quarter of a mile's start she had.

'There's a sharp turn against the hill before ye come to the ould pike, an' 'twas there we overtuk him an' c'd hear his obser-vashuns to his horse. He was chaddicisin' it most discourteous, bein' of opinion that it had been rowlin' on Murphy, the herrin' peddler's shtall, an' w'd bring him a claim f'r damages b' next morning's post. We drew along in the shadow behint him.

'He'd passed the toll house b' twinty yards or more before Flaherty giv' a sign. Thin such a yell came out of the four ruined walls of it as made the marrow tingle in the shpine of me!

'I see him jump around in the saddle an' I got a clear view of the face of him in the moonlight. 'Twas red as roses whin he left Auntie's house; bedad, 'twas as white as new milk now!

'Afther the holloa there arose such a tow-row-row—such a scramin', such a whinin' an' barkin'—such a hue an' a cry as w'd have woke the dead that's been forty years in purgatory. Wan dozen great dogs burst in a hape into the middle of the road, an' astride of ivery back of ivery wan of thim was a red imp, the painted faces of them showin' teeth that 'd shame a weasel's, makin' f'r Micky an' f'r the taint of him like a wolf pack!

'Micky let fly wan yell from the bottomest chest of him—begor, such a yell as ye only hear wance in a life-time—wan that 'd raise the hair on a travelling trunk, an' thin he dug his heels into his poor baste's sides, hammered her acrost the withers wid his fist, laned forward in the saddle, an' wint up the road thirty miles an hour!

'He was crossin' himsilf at ivery stride, tryin' to recall the paters an' aves he'd not repayted this twinty years an' more, an' ridin' in the dhust of him came Dorsey, Flaherty, and mesilf, rockin' in our saddles wid laughter, cheerin' on the hounds, an' makin' an onchristian din that ye c'd hear in Limerick. Each wan of us had a great white sheet acrost the showlders of him, an' if Micky didn't take us f'r first liftinints of the Im'pror of Misery 'twas no fault of our scrames an' appayrance—'twas not!

''Tis all of eight miles to Micky's houldin' from Moyle, an' the cob, knowin' the road, stretched hersilf along it like a cup winner. For a mile she was let breath hersilf an' find her stride, an' the hounds, wid the loads they was carryin' couldn't kape anythin' like the pace wid her. I began to suspicion me that the blaggard 'd escape his desarts afther all.

'"We'll niver run him to a kill wid this goin', Pat," says I, seein' him an' the cloud of dhust he raised whirlin' away from us like a puff of shmoke. But Dorsey he giv' a laugh, an' thin a great yell that rowled an' thrumpetted among the echoes up the hill.

''Twas answered from behint a wall a quarther of a mile ahead, an' two blue an' white divils danced out into the road a hundred yards in front of Micky an' his cob, cuttin' such ondacint divarsions as ye niver see. They was all legs, an' tails, an' whiskers, an' the nag, half crazed as she was wid the noise of the hounds, propped out the four legs of her like bean poles an' skated twinty feet before she c'd shtop. Micky was yellin' to ivery saint in heaven f'r salvation, an' the two apparitions they answered him wid yell on yell. 'Twas Dan Callagan

an' Dinnis, the second horseman, wrapped in the lavin's of the Squire's lumber room, an' what wid carpet inds an' ould dhusters, an' paint an' the good shtuff inside thim, they was sights to scare a bishop, much less the sinful sowl of Micky Grogan. He tore at the cob's bridle and sent her ferocious at the wall on the lift.

'She popped over like a grasshopper, but b' this time we an' the hounds had drawn up to our length again, an' acrost the good soil we sailed afther Micky, poundin' along fair an' asy, cheerin' the hounds—an' Flaherty 'd picked a strong babbler or two for his purpose—an' yet lashin' back the ager wans whin they seemed like stretchin' theirsilves too owdacious. 'Twas no part of our purpose to rowl Micky over yet awhile.

'We giv' him half a mile of good grass goin', an' then, whin the nag's sinses told her that she was lavin' the direction of her own home, she tried to swerve back from the cornlands f'r the hill. At that another pair of omadhawns rose from behint a dyke an' flapped the wings of thim in her face—'twas Flaherty's brother Maurice an' Thady the mole-catcher—an' sint her to the rightabout at the quickshtep—so they did. 'Twas the best of luck Micky didn't slip off wid the sudden whip round of the baste, but he shtuck to her more b' luck than managemint, an' wint stretchin' back acrost the allotmints nigh in the very thracks in which he'd come.

'Well, Master Francis, to make a long story short an' to come to the last chapter widout radin' the whole sarmon, that night we had the finest hunt that iver hounds giv' tongue to or horses an' men purshued. For two mortial hours we headed the blaggard here an' we headed him there, an' the bhoys popped out from behint bush an' bouldher, an' the white sheets flapped, an' the gossoons yelled, an' 'twas divilmint an' divarsion from ind to ind of tin square miles, till the half of the counthryside was dhrunk, not wid liquor, but wid the disthraction of it all, an' sick an' wapin' at the fine sight of Micky as crazed as a loonatick asylum in the middle. Niver was such doin's since horses was foaled an' hounds litthered, and, begor, niver will be again. But all divarsions must have their ind, an' whin at last we saw the poor baste of a nag come down to a walk—an' that nothin' but a shtumble f'r all Micky's fists on her ribs—we made it the ind—so we did.

'Flaherty 'd prayconcerted an' cut an' dhried the complaytions of the inthertainmint from the first. We had the villun down in the centre of Reilly's houldin', not a quarther of

a mile from Shaugnessy's Slough. 'Twas thin Dorsey giv' the whistle, wavin' his arms f'r all the world like a signal box. The bhoys began to close in tight on Micky, an' he, fair deminted an' beyont observin' how or where he wint, giv' one last melancholious roar an' headed straight away before him. The horse c'd do no more than just raise a throt.

'She paced along slow an' gaspin', Micky thumpin' her savage an' makin' up prayers of his own havin' come to the ind of the few he'd half forgot an' niver knew. She gave wan stagger on the slough's very brim, but, bedad, 'twas too late!

'She propped out the feet of her, giv' a struggle, an' wint over sideways. Micky came down in the middle of the mud like a bag of male, an' wid a splash that 'd have shamed a salmon, while up to the slough's edge came hounds an' bhoys an' horses, clamourin', yellin', prancin', an' cuttin' all the capers in creation in a mob that looked to hould ivery imp of misery that iver burnt in the Pit. An' Micky, he giv' wan look an' wan more howl, an' thin he fainted. He lay there, sprawled upon the slime, wid his nag behint him, dead bate!

'Twas Dorsey an' I that slipped out of our disguises an pulled him out b' the heels of him quarther of an hour later, an' tossed him up high and dhry upon the bank. The nag we tore out b' the girths, an' a job we had! The mud was suckin' at the belly of her, an' 'tis not much that Shaugnessy's Slough laves go of whin wance it has a hould. But we saved the good mare, dhried the mud from her, giv' her a feed of oats, an' tuk her away quiet an' asy an' put her in her own shtable. Micky we left upon the bank to come to what little sinses was still his own, an' 'twas there, upon the brim of the slough, he lay till mornin'.

'Did it mind the ways of him, the fright? says you. B' St. Patrick I couldn't say, Master Francis, f'r 'tis little any wan of us saw of him aftherwards. That was the last sason of the Hunt, an' wid the hounds an' wid the Squire wint what little prosperity was left to the small men of the counthryside. Micky wint wid the rest of thim. He'd schamed to desthroy the wan thing that was kapin' him in a livin', an' whin 'twas gone, bedad, he found out that he'd cut off the nose of him to shpite his dhirty face. He's not the first that's done it, an', begor, I misdoubt me he won't be the last as long as the world's round and full of foolish men.'

A PRIZE COMPETITION

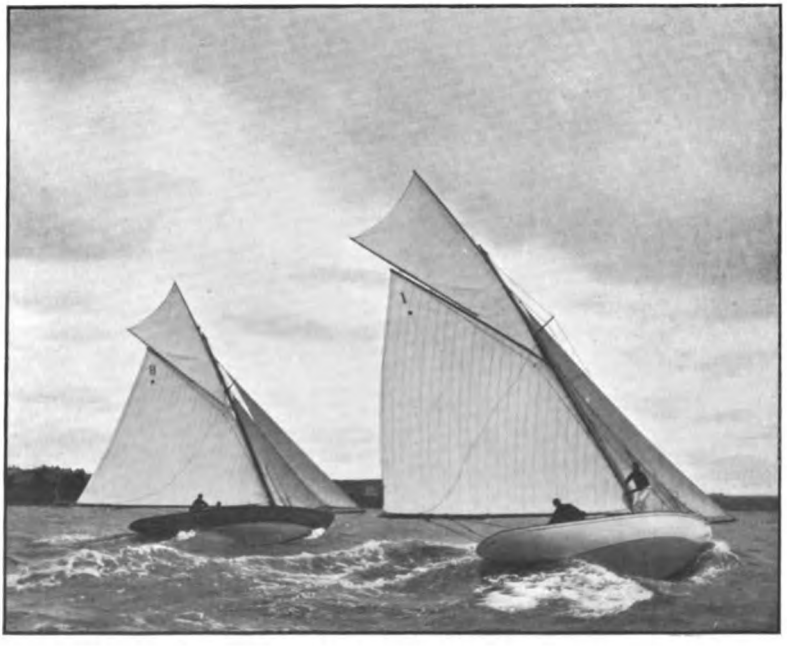
THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Several other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

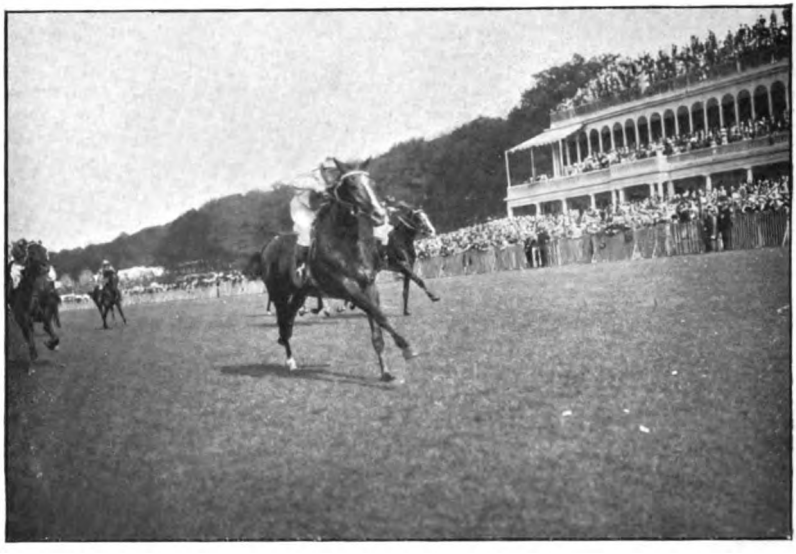
THE AUGUST COMPETITION

The Prize in the August competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath; Mr. J. McCleery, Belfast; Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington; Mr. C. Le Maire, Baden; Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's Co.; Capt. G. F. B. Hankey, Abbottabad, India; Mr. W. Wilson, South Africa; Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down; and Mr. F. E. Percy Haigh, Bath. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

THE WATER JUMP. BADMINTON STEEPLECHASES, 1901
Photograph by Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath

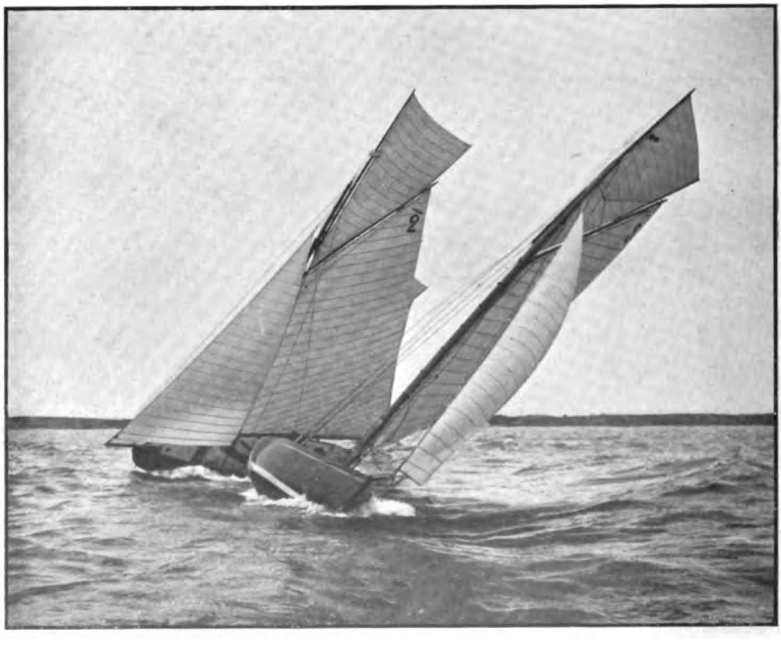


ROYAL ULSTER YACHT CLUB REGATTA AT BANGOR, JULY 1902
'Feltie' and 'Whimbrel' crossing the line in a strong breeze
Photograph by Mr. J. McCleery, Belfast



GOODWOOD. WEST DEAN STAKES

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington

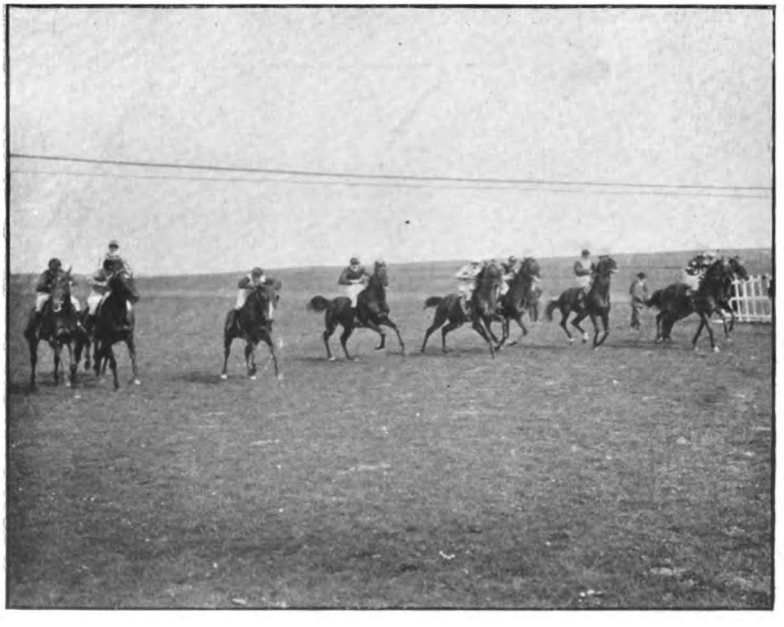


ROYAL ULSTER YACHT CLUB REGATTA AT BANGOR, JULY 1902

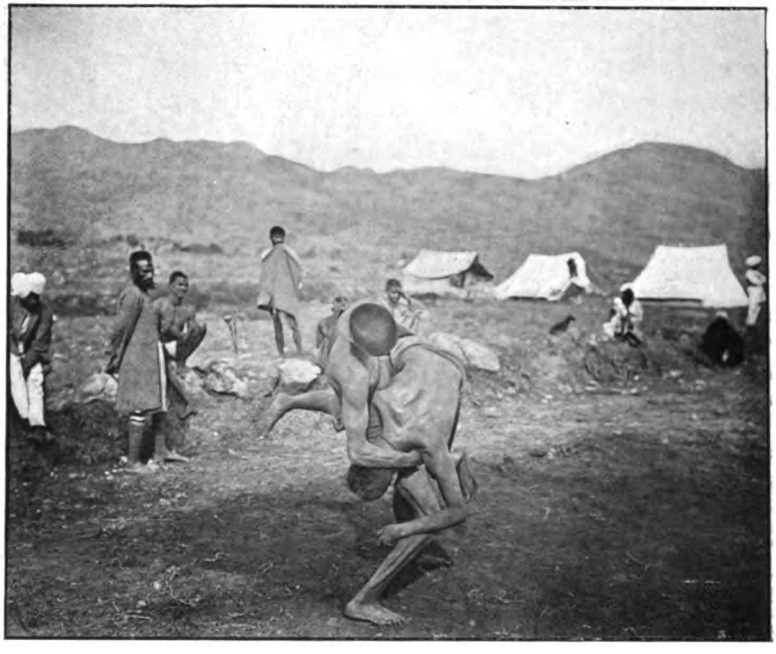
'Leda' and 'Capella' jockeying for first place. 'Leda' bearing away for the mark

Photograph by Mr. J. McCleery, Belfast

TUG-OF-WAR ON THE THAMES AT TEDDINGTON REACH
Photograph by Mr. C. Le Maire, Baden

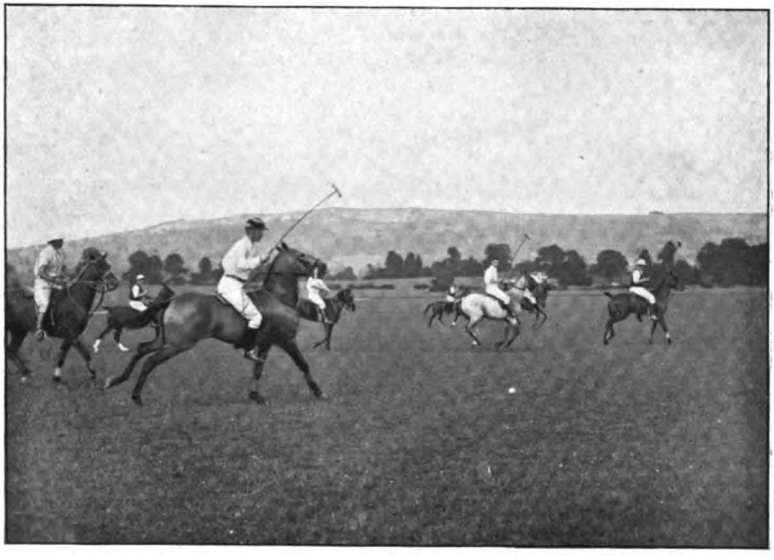


START FOR THE IRISH DERBY, CURRAGH, JUNE 1902
Reading from left are St. Brendan 1, Port Blair 2, Fermoyle 3, who also finished in the same positions
Photograph by Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen' Co



NATIVES WRESTLING IN KAKOOL CAMP
This camp was one of the latest formed in India for Boer prisoners of war
Photograph by Capt. G. F. B. Hankey, King's Royal Rifles, Abbottabad, India

SOUTH AFRICAN CONSTABULARY SPORTS AT VAL. LIGHT WEIGHT BOXING COMPETITION
Photograph by Mr. W. Wilson, S.A.C., Heidelberg, South Africa



POLO AT CHELTENHAM. CHELTENHAM *v.* CIRENCESTER, JUNE 1902

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down

NATIVES OF HONOLULU FISHING FROM 'DUG-OUT' CANOES

Photograph taken from H.M.S. 'Warspite' at Honolulu, by Mr. F. E. Percy Haigh, Bath

A DIVE FROM BRIGHTON PIER

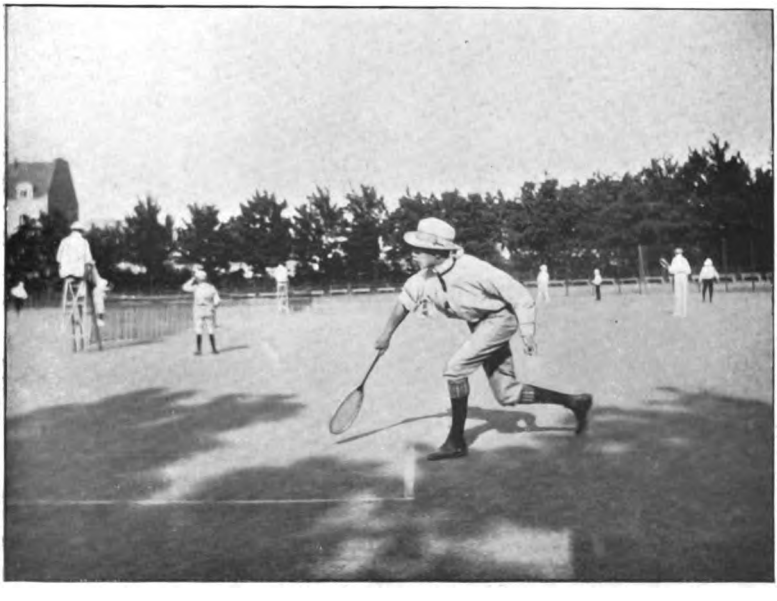
Photograph by Mr. Percy E. Hill, Hayward's Heath, Sussex

CRICKET IN AUSTRALIA. NEW SOUTH WALES *v.* MACLAREN'S XI AT SYDNEY. JESSOP AND QUAIFE BATTING

Photograph by Mr. Edward C. Charleton, Brighton

PIG-SHOOTING PARTY IN THE STRAIT SETTLEMENTS

Photograph by Mr. H. F. Moraes, Penang, S.S.



THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE WINNING HIS ROUND AGAINST MR. KAYSER, IN THE MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF BONN

Photograph by Mr. H. A. v. Benningen, Bonn, Germany

A SHOOTING-PARTY IN THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY WITH BASUTO BEATERS
Photograph by Mr. C. Mackenzie, Lieut. R.A.M.C., South Africa

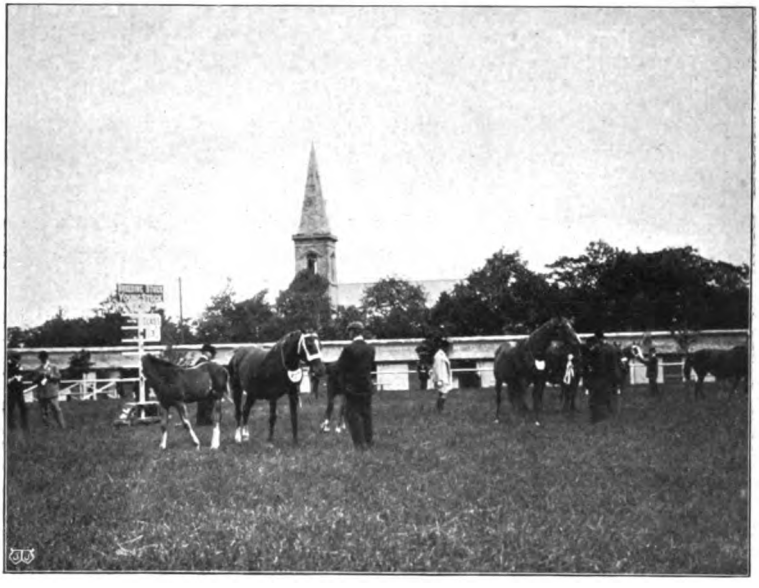
CHINESE SAMPAN RACE AT AMOY
Photograph by Mr. H. B. Taylor, H.M.S. 'Argonaut,' China

RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP. BOURNE END SAILING WEEK

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington

THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE HOUNDS AT EXERCISE

Photograph by Miss Mabel Thomson, Woodperry, Oxford



JUDGING THOROUGHBRED MARES AND FOALS AT THE N.E. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW, BELFAST, 1902

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down

LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING AT WIMBLEDON, 1902

Miss Robb and Miss Morton playing the Final in the Ladies Singles

Photograph by Miss Florence E. Armstrong, Emperors' Gate, S.W.

AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, 1902
Fry and Hutchings on 3rd tee waiting for crowd to get away before driving
Photograph by Mr. G. F. Webster, Buckhurst Hill

WHERRIES RACING. WROXHAM BROAD REGATTA, 1902
Photograph by Mr. B. Crowe, Old Catton, Norwich

THE COLOURED PICTURES

It will be noted that all the four coloured pictures this month are from original paintings. Sartorius, as readers are doubtless aware, was esteemed a great man in his day, and not a few famous racehorses are known from portraits by him. As an illustrator of incidents in the hunting-field he was specially famous, and the original of 'The Kill' seems to be a fairly good example of his work. Alken is even better known ; indeed, there is scarcely any collection of sporting pictures without specimens of one of the Alken family, for, if we are correct in our recollection, the father and two of his sons were all industrious artists. As a very general rule they devoted themselves to illustrating events of the chase, and chiefly of the fox or hare. A good many coursing pictures also bear the familiar name of Alken, but so far as we know the Alkens very rarely turned their attention to fishing subjects, and it is for this reason that we have chosen 'Caught,' as here depicted. Mr. G. D. Giles' 'Military Steeplechase' speaks for itself. 'Chasing is usually described as being in a bad way, but though the same animals come out again and again for handicaps, and really good horses are scarce, there were never so many point-to-point races and hunt meetings as there are at the present time. An authority on the woodcock writes that 'the borings of the woodcock in bogs, low woodlands and fields—little groups of clean-cut holes made by a bird's bill in the soft earth—give us some clue to the presence of this luscious game bird. Since earthworms are the bird's staple diet these must be probed for and felt after through the moist earth. Down goes the woodcock's bill, sunk to the nostril ; the upper half, being flexible at the tip, draws the worm forth as one might raise a string through the neck of a jar with one's finger. Curiously, the tip of the upper mandible works quite independently of the lower one.' The writer quoted goes on to remark that 'owing to the position of the eyes at the back of the head, food must be felt rather than seen ;' but when the woodcock delves for worms they could not be seen in any case. Here are the birds at supper.

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AMERICAN WOODCOCK.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

How does the standard of jockeyship at present compare with that of a few years since? I have been looking into the question and find that the average of success with the best riders of from ten to twenty years ago was considerably and consistently higher than it is now. Writing on the eve of Doncaster, Lane heads the list of winning jockeys with 124 wins in 549 mounts, and that is, of course, very good; indeed, few jockeys have ever come to the front more suddenly, for last year Lane's figures were the modest ones of 47 wins in 477 mounts, one in a shade over ten, instead of, as now, one in under five. But it will be found that the average of success with the best jockeys of the past was one in four or better than that, a proportion not reached now by that really admirable horseman, D. Maher. He and Lane are winning more races than several of their immediate predecessors at the head of the list, but are far from equalling the steady results that used to be obtained.

Madden headed the list last year with 130 wins in 778 mounts, one in six. When S. Loates came out at the top his average was not quite two in nine, and Madden in 1898 came first with 161 in 831, one in five. But let us see what F. Archer and his rivals did. In 1884 we find:

		Mounts.		Wins.		Proportion.
	F. Archer . . .	577	...	241	nearly	2 in 5
	C. Wood . . .	558	...	158	„	2 in 7
	J. Watts . . .	293	...	68	„	2 in 7
	T. Cannon . . .	228	...	61	better than	2 in 7
1885.	F. Archer . . .	513	...	170	almost exactly	1 in 3
	C. Wood . . .	511	...	167	„	1 in 3
	T. Cannon . . .	240	...	60		1 in 4
1886.	F. Archer . . .	667	...	246		4 in 11
	C. Wood . . .	582	...	155	nearly	2 in 7

		Mounts.		Wins.		Proportion.
1887.	C. Wood . . .	510	...	151	nearly	2 in 7
	J. Watts . . .	451	...	110	„	1 in 4
	T. Cannon . .	238	...	57	„	1 in 4
1888.	T. Cannon . .	193	...	53	„	3 in 11

I will go on to 1892 when the last-named jockey's son Mornington was making his name, and here we find :

	M. Cannon . .	729	...	182		1 in 4
	J. Watts . . .	429	...	106		1 in 4
1893.	T. Loates . . .	857	...	222	better than	1 in 4
	M. Cannon . .	666	...	168	„	1 in 4
	J. Watts . . .	329	...	92	„	1 in 4

I am always afraid of becoming tedious when I go into figures and will pause here, for these, taken more or less at random, show that the first jockeys won more races years ago than their successors do to-day. One last glimpse at 1878. Here Archer won 229 in 619, about four in eleven, and George Fordham 58 in 247, very nearly one in four.

As a rule the good racehorse has a very good time on the Turf and the bad racehorse a very bad one. Thus Isinglass, who won £57,453, only carried silk on twelve occasions during his four years in training. Flying Fox (£40,096) was out only eleven times, Persimmon (£34,706) ran nine races, St. Frusquin (£32,960) eleven, Ladas (£18,515) the same number, while Diamond Jubilee (£29,185) and Galtee More (£27,019) just got into their 'teens'—thirteen each, and Ormonde (£28,265), Ayrshire (£35,915), Velasquez (£26,385) all ran in sixteen races, and Orme (£34,626) in eighteen. Compare these with the work of the slaves. In the 1902 Spring Edition of *Ruff's Guide* it is recorded that Tyro ran in twenty-four races, Ormeau and Seaside in twenty-five, Valhalla in twenty-six, Orsay in twenty-eight, and Livorno went to the post thirty-one times, almost thrice as many in one season (and a bit of another) as Isinglass throughout the four seasons over which his career extended. It is not only the running, moreover, that takes it out of the Livornos and Valhallas, but the constant travelling to and fro and the being away from home. Finally, the Isinglass has a home of his own, a luxurious life with every care and attention that can be imagined, and the slave, when he cannot be flogged to the

front in a selling handicap steeplechase, very likely totters down Piccadilly at night in a four-wheeler. Truly the best horses have the best of it, and the worst a very bad time.

I always thought that the oft-quoted sentence about the 'crack of the rifle' being heard on August 12 and September 1 was a baseless satire on the methods of the ignorant journalist. It is not so, however. A reader from Scotland kindly sends me a cutting from a Glasgow evening paper headed 'Grouse for the King's Table,' and this instructor of the public goes on to remark: 'The yearly carnival of King Sport on the moors of Scotland opened to-day. On the hill-sides echoed the crack of the sportsman's rifle, and birds of the grouse feather were ill-advised to flock together'—a little humour, it will be seen. Presumably several lights of the Glasgow journal imagine that grouse are shot with rifles, for besides the writer, the paragraph must have passed through the hands of a printer's reader and of an editor of sorts—and Scotland is the land of grouse!

The other day I read that lawn tennis was practically extinct. Since then I have been to Homburg, where for more than a week the 'Lawn Tennis Tournament' was the great event, and attracted daily crowds; moreover, there were other 'Tournaments' to follow in France, Holland, Switzerland, and elsewhere in Germany. Players came to compete in the Homburg Tournament from all these and various other countries; the Dohertys went to New York; indeed, it seems that lawn tennis is flourishing. That there is a certain amount of monotony about the game is not to be denied. When two fairly good players get together and send the ball to and fro over the net with tedious regularity, the spectacle is not more entertaining than to watch a skilful exponent of billiards at the spot stroke, and, indeed, in four games it is only on rare occasions that one sees a neat bit of artifice—a player, for instance, tempted to afford opportunity for a smash. Real tennis, however, is beyond the reach of most people, of all but a very small minority, in fact. When the Badminton volume on these games was issued there were, I think, only thirty-one courts in England, and so far as I know, not more than four or five have since been built. It is very certain, however, that in

spite of its limitations, a great many people are quite keenly devoted to the lawn offshoot of tennis.

Speeding along on a motor the other day, driven by one of the leading and most accomplished devotees of the movement, conversation turned on the subject of numbering cars, a question which is creating a good deal of strong feeling just now. My friend, I find, is emphatically in favour of the numbering, and I confess that I can see no sort of objection to it; for the idea that a motor is seriously disfigured by having a plate marked with a few figures fastened on the back of it is too absurd to be discussed. My friend's opinion is that every decent motorist would welcome a law which made numbers obligatory, and that it would only be opposed by men who have, or that are likely to have, reasons for evading identification. If the owner of a car makes a practice of exceeding the legal speed, or if, being in the habit of recklessly inviting accident, he is determined to avoid recognition, if possible, when he has killed or injured any one, his objection to numbering is at least comprehensible; but why should any gentleman be anxious to go about incognito? My friend is, I may remark, the owner of several of the best and speediest cars in the country, and he represents the views of the Automobile Club, a body whose opinions are worthy of all respect. There can be no doubt that the worst enemies of motoring are the ruffianly little section of motorists —in some cases wealthy men—who have no regard for the rights of other users of the highways, who care nothing whom they injure, and are vastly diverted if they leave shying and plunging horses in their wake. The two things chiefly wanted in the real interests of motorists are the numbering of cars, and a little law providing that persons who have thrice been fined for driving at excessive speeds should be imprisoned without the option of a fourth fine.

It is interesting to have accounts of what good men have done in the way of sport, if only for purposes of comparison, and I am indebted to the son of Sir James Brownlees for details of fish which that gentleman caught in the Tweed in 1873. Other men may have done better; it need hardly be said what vast numbers of good fishermen, under promising conditions, have done infinitely worse; but how these figures

compare with what are called 'records' I do not know. Sir James fished on eight days in September and on thirteen in October, chiefly in the upper and lower Sprowston water. There he was engaged eighteen days and he landed thirty-four salmon weighing 809 lbs., an average of nearly 24 lbs. each, and twenty-five grilse, from 2 lbs. to 11 lbs., 167 lbs. in all. The best sport was on October 16th, and this was a magnificent day indeed, for the result—in the lower water—was thirteen salmon, weighing respectively, 24 lbs., 21 lbs., 20 lbs, 25 lbs., 18 lbs., 22 lbs., 24 lbs., 34 lbs., 21 lbs., 35 lbs. (this was the heaviest), 12 lbs., 22 lbs. and 29 lbs., together with three grilse, two of 8 lbs. and one of 9 lbs. On other waters, described as 'Junction' and 'Wheel,' he caught on three days later in October half a dozen salmon weighing in all 124 lbs. (one of 32½ lbs.) and eight grilse, 63 lbs. in all. The total, therefore, was forty salmon, 933 lbs.; and thirty-three grilse, 230 lbs., or 1163 lbs.—which is over half a ton. Sport indeed!

It is pleasant to find in what far-away places this Magazine finds interested readers. In a recent number I commented on the fact that a Mr. Aldworth, at a place called Akyab, had ridden in all the fourteen races that made up a three days' programme and had won the lot. I confessed to ignorance of where Akyab was, and from Upper Burma 'A Correspondent' writes to tell me that it is 'the second largest town in Lower Burma,' and also that Mr. Aldworth's Christian name 'is appropriately enough St. Leger.' This victorious habit apparently runs in the family, for from Barra Gully, Punjab, Major C. P. Fendall also kindly writes, and commenting on the same Notes, remarks of Mr. St. Leger Aldworth, "His elder brother, then Captain Aldworth of the Bedfordshire Regiment, went for a trip to Penang and Singapore in, I think, 1884, and at one place where he stopped rode eleven winners out of twelve races. He did not ride in the twelfth race. His opponents were mostly Australian jockeys. He was killed leading his regiment, the Cornwall L.I., at Paardeburg.'

The St. Leger fell out precisely as I had anticipated in these Notes (written some five weeks before the event) in the September number. Of the much be-praised St. Brendan I wrote: 'I shall not believe in St. Brendan winning at Doncaster

until I have seen him do it, no matter how fervently I am assured that he is the "best horse they have had in Ireland for years." A son of Hackler does not at all appeal to me as a probable Leger winner.' Of Sceptre (if this mild little crow may be excused) I wrote: 'If she is in the humour to win on the 10th, I fully expect to see her do so, with the best of the Kingsclere horses in the first three.' Sceptre won, the best of the Kingsclere horses, Friar Tuck, was third, and St. Brendan nowhere. I have never known the opposition to a winner so strong before the race, nevertheless. That Sceptre had no chance was the opinion of nearly all the shrewd people I met whose opinions are usually valuable, and two bookmakers to whom I talked told me that they could not find any one who wanted to back Sceptre or St. Brendan, nothing but Cheers and Friar Tuck being asked for. A story was abroad—whether there is any truth in it I have no idea, for quaint tales are often current on the Turf—about a Leger trial. It was said that a certain horse was borrowed to try Sceptre, but that the owner artfully told the jockey who rode it to let the filly win. Sceptre's owner, the tale goes on, 'tumbled' to this, and was not in the least deceived; whilst the owner of the trial horse, believing that his animal could have beaten her, drew his own conclusions, which were that Sceptre would be beaten. This, the rumour went at Doncaster, was the secret of the opposition to her. If there is any foundation for the report, and if so, how much, I repeat I do not know. I have written racing stories based on the same little plot, and so, indeed, have other people. The filly won the Leger so easily that her defeat in the Park Hill Stakes was the more surprising. She had given her conqueror, Elba, more weight before and disposed of her without any trouble. In my opinion she got rid of Rising Glass in more effective fashion at Doncaster than Ard Patrick did at Epsom; indeed, no race could have been won with less effort than Sceptre's Leger. Fit and well at the post for the Cesarewitch or the Cambridgeshire, she might readily add to the list of her triumphs. An ordinary animal who had been in training all the year, had run in twelve races, and was wound up on March 18, would have no shadow of a chance of success in one of the great autumn handicaps; but Sceptre is a wonder, there is no saying what she cannot do, and it is very certain that Mr. Sievier has learnt to understand her.

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The Badminton Magazine

MASTERS OF THEIR ARTS

XI.—BILLIARDS

BY MAJOR W. BROADFOOT, R.E. (RETIRED)

WHILST willingly complying with the flattering request of the Editor for an essay on this favourite game, it is desirable that the writer should disclaim pretension to the position which the title appears to indicate. Very few persons, if indeed there are any, may be considered masters of the art of playing billiards; for to be so implies a combination of sound theoretical knowledge with great practical skill, a condition which for many reasons is hardly attainable—amongst others, because professional players do not ordinarily get the requisite education, whilst amateurs cannot afford the time required for practice. These preliminaries being understood and acknowledged, consider for a moment how great is the contribution towards the amusement of the human race by a ball in various ways. Children get more fun out of it than from any other toy however elaborate; it forms a leading part in the games most popular among boys; whilst for older people its importance may be appreciated if tennis, racquets, cricket, football, golf, lawn tennis, croquet, and, last but not least, billiards are remembered. Perhaps some reader with a turn for statistics may compile a list of such games; their number and variety would be found surprising and not without interest.

As to billiards, though nothing certain is known, there is reason to believe that it has been developed from some such game as bowls, and was originally played on the ground or in a court, but subsequently raised to the dignity of a table. This was first of rough construction, the bed being made of wood ; in time list cushions followed, the balls being propelled by maces straight or curved, oftener the latter, as better suited for pushing, by which means most of the strokes seem to have been made. Gradually improvements were introduced ; early in the nineteenth century cues to a great extent superseded maces, leather tips having been invented by a French player ; these naturally led to the application of chalk, a refinement about which some venerable stories are current. For many years the game had an evil reputation ; it was played perhaps with innocence in the houses of the great, and without much of that quality in gaming-rooms and public-houses ; but respectability, whether professional or commercial, was careful to avoid or conceal appearance in its realms. Perhaps the first public sign of emergence from this state was when Kentfield opened his subscription-rooms in Brighton ; they were in some degree exclusive, and were frequented for a few years before and after 1850 by the best amateur players. The table had difficult pockets, smaller than those now known as standard, but he and some of his clients attained great excellence of play. Of the amateurs, Mr. H. Rimington-Wilson was admittedly the best, his play was greatly admired, and he took a remarkably small start from the champion. Mr. Henry Munster, too, was an excellent billiard-player, and one of the best winning-hazard strikers that ever lived ; he was the only amateur of those days who could play *massé* really well. Mr. Mardon also may be mentioned ; he played a cautious game well, and wrote a book on billiards which is still known and quoted. He contributed occasionally to the newspapers, sometimes referring with admiration to Mr. Wilson's games with Kentfield, at other times upholding the superiority of Kentfield's game to that played by Cook and others on easy tables ; but latterly, having some difference with his former idol, he avoided the rooms and transferred his allegiance to the elder Roberts.

There were many other fine players who owed their skill in great measure to Kentfield, the acknowledged champion, till he declined the challenge of John Roberts, senr. This was in 1849, and there is little doubt that on an ordinary table, with easy pockets, Roberts would then have won ; for in addition to great natural aptitude for the game, he had by that time mastered the

spot stroke sufficiently to place him far ahead of any player whose game depended mainly on cannons and hazards. But on a table with 3¼-in. pockets and a reduced baulk it is possible that Kentfield might have been successful; even so, Roberts's victory could not have been long deferred; youth, power, and a genius for the game must soon have placed him in the position he rightly assumed.

Whilst champion his influence on the game was very great; he altered it from dependence on losing hazards and cannons to one wherein winning hazards prevailed, thereby placing it on a sound basis, for of all strokes the winning hazard demands most constant accuracy. Also, after a red winner, the ball is placed on the spot so that its position for the next stroke is absolutely known. This certainty, with other things, led to spot-stroke practice, the groundwork or foundation of the best play which has since been seen. During the first part of Roberts's championship, the next best players were Bowles, who had rooms in Brighton, and Charles Hughes; after them *longo intervallo* came Dufton, whose name is familiar from often playing with Roberts, and as a teacher. He had the honour of instructing Our Most Gracious sovereign, when Prince of Wales, in the mysteries of the art, and was very proud of that fact.

As time went on, wooden beds and list cushions made way for slate and rubber, longer breaks attesting improvement in materials and in play. Gradually, too, youthful talent appeared; Joseph Bennett, William Cook, and, greatest of all for many a day, if not till now, John Roberts, junr., came to the front, one and all of them rivalling the performances of the champion. Cook came first; his style was different from that of the elder Roberts, less robust and enterprising but more delicate, and, in consequence when table and all were right, more likely to lead to long breaks. In 1869 he challenged the older player, and the match (of which the interest survives to the present day) came off in January 1870. It was played on a table with 3-in. pockets, an arrangement certainly premature, for discounting spot-stroke play; but, as might have been expected, it resulted in cramping the game for both men. After a rather slow but interesting and close game, Cook won by 117 in 1200 points.

Then followed the busiest and briskest time the game has ever had, certainly as regards professional play, and probably also as to playing for stakes by amateurs. Young Roberts challenged Cook, and Bennett challenged Roberts for the

championship with varying results, till, in 1885, John Roberts, jun., stood out from all competitors as easily first in a class by himself. To his father's power and constitutional strength, which he inherited to a great extent, he added a fertility of resource and an aptitude for play which amounted to genius. In addition he was an excellent showman; he pleased his public and kept his room well filled. At first, discerning the taste for large scores quickly made, he used tables with easy pockets and cultivated the spot stroke; then, finding that persons who for the most part did not understand the stroke complained of its monotony, he set about devising a substitute. The big scores must be continued at the old pace, but they must not be made by continually repeated winning hazards. Solution was difficult, but not beyond his power; the spot stroke was barred, and what is known as 'top of the table play,' a clever adaptation of spot play, accompanied by runs of close cannons, borrowed from the American game, was introduced. Spectators were delighted and charmed with much genuine play combined with tricks which sometimes were neither sound nor fair, and the public responded in a way satisfactory to the caterer. Thus things went on for many years, which, however, were not so prosperous for lesser stars, and the absence of genuine contests began to be felt. There was no competitor for the championship, play between second- or third-rate men did not attract, and handicaps were few and far between, mainly, no doubt, because it was difficult to find a substantial sum for prizes.

During this period many excellent players came forward: D. Richards, a very fine player at pyramids and close cannons; his brother, S. W. Stanley, whose contests with T. Taylor were great exhibitions of gameness and tenacity; W. Mitchell and W. J. Peall, both phenomenal spot-stroke players, the latter having made the largest break on record at the English game; John North, awkward and ungraceful in style, but a formidable antagonist, recently killed in a street accident; and, great as any, if not of greater promise, Shorter, whose brief but brilliant career is not forgotten. Besides these, younger men have since appeared, of whom Dawson, Stevenson, Diggle, Memmott and Weiss are in or about the front rank, the two last named hailing from Australia. Other players of much merit are Harverson, Bateman, William Cook—son of the late ex-champion, a promising player who excels at close cannons—Spiller, a good teacher, and M. Inman, who contrives to unite sterling play with the contortions of a nervous amateur.

In spite, however, of all this talent, professional billiards did not seem to be in a very flourishing condition; money, of course, could be made by teaching, by attending to rooms for play, by exhibition games, and perhaps otherwise, but no one could attract the public as Roberts did, and even his powers were scarcely equal to the task. A genuine struggle was wanted, and after some skirmishing he accepted a challenge from Dawson to play a match of 18,000 points on even terms on an ordinary table with standard pockets. The first half of the game was played in Messrs. Wright's room in Argyll Street, the second in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The game was chiefly remarkable for Dawson's determined effort to shake the prestige of his great opponent, and for the indifferent display at times by both men. In fact, the difference between exhibition games and one on which a good deal depended was abundantly manifested. Eventually Roberts won by a considerable margin, which he may or may not have owed to playing in his own room; and soon after the match he went abroad. During his absence several remarkable contests have taken place between Charles Dawson and H. W. Stevenson. Both men have played very fine games, the former having, it is believed, won the greater number. This was to be expected, for Dawson is an older player of great determination and endurance, more able just now to do battle against contrary circumstances, which must in a long game sooner or later make themselves felt; whereas Stevenson, though more facile and brilliant when matters are favourable, is from temperament or condition perhaps more susceptible to the influences of evil fortune. That is, at any rate, the impression which has been formed after careful attention to their games, and it conforms with results; for Dawson won a remarkable game after his chance seemed hopeless, and in no instance that can at the moment be recalled was the finish close. Comparisons are odious, and there is no necessity to press them further nor to prophesy the results of future matches. Stevenson will become increasingly formidable as he gains in experience, whilst at any time Dawson when fit is qualified to disconcert undue confidence.

Again, Diggle is, in essentials, but little behind these two; less, perhaps, than many excellent judges may think. He plays a calm, thoughtful game, and has made breaks which abundantly testify to his endurance. Unfortunately for him, his game suffered greatly from the abolition of the push stroke; and he has not, so far as may be judged, taken extraordinary pains

to overcome disabilities by the use of *massé*, or by care in playing series of cannons so as after each to leave an open stroke. Dawson has been his chief opponent: they are old antagonists representing York and Lancaster; but though latterly in receipt of a considerable start, Diggle can hold his own more nearly than is commonly supposed.

Turning now to amateurs. During the 'forties and 'fifties there was much less play than now in London clubs; the game was for the most part carried on in public or private rooms, or in such an establishment as the Cocoa Tree, which for a long time might justly claim to be its headquarters. There many good players met and much money changed hands. Soon, however, most of the good clubs had rooms of their own, a preferable arrangement in many ways, though possibly not conducive to the strict enforcement of etiquette. It is impossible to give anything like a satisfactory list of the chief players, but the following names, in addition to those already mentioned, come to mind, and are doubtless known to many clubmen: Captain Campbell, of the Army and Navy Club; Colonel Mundy, who commanded the 19th Foot; the late Lord Dudley; Mr. John P. Ward, the best of a family of good players; Mr. W. W. Rodger, of Hadlow Castle, Kent, who won the University match in his day and developed good form afterwards—all earned deserved reputations; whilst of those still amongst us, Mr. Russell D. Walker, General G. V. Johnson, Captain Bayly, Mr. Dudley D. Pontifex, and Mr. Reginald H. R. Rimington-Wilson, are all fine players, the last three having attained exceptional skill. Mr. Philbrick, of Brighton, was some years ago a very fine pyramid player and winning-hazard striker, and many more names might be mentioned. Besides these, there are others with whose play the present writer is less familiar, but who have established their eminence by winning or creditably competing for the amateur championship promoted by the Billiard Association. Of these, the names of Mr. Sidney H. Fry, Mr. Christey, Mr. A. W. T. Goode (the present holder of the title), and Mr. Large, come to mind, and there are others who approach, if they do not equal, the skill of those mentioned.

This consideration of representative professional and amateur players leads one to reflect on that most difficult question, how the distinction between them may best be drawn. At first sight it seems simple enough; those who make their living by the game are professionals, others are amateurs. But this is

scarcely a practical solution, though whether a better can be found is open to question. In a general way the statement is fairly true, but there are many persons, amateurs under that definition, who really are in every respect more nearly allied to the professional than to the other class. Such, for example (writing generally and disclaiming any intention to offend) are the leading players amongst licensed victuallers. Their surroundings favour the cultivation of the game, proficiency in which is not incompatible with success in their business. On the other hand, a marker would be a professional player under the rule indicated, yet there is not one in a hundred who really attains the requisite skill. Their average form is much better than that of ordinary amateurs, but it scarcely equals that of the class above mentioned ; at any rate, markers who reach the standard of the best competitors for the B.A. amateur championship probably abandon marking in favour of public play and teaching. Also it would scarcely be fair to exclude a man from the amateur stakes because a billiard-table is connected with his business. Persons engaged in table-making may play very well, but it would be misleading to class those as professionals ; so with hotel keepers, licensed victuallers, and others. Nor can skill of play form the criterion ; there are and have been amateurs, though very few, whose average exceeds that of many professional players. Hence it is evident that the difficulty in bringing the various classes of amateurs together for purposes of competition is very great, perhaps insuperable, and possibly it is no misfortune to the game that it should be so ; but if amateurs of all sorts cannot be induced to compete, it is a mistake to talk of an amateur champion. Any such championship should be qualified, even though the invitation may be general.

The question of the professional championship, though not so difficult, is yet very far from being simple. The Association may reasonably urge that the player who has qualified under their conditions remains champion till he is defeated under the same terms, or loses the position by death or resignation. This might be difficult to dispute if its authority were universally recognised, but that can scarcely be admitted as matters now stand ; and the problem is further complicated by the general assumption that the champion is the best player of the day. Of course this may not, under any ruling body, be the case ; for two or more men may be so nearly equal that the issue is decided by other elements than skill, and of three men the least

skilful may become champion. That has already happened and may again occur. Besides this, the best player may not concede the authority of the Association nor approve of its conditions ; in which case the anomaly of one or more players offering points to the champion may easily arise. It is difficult to see how this can be prevented, but probably, by raising the value of the position to a sufficient extent, inducement for the best players to compete would be supplied. This involves raising the Association in status and in wealth, a development which is still among the possibilities of the future.

Passing to a matter of greater general interest, it is probable that simplification and improvement of the rules of billiards cannot be long postponed. They urgently require reform, and it would be a great matter if a well-arranged code could supersede the various ones which now exist, and are issued by the firms which supply tables. Generally, no doubt, the most recent revision by the Association prevails, but it is by no means accepted in a full sense of the term even in London. And there is sound reason for this, because the legislation which prohibits the spot and push strokes increases the duration of games, which, in amateur hands, last already longer than the patience of those waiting for the table. This remark, it is clear, applies with more force to those who can play a tolerable game, and extends further in application the better the players are, until they reach a very high class indeed, when they can score at the top of the table as fast as by spot play, and are sufficiently skilful to continue series of cannons without a push stroke. Various remedies, in order to increase the speed of play, have been considered. Some persons and clubs prefer that both strokes should be allowed ; others would keep the spot but bar the push, or, if both are prevented, would reduce the points required for game. It is clear that amateur play is slow enough at any time, and that legislation should tend to help men to finish their games faster, and not by making scoring more difficult to prolong them. This is a principle which should be kept in view by any one who undertakes to draft a fresh code or to revise old ones. And, like everything else, it must not be pushed to extremes ; for no one desires to spoil a fine game by making the pockets absurdly easy or by permitting foul strokes. Reducing the game from 100 to half or three-quarters of that length would, no doubt, meet the case as far as time is concerned ; but men accustomed to a game of

100 points do not readily revert to a shorter one, the winning of which involves somewhat different tactics.

Of the future of the game it is safe to say that further advance may be expected; tables, balls, cues and other implements will be improved whereby better play will be attainable, whilst advantage may be expected from a simpler code of laws. But beyond a general opinion of this sort it is unwise to go; the further development of the game must be uncertain. Our tendency, as a nation, is conservative. We prefer to stick to old ways till the advantage of change is unquestionable. Hence we prefer our large table with six pockets to the French pattern of more convenient size; but the Americans, who give us a lead in many ways, have deliberately discarded the large and adopted the small table without pockets, finding sufficient variety in the cannon game. Each has special advantages, but the smaller table has two which are very obvious: a rest is seldom required, and the table may be put in a room of moderate size, whereas there are comparatively few private houses in London in which a room of ample size for the larger table can be afforded. Moreover, as the player's eye is nearer the balls when the table is small, greater perfection of striking can be cultivated. Hence we see foreign and American players with control over the balls to which our best men cannot pretend.

Before closing this sketch it has been suggested that some remarks about play and practice might be useful to beginners at the game. They must be brief, for space is limited, and purely general, for particular instructions can be found elsewhere, and men's circumstances are so various that what is best for one is unsuitable for another. When young people have the run of a billiard-room at home, some of the older folk look after their early efforts and train them in the laws, written and unwritten, of the game. This is of much advantage, but is not attainable by all, and those who begin later must by greater diligence make up for lost time. Both should give entire thought to the work in hand; if it be practice under a teacher, learn from him why he places a ball in a certain position, strikes it in a certain way, and so on; then, before there is time to forget, replace the balls and repeat the stroke till confidence is felt. A note-book on which rough diagrams may be drawn, and the teacher's instructions recorded, is a great assistance to memory. In practice, either with or without a teacher, there is little temptation to talk on other subjects whilst at play,

but when engaged in a game with a friend the case is different ; his conversation may be most fascinating and calculated to draw forth one's own undoubted powers, but if steady play is valued do not yield to the temptation. When the adversary is the better and more experienced player, there is excuse for seeking advice or explanation of certain strokes ; but if his break is interrupted and thereby brought to an end he will not be pleased, and it is better to postpone conversation till the game is over. When habitually interrupted by the opponent, either cease playing with him or come to an understanding on the subject : the man who talks incessantly during his adversary's break or innings is an unmitigated nuisance. Spectators, too, should be careful that their conversation is so carried on as to avoid distracting players. Attention to such matters, care on entering or leaving a room, avoidance of moving in front of a player, and so forth, characterise the man who has been well entered to the game and generally create a favourable impression.

Of all the faults usually committed by amateurs, such as standing badly to the stroke, playing with bad strength, or the wrong game, &c., none is more reprehensible than want of attention. This is commonly shown by playing with the wrong ball, or being in doubt as to which is the right ball. The first is a serious offence, for which a penalty is provided ; the second, when frequent, becomes a nuisance, and causes unnecessary delay.

In conclusion, it is desirable to invite attention to the entire suitability of billiards for ladies, many of whom play with much skill. The game affords interest and exercise without undue fatigue, whilst the attitudes, when correct, must of necessity be graceful. No game or pastime sets off a good figure to greater advantage, whilst the delicacy of touch which ladies possess is most valuable and leads to good scores. It must, however, be recollected that in all cases practice and play must be subordinated to more important matters. Work and duty come first—play afterwards. If that is acted on, no indoor game is more interesting or better for health, as age increases, than billiards, including its branches of pool and pyramids, in a comfortable, well-ventilated room. There the weary may find satisfactory relief, and so be better able to meet life's changes with tranquillity.

OLD COACHING DAYS.

From an Oil Painting by H. Alken.

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TROPHIES OF THE TOUR

A HIMALAYAN TOUR

BY J. NIELD COOK

TOWARDS the end of the last hot season in India, being mentally and physically weary, I applied for and obtained six weeks' leave of absence. The delights of a fashionable hill station did not attract me ; I wanted a complete change ; and as my day's work related to the reduction of death-rates in the hot, low-lying and enervating city of Stinkipore, I argued that the most complete change would be to go up into the mountains, where I could live the life of primitive man in a cold and bracing climate, and do a little killing to give a zest to life if opportunity offered. I had twice before been on short shooting excursions on the lower slopes of the Himalayas, starting from Mussoori, and felt the attraction of the snowy peaks beyond, which is said to be so powerful physically that if it were removed the sea would recede from the Indian littoral ; and after much consultation of survey maps and itineraries I decided to start from Mussoori, visit Gangotri, the source of the River Ganges, where it issues from the Gau-mukh, or 'Cow's mouth,' an icy cavern in an amphitheatre of solid ice, at an elevation of about 13,000 feet above mean sea level, spend a few days on shooting grounds, where I might expect to find burrel, tahr and brown and black bear, and, if fortune favoured me, serow, leopard, or an ancient and solitary stag, who has left the herd and taken pension on finding that his services were no longer appreciated,

I left Stinkipore about the middle of September, and after a hot and dusty journey of two nights and a day in the train to Dehra Dun, a tonga drive to Rajpore and a pleasant ride up the ghat with a police officer and his wife, arrived at the Himalaya Club, Mussoori, one of the most comfortable clubs in which it has been my good fortune to stay.

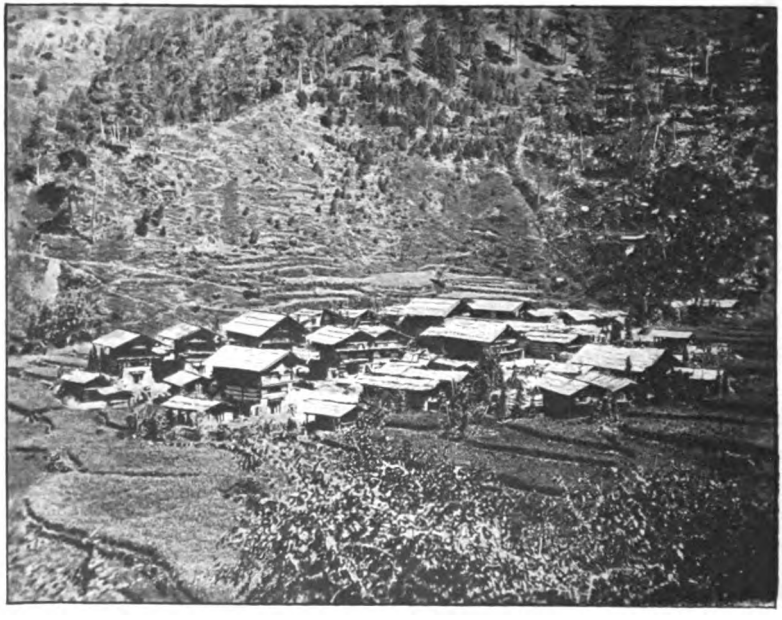
I had brought up an eighty-pound tent for myself and a smaller one for my servants, a new Jeffery's 400 single-barrelled Express, my gun, ammunition and stores; but it took me nearly four days to engage a shikari and coolies and make my final preparations. I believe there is no such thing as a wheeled vehicle in the state of Tehri, except a bicycle imported by the Rajah; pack ponies traverse some of the main routes, and I have seen droves of pack goats, but generally speaking the hillman is the carrier of the country. I calculated that twelve coolies, each carrying sixty pounds, would be sufficient for my kit; but after much discussion about loads I started with seventeen, and when I came to the worst part of the route increased the number to twenty. H.H. the Rajah of Tehri-Garwhal, whose acquaintance I had made on a previous occasion, kindly gave me the necessary shooting licence and told off a subordinate to accompany me and arrange for such supplies as the hill villages would afford.

I left Mussoori and British territory on September 22. The country of Tehri-Garwhal is peculiar in its conformation. Instead of the usual horizontals or undulating curves which generally prevail on other parts of the globe, its 'levels' approximate more or less to perpendiculars. If I were describing it to a medical friend I should say that its contour resembled the temperature chart of a bad case of fever, being all angles and points. This makes progression difficult for any one except an eagle, a hillman, or a mountain goat. 'Omnis Angulus ridet,' every summit mocks the pedestrian, if one may quote Horace in the twentieth century and use the words in a sense he never intended. I covered twelve miles the first day, which seemed like twenty, as I was soft and not in good condition for the hill work. The sun was powerful, and I arrived at my first camping-ground in a warm and moist condition; but a cool breeze soon made me very chilly, so I spent the two hours or more that I had to wait for my coolies in drying my clothes one at a time over a diminutive fire which my shikari lit for me. When finally they arrived the tents were soon pitched, and a change and a cup of tea soon restored me. I had started

alone, not from choice, but because I had been unable to get a travelling companion. When I came out of my tent I saw another being pitched twenty paces below, and a white man superintending the operation. I felt like Robinson Crusoe when he discovered the footprint in the sand. However, as Stanley has set us an example of etiquette in the wilds with his 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' I determined not to be found wanting in this respect, so took a visiting-card and paid a formal call. My friend—friendships and enmities are soon made in the jungle—proved to be an Austrian, a member of the Swiss Alpine Club, who, having exhausted the European ascents, had come to look at our Himalayan "kopjes" with the idea of forming a syndicate to bring out Swiss guides and break the records in mountaineering. He came provided with an ice-axe, a camera and a Pasteur filter. In the Alps a porter is paid about ten shillings a day, and I believe only carries about ten pounds. In India one can get coolies for sixpence a day, who will carry sixty to eighty pounds, so there is no need to cut things down quite to a minimum. Continental travellers don't always realise this, and often undergo quite unnecessary privations in consequence. In this part of the Himalayas supplies are difficult to obtain, and the ravens and vultures nowadays don't feed the starving traveller, but regard him as a possible feast for themselves. We agreed to travel together. Having found a travelling companion so unexpectedly I only wanted a spaniel to turn up after sojourning for three days in a leopard's belly to convince me that the age of miracles was not passed, as I had failed to procure a dog accustomed to the gun before I started.

For the next few days nothing eventful occurred. Our route lay mostly through valleys with patches of cultivation, though we had to cross intervening ridges. There were a few pheasants about, but the cover was thick, and for want of dogs I could not get them to rise for a shot. Near a village called Laluri I had a beat for the village black bear, which was supposed to be in a ravine less than a mile distant, but only succeeded in putting up a dove. Above Laluri we got our first good view of the snows. They still looked a long way off, but it is something to see the promised land. Occasionally we came upon a picturesque village perched on the mountain side, with a few patches of cultivation near it. One of the principal crops is a brilliant crimson millet, which forms a bright patch of colour against the dark background. The illustration is tolerably

typical. The houses are mostly built of heavy pine-logs roughly squared, with roofs formed of large irregular slates. The people are friendly but unwashed, and there does not appear to be any purdah for the women. They keep buffaloes or cows and goats and raise crops; but neither breed poultry, which is said to be contrary to their religion, like many other things in India, nor grow fruit and vegetables, for which the climate appears particularly favourable. At Dharassu we came to the Bhagairathi river, as this part of the Ganges is called. It is a fine stream,



THE VILLAGE OF KUTNOOR

rushing over huge boulders in the rockiest of rocky beds. The land on both sides is terraced and richly cultivated. The terraces were topped with well-wooded hills, which were taking on autumnal tints. The scenery was undoubtedly fine, but it lacked the rugged grandeur of the mountains, and we did not rise to any high pitch of enthusiasm over it. Our thoughts were bent on snow-clad mountains, and in these valleys they were not even in sight. The Bhagairathi is the summer residence of the mahseer, the king of Indian fish, whose rush surpasses that of the salmon; so I got out my tackle and tried a flying spoon, but rain came on and the water was thick, which all the author-

ities on the subject say makes mahseer fishing a waste of time, as they only bite in clear bright water. I flogged the water in vain, not even seeing a fish, and only got an unexpected cold bath through slipping on a boulder, and sitting down in the water.

From Dharassu we went wrong. I had been advised by a friend who knew the country to go to a village called Ahgoora, about ten miles from the Gangotri route, and inquire for a goatherd called Uttamoo, who would take me to the haunts of tahr. My Mussoori shikari assured me he knew the way, and that he knew Uttamoo, with all the confidence of an Indian when he knows nothing. He took us up a well-wooded valley, with a fair sized stream running through it, to a village called Gulah, which, to cover his mistake, he assured me was Ahgoora. He was a nice old man, and used to knead me after a hard day's march as they do the native wrestlers, this being I think a sound adjunct to training. He was a liar, of course, 'and a fluent liar at that,' but Eastern races generally do not make the pet virtue of truthfulness that we do, and it is a mistake to measure others by our own standards. India has its own systems for weights and measures and morals, all of which differ from those adopted in Europe. We camped in the bed of the stream, and after a couple of hours' rest crossed it and climbed the hill opposite to the village. We found a man there who had been mauled by a bear. He was not much hurt, so I suggested that his wife had scratched his face, which amused his friends and made him very indignant, but I gave him some ointment to heal his scratches and his wounded feelings.

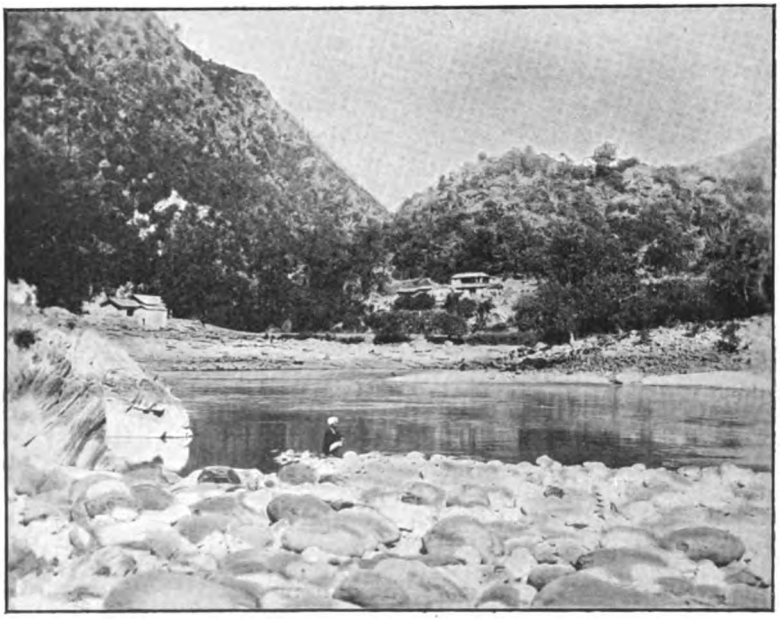
As we had over two hours of daylight left, we arranged a beat for the bear. Nearly all the villagers turned out, making, with our own coolies, about a hundred beaters. Some of them tried to find excuses and met with derision from their friends. A few of my coolies armed themselves for the fray. One carried the kitchen chopper, a second a spare alpenstock borne like a spear, a third the heavy hammer used for driving in tent-pegs—he didn't quite look the part of either a Vulcan or a Thor—whilst the rest were satisfied with sticks and stones. We went to a big ravine about a mile from the village, where the bear was supposed to be enjoying his afternoon nap. The beaters were put in at the top in extended order, and I was posted on a footpath about a quarter of a mile below and about ten yards from a track the bear had made when coming down for his

nightly dissipations, and returning in the morning with the milk. I sat on a convenient stump with my rifle at the 'ready,' and my shikari stood over me with my gun loaded with a solid ball in the right barrel and No. 1 shot embedded in wax in the left, ready to hand it to me or use it himself as occasion might require. Shikaries are very fond of putting a sahib upon some inaccessible place on these occasions, which is very poor fun, and about as exciting as shooting at the counterfeit presentment of a running tiger on a rifle-range. A bear to be enjoyed must be at close quarters. I felt a thrill of excitement such as I had not experienced for a long time, as the shouting of the beaters and noise of rocks rolled down, and the whacking of undergrowth with sticks became louder and louder, and I momentarily expected Bruin to come crashing down and cross my path. 'Blessed is he that expecteth nothing': the mountains brought forth not even the ridiculous mouse. We beat another ravine with no better luck, and a woodman coming up from a valley below told us that Bhalu Sahib and Bhalu Memsahib were both down there and had been all the time. There is a fly that always buzzes round one's face and eyes when one is expecting an animal to break cover or taking aim after a successful stalk. I wish some one would kill that fly once for all.

The following day we broke camp early and marched 17 miles, which included a climb of 3600 feet and a descent of 2500. This was a stiff day's work for a man from the plains, and when some one brought khuber of the inevitable bear I said I wasn't taking any that evening. The next day we were on the march from 7.30 A.M. to 5.30 P.M. over very bad ground. We reached a village called Ujjri, on the Jumna river, 79 miles, or eight marches from Mussoori by the direct route, and we had gone considerably out of the way. After holding a council and consulting maps, the outcome of our deliberations was that as we were on the Jumnotri route we had better go to Jumnotri. Two days later we reached Kharsali, the nearest halting-place to Jumnotri. I find the following entry in my diary.

"*Monday, September 30.*—I had my early tea at 4 A.M., and sat outside my tent watching fairylike views of the snows by moonlight till dawn. They looked like scenes from dreamland, and not real snowy peaks covered with congealed water. I never saw anything so beautiful. Started at about 6 A.M. and reached Kharsali about 11.30, after climbing a succession of

ridges and crossing some bridges that would have given a tight-rope dancer fits. We also had to crawl along a narrow ledge on the face of a wall of solid rock overhanging the river. My Aryan brothers, whose feet are to some extent prehensile, made me take off my boots before doing it. A goat my shikari had bought jibbed and had to be assisted over by being pulled with a rope in front and pushed behind. We have a charming camp here, and our tents are carpeted with the strawberry-like Potentilla. There is a good deal of cultivated land



BHAGAIRATHI RIVER AT DHARASSU

along the river, and the village looks prosperous. The head man and elders of the village met us on our arrival. I gave them tobacco, and we had a friendly *pow-wow*. Several people came to me to be 'doctored.' I engaged a local shikari and four extra coolies, and paid off one of the Mussoori coolies who was sick, gave him some medicine, and sent him back to his village. In the afternoon a nautch girl in accordion-pleated skirt and tawdry jewellery came with her attendant tom-tom player and danced before my tent. Ram Roop, the father of the village, is a fine specimen of an old man, over eighty but hale and hearty, and of a dignified and courteous bearing. He used to act as a

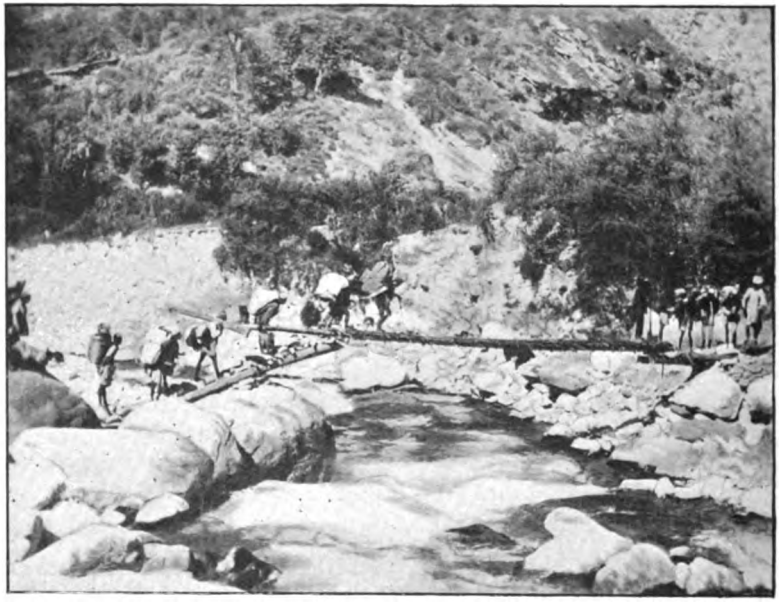
guide to Jumnotri and the Sameri peak, but his son, Jas Ram, has now taken on the office. His mania is the collection of testimonials. I recognised the names of some well-known Himalayan travellers in the collection. As he would take no denial, I have promised Jas Ram that he shall accompany us to Jumnotri to-morrow, and that if I appreciate his services I will give him a fine testimonial. I gave our coolies a goat to feast on in recognition of the good work done and to ensure the continuance of it. There was the usual wordy warfare between them and the village grain-sellers over the price of flour. These simple village tradesmen know how to stick it on for the stranger.'

'*Tuesday, October* 1.—A delightful day! Jas Ram, son of Ram Roop, who it appears is a *pundit* and *guru*, or spiritual pastor and master, personally conducted us to Jumnotri and back. The road was just difficult enough and not too difficult, and as we had rather scoffed at the necessity for a guide on a route which pious pilgrims could negotiate, he took us a short cut down what we called the Monkeys' Path, as it required the prehensile use of the hands to swing down from bough to bough through the thick bush, the gradient being too steep to get any appreciable hold with the feet in many places. Our highest point was Bhaironghati, about 11,000 feet, where there was a tree festooned with hundreds of strips from the garments of pilgrims. We sat there for a while to recover breath after our climb and have a smoke, and as I like to do in Bhaironghati as Bhaironghati does, I tore the coloured border off my handkerchief and tied it to the bough to flutter in the breeze with the other rags. A short descent brought us to Jumnotri. I am not given to gushing about scenery; I don't experience the emotions that many people do in presence of a beautiful view. But the grandeur and beauty of the scene before me impressed me deeply and aroused a reverential feeling which I am unable to analyse and assign to its appropriate physiological centres. We stood amongst the boulders in the bed of the stream, some white as marble, others glittering with mica in the sun; on either hand were massive walls of rock surmounted by peaks rising to various heights, well-wooded below but bare above. Over and in front of us towered the snowy peaks, the twin peaks of Bunderpunch and Bundermuch, nearly 22,000 feet high, the source of the water that came dashing down its rocky bed. On the right were the temple buildings, unpretentious but in harmony with their surroundings, and

below them the hot springs bubbling and boiling and steaming as they issued from the internal caldrons of the earth. Readers of *Kim* will remember that Kipling makes his youthful hero and the old Lama cross the Jumnotri ridge. After a time my immediate surroundings withdrew my attention from the scene as a whole. I had never seen the remarkable phenomenon of hot springs before. There were nearly a dozen of them within an area about the size of a large hall. One played like a fountain, rising to a height of about six feet, others merely oozed out of the ground and trickled down in small rivulets, whilst some again seethed and boiled in rocky basins. In one of the last my men cooked cakes made of attah flour, drying them on the sun-baked rocks. I tried a bit of one of them, but found it heavy and unpalatable. There was a large pool, about the temperature of a very hot bath. Mechanically I began to undress. My coolies laid restraining hands on me. I did not know whether the pool was too sacred for a Mlechcha to bathe in—I was once followed by an armed mob after swimming in a sacred tank—or whether a hot bath was to them something awful that no mortal man could indulge in and live. Bathing of all kinds is at a discount in cold and mountainous countries. But I persevered, and was presently floating on my back in sensuous indulgence. Any one who has done ten days' hard marching in the mountains with only scanty and unsatisfactory ablutions can imagine the delights of that bath. When I had boiled myself sufficiently I climbed down to the bed of the mountain stream and embracing a large rock let myself go for a cold douche in the rushing torrent of melted snow. After that a good rub down by willing hands, dry flannels and a sweater, and I felt ready for anything. I sipped a large tumbler of the hot water from the spring which had been used for cooking ; it tasted slightly saline and chalybeate, but had neither the bouquet nor the body of the water of the Old Pump at Harrogate of which I used to drink three large tumblers for 'early tea,' to the strains of a band in tall silk hats, when I was last at home for the benefit of an Indian liver.

My next experience was a strange one. I was taken to the temple, took off my shoes according to Eastern custom at the threshold, and was led to the innermost shrine, where absolute darkness prevailed. My conductor borrowed my matches, and the 'god' was revealed to my view, red in colour and devoid of ornaments. In the glimmering light his

features seemed to dilate and contract and take on varying expressions. I made my salaam to an accompaniment of braying horns and clashing cymbals, the perpendicular red Shaivite mark was made on my forehead and I left the shrine. I believe the Siva worshipped in these hills is not so much the destroyer of universes in the Brahminical triad of divinity as the 'god' in his generative attribute associated with the worship of the *lingam* and invoked by his worshippers to make the crops grow and render marriages fruitful. My experience was



CROSSING THE JUMNA

an unusual one for a European in India, but I had a somewhat similar one once across the Hyderabad border, where I was admitted by some *yogis* to a cave temple in a very remote place in some hills, which was considered particularly sacred, and saw camphor burnt and hot ghee, or clarified butter, poured over the *lingam*, whilst the officiating priest chanted Sanscrit verses. Nothing of special interest marked our return journey. We gathered and ate black and red currants which grow wild in these hills, but they had not much flavour. I have written a testimonial for Jas Ram, son of Ram Roop, that would make his fortune if more people

visited the place, but it may be a year or more before any one who reads English comes this way.'

So far our route had been principally along the valleys, though we had a good deal of up and down work crossing ridges and spurs. We had passed at least one village in a day's march. On leaving Kharsali we left behind such comparative civilisation for the solitude of the mountains, the home of the burrel, the eagle and the red snow bear. We had some trouble in getting off, as our new coolies funked and hid themselves in the village. But chiefly through the energy of my companion, a most determined little man, we succeeded in getting them together in about an hour. After a few hours' steady climbing we left the forest line behind and saw the snows in front of us at no great distance. We found congealed snow in the hollows, though we had hardly reached the snow line. We pitched our tents about a couple of miles further on, and had hardly done so when a snow storm came on. The coolies got a partial shelter under overhanging rocks, and roasted themselves with huge bonfires. It was a cold night, and the water in our basins was covered with ice a quarter of an inch thick in the morning. I watched my companion through the corner of my eye to see what he would do ; when I saw him break the ice and splash about gaily, I had to do the like for the honour of old England.

The camp was to be moved about eight miles further up the mountain, whilst I and my shikaris made a *détour* round the hills which flanked our route. I started at 6.30 A.M. and sighted two large and one small burrel grazing on a bit of grass below some steep rocky crags. It took about half an hour to work round behind the ridge and reach a position within range at about 225 yards. The sun had not yet got above the hills, and I could not make out the heads very well. My shikari pointed to the nearest one and told me it was a buck. I had never seen a burrel of either sex, so took his word for it and fired ; it rolled down the slope and lay still. The other big one ran round in a dazed way, and I saw then that it was a male, and having reloaded fired a shot. He went up and over the ridge, with one foreleg dangling from the shoulder. I tried to follow, but as the climbing was difficult I soon had 'bellows to mend,' so sent my shikari to the top to mark him down. When he got back he reported that the beast had gone right away, and it was hopeless to try and follow him. We then went to recover the beast we had left for dead, and to my utter disgust found that it was a luckless hind. Half her face and one eye were carried

away—she had been looking straight towards us when I fired—but in spite of that she came round when we laid hold of her, broke away, galloped down the slope and fell over a precipice into the boulder-strewn bed of a small stream 500 feet below, where we found her lying in the water, stone dead. I felt very much disgusted with myself, having begun by doing two things no sportsman should do—killed a hind, and allowed a wounded animal to escape to fall a prey to a leopard or die by inches of its wound. We made a long round and sighted two more lots of burrel, but could not get a fair shot. I was dead beat when we made our next camp at 4 P.M., after some stiff climbing in snow and hail, and could not eat my dinner. By a comparison of aneroids and calculations with Nigretti's Himalayan scale we made out the elevation of our camp to be 14,600 feet.

The next day I did better and brought back to camp a fine buck about eight years old. The following is the record in my diary written the same evening:

'*Friday, October* 4.—I have had a hard day's work, getting up to 17,000 feet or more on one of the big shoulders of the Bunderpunch. There was not much snow and ice, though I was above and looked down on one of the big glaciers. We had a lot of rock climbing and walking over huge stones, which appeared to have been pitched about promiscuously. Judging from the dung there should be a good many red bears about. From time to time I saw "little footprints in the snow," and, from the size and the fact of their being solitary, my shikari drew the conclusion that an old buck had gone ahead. We saw nothing, however, until 3.40 P.M., when as we came over a spur my shikari sighted our gentleman. A few flakes of frozen snow were falling, but not enough to prevent my seeing the fine spread of his horns as he faced me, standing between two rocks on the other side of a gorge about 300 yards across. A stalk appeared impracticable from the nature of the ground, so, though I had resolved after yesterday's experience never to pull a trigger again at more than 120 to 150 yards, I could not resist the temptation to try and secure so fine a head. I climbed into a little nest on the spur where I could lie prone, partly concealed in the tufty grass. My shikari handed me my rifle and I took a steady aim and fired. I saw nothing for some minutes, when my men spotted our quarry going slowly up the precipice, keeping as much as possible behind the rocks, evidently hard hit. I fired a couple of ineffectual shots, and we

started off to follow him up. It took us over half an hour going our best pace to get down and up the intervening chasm. One of my gun-carriers disappeared through a rotten ice-bridge, but emerged safe and sound; my shikari, who was holding my hand and helping me in a difficult place, lost his footing and would have gone down, but that I happened to have a firm footing at the moment and was able to take the strain; and I had a few falls myself. Eventually we got across and saw our burrel on a ledge 50 yards above us. I gave him

RETURN TO CAMP WITH EIGHT-YEAR BURREL

a hollow-nosed bullet in the ribs which knocked a big hole in his side, but he still kept on his feet, so I gave him another in the neck, which I afterwards found had dislocated a vertebra. Then the game old buck fell and went bounding down the precipice about forty to fifty feet at a time and always appeared to strike on the rocks with his horns. I was in an agony of fear that his head would be knocked to pieces, but when we got down to him we found that it was practically uninjured. He must have turned round just as I fired my first shot, as my bullet passed through both haunches near the hip joint. We were not very far from camp, and got help to fetch him

down. My friend photographed him with a group of the men when we arrived. His measurements were, length of horn 23½ inches, circumference 11½ inches. From the marks on his horns his age was estimated at about eight years. Every coolie when I came in touched my feet and said, "Salaam Sahib!" I don't know whether this was so much a tribute to my prowess as a shikari as a request to be allowed to participate in the feast to come. When the carcase was skinned it was as much as I could do to secure the saddle, kidneys and liver for myself. The rest disappeared more quickly than if a flock of vultures had settled on it.'

The next day the weather was too bad for anything. Heavy mists drifted about, and a good deal of snow fell. We took some constitutionals, and stamped to keep our feet warm. The following day was bright and clear, and I made an early start to do the range to the east. Hitherto I had confined my attentions to the western one. Half way up we saw a burrel doing sentinel on a peak which, for the time being, formed the sky-line. It took us some while to stalk him, and when we got there he was nowhere to be seen. Further up we saw a male and three females on a ridge against the sky. They were a long way off, and we couldn't get there unperceived, so we sat and watched them. When, after a further climb, we were nearing the summit we sighted a fine male, standing by a rock facing us about three-quarters of a mile away. I don't suppose he could see us, as the hill-men say that such animals have not very long sight. After a good look through the glasses we started to stalk him. Of course we had to go down and up. We had to cross some rather steep shale landslips which I didn't like, but nothing else that presented any special difficulty. After about an hour's work we got into position and peeped over, but saw nothing. We moved on, and suddenly a herd of about a dozen burrel emerged from a hollow some 120 yards away, where they had been grazing. There was only one good head amongst them, that of the burrel we had seen on guard. As the herd cantered up the slope his female body-guard completely surrounded him, so that only his head was visible. He soon drew ahead, however, sufficiently to expose a short fore-quarter, and I tried a shot at the shoulder, but to my disgust dropped the doe, covering him dead with a bullet through her long neck which partly concealed his shoulder. That cleared the male, and as he went up the hill he stopped a moment to look back, and I took advantage of it to put a bullet low down in

his flank from the right rear and below him. The shikari said he couldn't go far, so we did not race. We tracked him for some distance by the blood, then lost all trace of him. My shikari declared he must have gone down the hill, as he was too hard hit to go up. After nearly an hour's fruitless search we sat down for a rest and smoke. Presently I noticed a kite come from a distance and wheel below us, and drew the shikari's attention to it : then two ravens appeared on the scene, and my gun carrier, a goat-herd with phenomenal eyesight, spotted the object of our search half a mile away. I could distinctly see him through my glasses lying there, butting at the ravens. He was game to the end, and after my men got hold of him broke away and did another quarter down the steep incline. I had done enough for one day, so as the chase had brought us back within about a mile of the camp, I blew my whistle for assistance and was home by three in the afternoon. My comrade who had just returned from cutting steps with his ice-axe in the home glacier, which is his favourite occupation when I am away shooting, took a photograph of us as we came in. He had had a fall, and barked his hands whilst photographing the glacier. The burrel was a fine young animal, four years of age. He stood 33 inches at the shoulder, and his horns were $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length and $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches in circumference. The ' Salaam Sahib ' and scramble for ' prime cuts ' were repeated, and I gave the shikari a haunch to send to his family at Kharsali. We had a haunch of my first kill for dinner that night, and found it to be most excellent mountain mutton and not at all 'goaty' in flavour. Being a bit of a gourmet, I had taken a large tin of red currant jelly amongst my stores, and we thoroughly enjoyed our meal.

We crossed the range to the east the next day, and camped in the valley. I made a *détour* with the shikaris, but had no sport. I saw what I took to be a Paradoxurus in the distance through my glasses. Near the top of the ridge edelweiss was growing in profusion. I gathered some and gave it to my shikari to carry. When we arrived in camp I found he had dropped it, and brought me some gaudy red and yellow flowers instead, which he thought I should like better. It might be said after Wordsworth :

> The edelweiss on mountain grim
> A small white flower was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

The next morning, October 8, whilst I was shivering over my early tea with the thermometer standing at 29° F., some of

the men rushed into my tent with an excited 'Bhalu, Sahib!' I caught up my rifle and cartridges and was just in time to get a long shot across the gorge at a black bear as he was nearing cover. He reared up on end apparently startled by the bullet striking the ground underneath him, but went his way unhurt, and as we had a long march to do I couldn't afford the time to follow him up. In several places the ground was scratched up by bears. Why do they do this? A naturalist would probably say to dig for roots, or trim their nails, having no

OUR RETURN TO CAMP WITH TWO BURREL

manicures. The simplest explanation of natural phenomena is often the true one, and I am inclined to think that the bear sometimes finds life rather dull, and when he gets tired of scratching himself and grumbling to pass the time, he scratches the ground.

Striking camp we next set out in a southerly direction for the tahr ground, the Kharsali shikari acting as guide. We camped that night in a lovely spot by a mountain tarn known as Dodi Talao. Serow appeared to be plentiful on the hills overlooking the lake, but the serow is an elusive beast somewhat nocturnal in his habits, and I did not even sight one.

We saw some bright-plumaged *monal* pheasants on the way, not unlike small peacocks in their green and blue plumage. I might have potted them but could not get a flying shot, though my coolies beat some of the copses for me. After this we got lost in the jungle and had a very trying time. We often had to cut our way through, and our coolies ran out of supplies and had nothing to eat. I gave them nearly all my flour and sugar as a stop gap. We reached Ahgoora on October 12. A couple of villagers with a dog met us some way out and conducted us to the village. The dog kept running round and stopping to count our coolies as they passed. These dogs are very like collies in appearance, and very intelligent and trustworthy. I have seen herds of cattle grazing in the mountains far from a village with only a dog in charge, and I was told that it is quite a common thing to send cattle out for the whole day in charge of a dog. Every dog wears a large "jam-pot" iron collar to protect him from leopards, which almost invariably seize a dog by the neck. When their teeth close on a circlet of iron they let go and make tracks to consult the dentist.

At Ahgoora we discharged the Kharsali shikari and coolies and engaged Uttamoo and his men. After taking in supplies we made a long up-hill march into the tahr country. I believe we climbed about 5000 feet that march, though the gradient was not very steep most of the way. After our arrival, as soon as my tent was pitched I got between blankets to have a rest. But Uttamoo came in and said we might find a tahr, or *jula* as he called it, at no great distance from the camp. So I put on my boots and went with him some way down a steep ravine, where we waited and watched. As dusk came on Uttamoo, who has wonderful sight, saw an old male tahr coming up from below. After a time I saw him myself, looking as black as a Stinkipore crow, and blackness in a tahr is supposed to be the characteristic of an old male. He entered a small copse about 150 yards away, and apparently went to bed there. Uttamoo said that we could do nothing that night, but that if we tried at 4 A.M. we should be sure to catch him when he got up in the morning. The result of this was that I woke up every half-hour through the night and looked at my watch. At four to the tick I got up, had some hot cocoa and called the shikaris. Then they said that we could do nothing till the break of dawn, which would not be for another hour or more. Eventually, we slithered down the hill-side and took up a

position on a spur 120 yards from the place we had left the tahr overnight; there was light enough to see to shoot. The dawn was breaking. A bird chirruped, a hen pheasant clucked, and Nature was awake. My limbs grew stiff waiting expectantly on the frozen grass, but Tahr Sahib came not forth to be slaughtered. It was evident that he had eluded us.

After breakfast we moved on about five miles away, and I had just dozed off to make up with forty winks for my disturbed night, when Uttamoo woke me and took me out. We only went about two miles in distance, but such a course as I have never experienced before. I can quite appreciate the story told in *Badminton* in connection with tahr shooting, of a sportsman and his two shikaris hanging on by a single blade of grass while crossing a difficult bit. The worst of it was that the nails had come out of my boots and I could get no grip with my feet, so had to depend more on the tufts of grass than I should otherwise have done. Uttamoo left me in a rocky nest commanding a deep ravine, and went off to scout. That man gets about over the difficult places with an ease and agility hardly equalled by anything less acrobatic than a tahr. During his absence Budroo, my man of all work, who helped in the kitchen, waited at table, made my bed and did various other duties, and was at the same time a keen shikari, sighted two tahr on a narrow ledge against a rock on the opposite side of the gorge, which I estimated at 250 yards away. It took me some time to sight them with my glasses, but when I did I saw that one was black and the other a dark fawn colour. I found great difficulty in getting a sight on the black goat, which was in the shade with a background of dark rock, and the setting sun coming over the ridge above him straight into my eyes. I had reversible foresights, one black and the other white, a most useful invention, and at last I got on him and fired, though I had not much expectation of hitting the mark. However, the tahr came tumbling and rolling down the precipice, and was sighted down below about ten minutes later, slowly propelling himself with his hind legs, both fore legs apparently being broken at the elbow. I fired a shot or two, but it was so dark I could hardly see him, and missed. I left my men to recover him, as I wished to get over some part of the return journey before it was quite dark. It was pitch dark before we got half way, and there was no moon or lantern. I shall not forget that climb in a hurry. Tahr shooting is said to be a good nerve tonic, and I am bound to confess that I was not free

from anxiety when I had to traverse those precipices in pitch darkness with nailless boots. Uttamoo arrived about half an hour after me and said that they got up to the tahr, a fine male with a good head, but it managed to scramble away. The following morning was taken up with a fruitless search for the lost goat, and in the afternoon we tried another ridge, but though we negotiated some promising country we saw nothing but nannies.

After this there is not much to record. A day and a half brought us to the junction of the Bhinsi and Bhagairathi rivers at Barahath. Here I tried to entice the mahseer with flying spoon, phantom, paste and even with crusty pieces of *maccaroni au gratin*, the remains of the previous night's dinner: this makes a nice cheesy worm that should prove attractive to a fish. But the water was very cold, and I believe that the regal mahseer, like Government, had left the hills and gone down to the plains on the approach of the cold weather. Whilst I was fishing a young bear came and watched me from the opposite bank—a comical little chap, with legs too big for his body. He was too far off to throw a line to, or I might have had the unique experience of playing a bear with a salmon rod. If ever I dine at a fisherman's club and the yarns of the members begin to exceed all reasonable limits of probability, I fear the story of my playing a full-grown bear for six hours by the sun-dial with rod and line will develop and take shape.

After this I was laid up for a couple of days with fever, probably contracted in the jungly valley which we had traversed, but three days more took us back to Mussoori by the new road within the period of my leave of absence. I reckoned that we had travelled 300 miles in thirty-three days.

The following record of my weight will show that sport in Tehri-Garwhal is not obtained without working for it:

Usual weight about	11 st. 10 lbs.
Weight before starting . . .	10 st. 12 lbs.
Weight on return (before lunch) .	9 st. 11 lbs.

A ROUGH DAY ON THE NORTH SEA

BY MAGDALEN GILBERT

No less an authority than Solomon declared that: 'There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four, which I know not: the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid;' and, surely, of the four 'the way of a ship in the midst of the sea' is the most wonderful. A ship, even one of the mighty ocean greyhounds, is a small thing in comparison with the great mother; and when one sees the frail cockle-shells which brave in safety the wildest weather at times, one trembles at man's temerity. And yet what is there more delightful either than swinging dreamily along, under summer skies, over a sea tinted to the deepest sapphire, every sense lulled to a delicious quiescence, dreading the awakening from a dream the lotos-eaters might have envied one; or else scudding over an angry, white-crested sea, under leaden skies, every fibre braced and alert, while the boat quivers through all her timbers; the sharp, north-east wind, laden with spray, whistles through the rigging, and stings one's lips and cheek with his fierce salt kiss? Oh, on a day like that it is worth ten years of life to be out on the open sea!

There is a little seaside town, somewhere between the Tyne and the Nore, where I have stayed now for years, and many a rough-and-tumble sail have I enjoyed from its quaint old shores. A very favourite trip is out to a neighbouring lightship, and one which I have several times accomplished. The men on board are always delighted to see visitors, more especially as they are generally accompanied by papers, vegetables, etc., which tokens from the outer world are hailed with great satisfaction.

One day in particular a large party, of which I was one, had decided to spend a day on the sea and visit the lightship,

to which end a handy little yawl, about 20 ft. long, easily handled by a man and a boy, had been bespoken. It had been blowing hard the previous night, but towards morning the wind had abated somewhat, yet, at nine o'clock, the sea was so troubled and the sky so clouded that it was deemed advisable to interview the boatman and ascertain if he thought it safe to carry out our programme. He, however, was cheerily contemptuous, remarking that the motion on board would be hardly perceptible; so that matter was settled in a way satisfactory to most of us. At eleven o'clock we were all assembled at the landing-stage, wearing winter coats for the most part, as the day was bitterly cold. A small boat was waiting to convey us to the *Viola*, which was lying about fifty yards out, pitching in a manner that did not entirely corroborate the boatman's assurance of no motion. Two journeys the little boat made before we were all aboard, and then, with a splash and a rattle, up came the anchor, and the *Viola* sprang forward under taut canvas with a bound that reminded me of a spirited horse impatient of the curb, and headed for the open sea, heeling over at an angle which made it necessary for some of the party to change their seats for the opposite side.

The sun, after a struggle with the clouds, had come forth victorious for the time being, and as we scudded over the tumbling waves it was a pretty sight to note the quaint little higgledy-piggledy town on its red-and-white cliffs rapidly receding from view. There was a good deal of interest to be seen in the way of bird-life, for those who cared to watch it. Following in our wake, swooping and wheeling, were the pretty, graceful terns—sea-swallows and dip-ears as they are called—seemingly flying races with each other, calling as they passed and repassed; further on, slightly to port, was a fat old cormorant sitting on the waves, eyeing us critically with his head on one side, bobbing up and down like a cork meanwhile. Then some one spied a sight worth seeing, namely, a skua chevying a gull for the sake of a fish which the latter had just caught and swallowed. Away went the gull, twisting and dodging for all the world like a naughty little street arab dodging a policeman; and after him, close in his wake, followed the skua, backwards and forwards, round and round; the chase continued hot and strong for two minutes, then, alas for morality! strength conquered, the fish was disgorged, dropped and caught by the skua ere it reached the water, while its previous owner retired discomfited.

We were now rounding a big buoy that marks one of the dangerous shoals in which this particular arm of the sea abounds; the sky had clouded over and the wind had freshened very considerably, and on this fresh tack the yawl began to pitch very much more than she had hitherto done. It was now that several of our party began to realise that a small boat on a rough sea *can* be slightly disagreeable unless one is thoroughly seasoned. My companions on either side were the first to turn a little pale and look a little anxious, so I waited until my favourite perch in the bows was vacant, its tenant by now being reduced to lying at the bottom of the boat, and made the best of my way thence, coming into violent collision with various individuals on the passage. The wind had risen to a gale by now, and it struck some of us that there was a little too much wind and sea to be altogether safe for a small boat like the *Viola*, who, staggering along under shortened sail, was groaning like a wounded creature as the heavy waves struck her. We seemed to be quite alone on the wild, tempestuous sea, for a pleasure-boat that had started slightly in advance of us had long since put back. Down in the trough of the billows one could only see a towering wall of grey, snow-crested water fore and aft, roofed in by still greyer clouds. One watched the waves coming nearer and nearer, gathering strength as they came, and just when one expected to be enveloped in a smother of foam, the *Viola*, with a shiver and a plunge, would glide up the perpendicular wall before her and ride on the top for a second or two, making one forcibly realise a sense of relief ere she slid into the great void beneath her. Next time we were balanced on the crest of a wave we saw the lightship lying about a mile from us—a blunt, squat vessel, with a short mast amidships, and somewhat like unto a boiled lobster in colour and general appearance. Her crew were assembled on deck, and were watching our approach with great interest; they hailed us, but, in the roar of wind and sea, it was impossible to distinguish the words. Of course, we had long since abandoned the idea of boarding her; we should have been stove in like an egg-shell had it been attempted; for, as one man muttered, 'we shall have our work cut out to round her in safety'; and so we had, with a vengeance!

The man at the helm needed all his strength to keep her on her course; and, with a face set and stern, he issued his orders to his colleague. Meanwhile, we all sat as tight as possible, and waited for the turn of events. I know I, for one, held my breath while we were coming round, for every moment it seemed

as though something must go. Snorting along, deep in the sea one moment, the next almost standing on end as it seemed to us, every rope strained to its utmost, and the water pouring in on all sides, the *Viola* still held her own. We were all drenched through by now, but, in those moments of intense excitement, no one noticed it ; half-blinded by the flying spray, and deafened by the combined forces of wind and sea, it was difficult to realise anything else. For half an hour the little yawl struggled along, no one knowing whether her last dip would be really and truly the last ; then, insensibly, as we veered slightly and ran before the wind, the force of sea and wind diminished, and an air of general relief seemed to settle over the whole company. The sun shone out after a watery fashion, the men lit their pipes, and the three girls, in a somewhat tentative fashion, put themselves straight, and began to clamour for lunch.

My word ! we *were* glad of it, too, for all that pretty well everything was flavoured with salt. Then we passed quite close by a regular ocean tramp—a tramp of the trampiest, as some one said. She was wallowing heavily in the seas, sending forth clouds of dense black smoke, making a blot on the blue-and-grey seascape. Lying low in the water, she seemed to carry a heavy cargo, and was bound for one of the Baltic ports. Not a pretty sight, certainly, but, for all that, she interested me deeply. Two or three brown-sailed fishing boats next claimed attention, cutting along under close-reefed canvas at a goodly rate, for the wind was still blowing three-quarters of a gale. We soon left them behind, however, and, when about two miles from home, the *Viola* arrested all attention by very nearly grounding on a bank. The tide was dropping rapidly, but the boatman thought there would be sufficient water to carry her over. As she was sticking by the stern, we migrated to the bows, and, after bucking and plunging and scraping in an undecided manner for some minutes, she suddenly slipped away into deep water, much to every one's relief, for we had no desire to be left stranded for another nine hours.

We reached home at last, with no other adventure, wet, hungry, two hours behind time, but uncommonly glad to be there at all, for more than once we had seemed to be as close to the further shore whence no one returneth as it was possible to be.

MEET OF COTSWOLD HOUNDS AT THE GREENWAY, NEAR CHELTENHAM

A RAMBLE WITH FOXHOUNDS

BY J. LENNOX

THE Meet has for frame a park-like field, stately with lordly elms ; as background, a sunk haw-haw and green lawns, and the old grey-gabled house. It is a tempting place at which to linger ; but as we are on foot we push on up the hill, to be ready to receive hounds when, presently, they shall follow up the same steep narrow bridle-path. A few crisp brown leaves still cling to the branches which brush across us ; the long grass swishing our feet is still wet and glistening from the chill finger of the morning frost ; spangled cobwebs stretch, delicate criss-cross barriers, from side to side. It is a sharp pull up. At last we reach the summit of the spur we are climbing, and we look down on the sun-touched mist of the vale beneath. Here, on the hill-tops, Phœbus has nearly kissed away the tears of the morning ; the air is dry, crisp and still. Below, with the mists and vapours, are left the hedgerows and elm trees ; we are among the stone-walls—mostly nice negotiable ones—and spreading oaks and beeches.

We have not long to wait, just sufficient to get our wind,

when huntsman and hounds emerge on the hill-top. A spinney close by is drawn, but no fox is to be found, and a move is made along the hill's edge to the next cover. Hark! Gone away! is sounded. The dappled beauties are out, racing across the light plough. If the pace holds it will take some riding to keep near them. The pick of the hunt are over the jagged-topped wall, well away in their wake. So is one riderless horse who has apparently 'bitted his bit, that his rider should sit somewhere else ere the close of the day;' with head up, and flying reins and stirrups, he shows bravely what he can do when rid of the 'biped thing' which so lately sat on his back. The ruck, after the manner of rucks, is cramming,

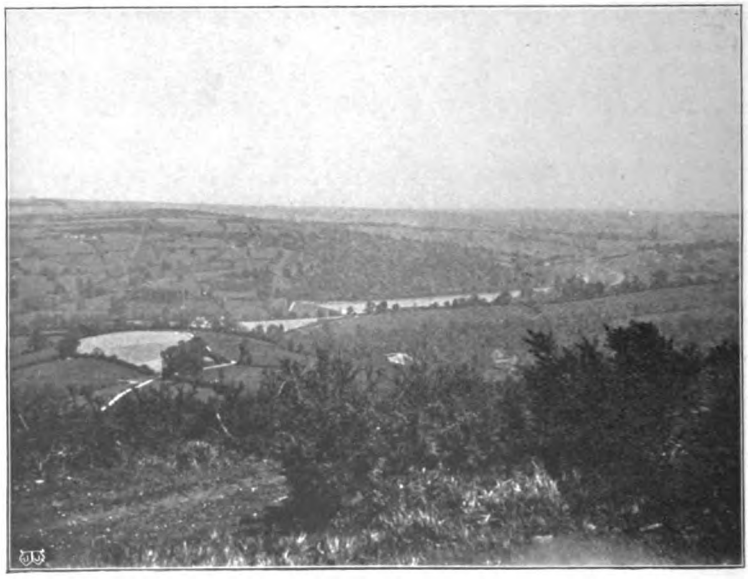
ON THE COTSWOLDS

squeezing, and 'come-upping' in gateway and gap. Luckily for them—and for us—scent fails on the grass; we catch hounds at fault a few fields farther on. A long, slow cast and they get the line—away they go again, this time out of sight and hearing.

Philosophically we find sunny seats upon a wall. Old Time reveals all things: to the patient, to him who trusts the Grey-beard's courtesy, he, sometimes, will even bring back hounds.

To the lover of the country an hour more or less spent on a sun-warmed wall is no such great weariness of life. We are in the middle of the open country; the cloud-flecked sky dips caressingly to mother-earth on every side; brick and mortar is as if it were not. A perfect stillness has fallen on the world, so still is it that a small yellow weasel comes out to gambol gracefully almost under our feet, until an incautious movement

sends him gliding swiftly to safe harbourage. A brown owl, restless and uneasy, flits heavily from a neighbouring tree almost into our faces. Rabbits come out to play by the hundred. Over the plough a hawk rests, a speck in mid-air. Patient red-and-white oxen are turning up the fallow below—for on our hills the picturesque old-time team yet lingers. In my childhood long strings of beeves laboured on the stiff clay of the vale, but from there they have passed. For their sake, too, a day on the hills delights me. Were I an artist—if I could commission to paint—that would be a chosen subject,



THE COTSWOLD VALE FROM COOPER'S HILL

the oxen at the plough, the bent figure at the stilts, the upturned brown soil, the grey walls, the short, springy, grey-green turf of upland and flat; the brown, leafless trees, and catkin-hung nut-bushes. If only the smell of the fields—the smell beloved of Esau—were paintable with it!

Hark! In the distance rings the music of the hounds. They are running hard. It dies away, to break out again, more distant, then nearer. They must be running like smoke. Look! from the corner of the wood to the right breaks the hunted fox. Quite fresh, without unseemly hurry, he swings along with easy strides across the big open field, straight before us—a grand old dog-fox, carrying a fine white tip to his brush.

FULL CRY.

From an Oil Painting by J. N. Sartorius.

We are on our feet, silently watching that sinuous, red streak of cunning pluck; so is a fustian-clad brother, who has also been biding his time in the sun. His rough-hewn face is aglow with excitement as he stands with us watching Reynard steal across the field, top the wall, and disappear over the upland beyond. The hounds are out of the wood now, they crowd on to the line and cross the field like a picture. No one is with them, for the moment we have the sport to ourselves—we are more in it than the Hunt proper. 'He will make fur Cowton, fur sure, if he bean't turned,' opines the fustian one. So we jog forward, dispensing information as we go, to the belated Hunt. Alas! Reynard is turned; he doubles back among the rocks and rabbit-holes of the quarries. Our lynx-eyed fustian friend points a dirty, broken-nailed finger, 'there he be!—under 'em 'ollies!' There, sure enough, we see him slinking. He is too 'cute; among the quarries and broken unrideable ground he saves his brush.

The hounds are taken back to the wood. We wait in a quiet corner, beside an overgrown pool, where the sun yet penetrates warmly through the unclothed branches. The bushes are alive with the gay tom-tit, dozens of them. Happy little chaps! balls of blue-and-yellow, apparently untroubled with blood to the head, they tumble around, chattering ceaselessly—they dip down into the water, and up again to shake their small persons before another dive, for all the world like light-hearted schoolboys bathing. Then they take sudden flight, a cloud of undulating blue; for a magpie has given a warning scream, an agitated jay flies from the tree-top. A second later we hear hounds whimpering, nearing us in the depths of the wood. But nothing results. They draw on to other covers; we follow, but the god of sport goes not with us. When the shadows are stretching long on the ground we face round for home.

On our return tramp we meet the tired oxen trudging, with low-hung heads, stablewards, for another day of labour is nearing its evening-tide; the sun hangs low as we reach the hill's edge; the woods behind stand out bronze under a red reflection. The hounds pass us, jogging back. 'A muddling day,' says the huntsman. A muddling day! Yes. Yet not a wholly unsatisfactory one to the rider of Shanks's-mare.

WORDS ON THE SNIPE

BY L. H. DE VISME SHAW

SMALL wonder is it that a bird owning such a prominent feature as the snipe's beak should have taken its name from the feature in question. Most of the European languages—if not all of them : I am writing without means of reference at hand—have endowed the snipe with an appellative based upon the eminent character of his bill—*e.g.*, the French *becassine*, from *bec ;* the Portuguese *narseja*, from *nariz ;* the German *schnepfe*, from *schneppen*—the last being the prime root of, or having perhaps a common prime root with, our own word snipe or snite.

Our modernised form of the word, pure Anglo-Saxon, is snout. On account of the conspicuousnes of its snite, or snout, the bird became known as the snite. Later, the t was gradually superseded by the p, but the supersession did not become entire till comparatively recent times. It has been said that even less than a century ago the early form of the word, snite, was used by the rustics in certain parts of England. Lydgate, the Suffolk poet, wrote, soon after Chaucer's time ;

All one to thee a falcon and a kyghte,
As good an owl as a popingaye,
A dunghill duck as dainty as a snyghte.

Shakespeare, writing between a century and a half and two centuries later, adopted the more modern spelling when he penned *Othello:*

For I mine own gained knowledge should profane,
If I should time expend with such a snipe.

Sir John Harrington, however, contemporary with Shakespeare, used the older form. He says in his 'Epigrams':

He loves your venison, snytes, quails, larks—not you.

A very early instance of the substitution of the p for the t occurs in the Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland for the year 1512. The book records that 'snypes' were bought at the rate of three pence a dozen. I wish I could buy them at three pence a dozen now!

That bill from which the snipe takes its name is a wonderful organ—as striking an example as one could well find of the workings of Nature when evolving a means to an end. It lengthened to enable the bird to reach his food; it became furnished with a system of nerve-cells in order that its owner might know unerringly when it touched a hidden worm beneath the surface. The beak of the snipe well repays close examination. If soaked in water for a few days the outer skin may be peeled off. The beak itself thus laid bare, one may see how marvellous a structure it is. Those raised lines contain hexagonal cells; the end of the bill is one cushion of nerves. Sensitive in the extreme it must be—an instrument of the very highest efficiency judging by the flesh the bird almost invariably carries. No doubt the slightest touch reveals the presence of a worm. The snipe does not, of course, limit his diet to worms, though probably their ratio to all the rest of the food he consumes is not less than that of ten to one.

How odd, not to say unscientific, are some of the natural history notions one comes across. On my own journey through life I have encountered several people—certainly not fewer than half a dozen—who firmly believed that the snipe, to use the old phrase, lives on suction; otherwise, in plain language, that the bird's food is mud. The last person to inform me that snipe feed on mud was the husband of a wife whose ideas, or at least one of them, concerning bird-life were also somewhat involved. Her cherry-tree, in spite of all efforts to scare the birds, was

being rapidly stripped of its crop. 'The mavises and starlings are bad enough,' she said to me, 'but there's a great old cuckoo that's worse than the whole lot of 'em put together. He's up at them cherries almost before it's light enough to see every morning—drat him!'

The snipe pairs earlier than most birds. While the mate of his choice is attending to that apology for a nest wherein she hatches her clutch, the husband amuses himself by engaging in his aerial serenades. I suppose it is as serenades that one must interpret his performances.

This bleating-buzzing sound made by the snipe during the breeding season has been the subject of widest controversy. Possibly it will always remain more or less a controversial matter, for, according to my own experience, people to whom the question is a new one invariably want a lot of convincing that you even speak seriously when you assert that the drumming of that little bird up in the blue is made by the vibration of its wings and not by its throat; once convinced as to your seriousness, they say nothing more, while no doubt thinking a good deal. Certainly it is but natural for superficial observers to believe that the bird's throat must be responsible for the sound. They have the peculiar notes of the landrail and the nightjar to support them in the belief; the bleating of a goat or a lamb—the snipe is often called the heather-bleater locally, while in France it is known as the flying nanny-goat—bears the closest resemblance to the sound emitted by a drumming snipe. But apart from the indirect evidence offered by the bird itself, viz., that it *never* drums save when darting downwards with rapidly vibrating wings, there is the direct testimony of some who have heard the note of the snipe and its drumming at the same moment. Let me quote the Rev. J. G. Wood: 'During a recent stay in the New Forest I set myself to the elucidation of this problem, and in company with two friends went towards sunset to an excellent cover near a large marsh, in which snipes were almost as plentiful as sparrows. From this post we could watch the snipes to great advantage, and the birds would come circling over our heads, piping and drumming vigorously. On several occasions, when a snipe was passing over us at so low an elevation that his long drooping beak was distinctly visible, he stopped directly over our heads and uttered his "chic-a, chic-a!" simultaneously with the drumming, both sounds being distinctly heard at the same time.' The volume of sound of the drumming of a snipe is

not, I fancy, greater in proportion to the wing surface than the buzzing of certain insects : increase the area of a blue-bottle's wings to that of a snipe's, and I think you would hear the buzzing of the mighty blow-fly at quite as lengthy a distance as that at which the snipe's drumming is audible. I say this because it is often argued that sound created by the wing vibration of a small bird could not be of such extent as that, beyond all doubt, aroused by the heather-bleater's wings. I have estimated, while watching a snipe on the wing, that the drumming is to be heard at least three times as far away as the bird's note, and I have also estimated that on a clear, still day the former sound is audible at quite half a mile. On such a day when the eye may no longer follow the bird the buzzing still reaches the listener's ear.

The drumming snipe seems never to tire. Backwards and forwards, round and round, now up now down, so he continues to amuse himself by the hour. The nearer he is to one, the more is his drumming like the bleating of a goat or lamb ; the farther away, the more does it resemble an insect's buzz or the vibrations of a twanged harp-string. There is an odd effect when conditions of atmosphere or of distance are such that the sound takes seconds to reach one. One sees the bird stoop headlong through the air, one sees him recover himself and speed away and upwards again, and then, but not till then, the buzzing created by his swoop is heard.

The twisting of the snipe when he rises is one of the bird's most prominent singularities. It may be briefly, and dogmatically, described thus : The bird darts a certain distance in a certain direction, almost invariably against the wind. Until the first twist, one wing—let me say the left—is held on a higher plane than the other. This tilting of the wings and body—the under surface of the left wing receiving the full force of the wind—curves the bird's course slightly to the right. There is a lightning-like twist to the left, when the tilt of the bird is reversed, the under surface of the right wing coming to the wind and the bias of the line of flight being now towards the left. The following twist again reverses matters ; and so on, till at length the bird settles down into a straight line. I should like to elucidate this by means of a diagram, but it could not then be taken as representative of the way in which a snipe always flies when sprung, for the bird is erratic to a high degree in all things. Nor do I wish anything in this paragraph to be read as more than the dogmatic scribbling of an

individual observer endeavouring to make clear the conclusions of his individual observation. To continue: The object of the twisting of a snipe is to take all possible advantage of the force of the wind. He rises against the wind in order that he may mount the air more rapidly and more easily, for by facing the wind he not only has the help of the raising power of the wind itself but he has also—his trend being upwards—the force of the current as well as ordinary atmospheric resistance against which to play the leverage of his wings (a bird rising with the wind can only exercise wing energy against an atmospheric resistance less than that which lies at command during an absolute calm); he twists in order to add to the advantages of the raising power of the wind, and the increase of leverage provided by the resistance of the current gives further advantage of receiving, not actual propulsion from the wind itself as a tacking boat is propelled by the wind, but still appreciable indirect assistance in the form of a lessening of the friction of the cleavage of the air, effected by holding his wings at such an angle that there *would* be actual propulsion were his own speed less or the speed of the wind greater. A question of degree.

That the snipe has successfully solved the secret of how to put on the maximum of speed in the minimum of time is among the most self-evident of facts. There comes that quaint startling cry of his, and the same instant we see the bird darting, twisting away with prodigious celerity. And as we look at that tiny speck far off against the sky, we find ourselves wondering how in the world the bird could have managed to cover such a distance in so scant a number of seconds.

A thing of mystery is the snipe. His comings and goings no one can gauge. He is uncertain in every respect. Though his range is almost world wide, though he is, from time to time, a common bird in every part of our islands where bog or carse-land or ditch-drained country may be found; though a very large quantity of ink has been slung around him by countless writers; though we watch him and study him, and think about him and walk after him, and shoot him—and eat him; though all these things be, what we really know of his private affairs is very little indeed.

As far as it is possible to lay down a general rule with regard to the habits of so uncertain a creature, the snipe takes his ease in some quiet resting-place during the day and drops into his feeding-ground at flight time, remaining there till an

hour or two after daylight the next morning. I think there can be little doubt that the day resting-place of the snipe is often far removed from the spot he favours as a feeding-ground. Flighting birds show the greatest punctuality in starting for their nightly haunts. Thus the period intervening between the arrival of the first bird of a certain kind on the feeding-ground and that of the last bird of the same kind is generally a very brief one. The snipe here, as in so many other things, stands as an exception to the rule. When waiting for the flight on an inland marsh one sees the snipe beginning to arrive first, or one usually does so. Then come the plover, and then the duck. Roughly, one may say that the plover flight and the duck flight taken together last a little more than half an hour. Most of the snipe put in an appearance at the same time as the plover. Yet if one stays on one may hear at intervals an odd snipe coming in from the upland some time after the last mallard of the flight has been paddling about in his favourite dyke. These belated birds may have delayed their start from the place wherein they passed the day, or, their resting-place being no further away than the earlier arrivals, they may have started in fair time and made a halt *en route;* but, for myself, I believe the tardiness of their coming is due to the birds having travelled a long distance. If a snipe chose to adopt for the time being a certain spot as a feeding-ground and another certain spot thirty or forty miles away as a daytime resting-place, the journeys backwards and forwards would be a mere triviality to a bird of such wing power. But, reverting to the main question, the snipe by no means confines himself to feeding at night. If the night is dark, his search for food being thereby hampered, he finds himself with a large appetite the following morning and will then feed for several hours, perhaps all day. This brings us to another general rule, as far as it is possible to lay one down: When there is a moon snipe will lie well, on account of having fed to repletion during the night; when there is no moon they are, for the opposite reason, restless and difficult to approach. Again, it is a general rule that the bird lies well in dull, heavy, unsettled weather, and badly when the weather is frosty and bright. But the snipe shows supreme contempt for all rules whatsoever. We may go out on a dull, heavy, unsettled morning following a moonlight night and expect the birds to lie like stones, whereas they prove quite unapproachable. We may tell ourselves as we start with a gun on a bright, bracing morning after a pitchy night that all the birds we come

across are certain to rise out of shot, whereas they almost want kicking up.

Let me take a further plunge in search of general rules. About October 21 foreign birds—from lands farther north—begin to reach us and scatter themselves over the country. But they may delay their advent till weeks after this date. Sometimes they arrive in very large numbers; sometimes their numbers are so few that one is almost inclined to doubt whether there are really any foreign birds in the country at all. During open weather they—of course, I am speaking of the home-bred birds too—are to be found feeding on any piece of marsh or low-lying land. To attract snipe the soil must have worms near the surface, it must be soft enough for those long bills to probe it without difficulty, and there must be water close at hand wherein the birds can at frequent intervals cleanse their beaks from the dried earth or mud with which they soon become encrusted. Thus till there comes frost sufficiently hard to render the surface proof against the bird's borings. Then it is that the snipe finds himself driven to confine his attention to the margins of streams or springs, or to any ponds, or ditches, or drains where unfrozen soil exists. In root fields, too, one may find him when the sun has gained power enough to thaw the rime on the leaves and the warmed tricklings have in turn softened the earth round the root. Should the frost increase most of the birds quickly wing themselves away towards the equator. Some stay on till the bitter end, becoming mere living skeletons before they throw up the sponge and follow their fellows. When the weather opens, the birds once more appear, but one does not ever, I think, see them again in anything like abundance till the time of the next autumn flight.

All the many other uncertainties of the snipe are of mild moment compared with the great uncertainty as to whether or not he will be in evidence when the gunner goes to look for him. Some day, perhaps, clear whys and wherefores of the bird's movements will come to be written; at present they baffle all observers. To-day the snipe are here, to-morrow they are gone, and in a day or two they may be back again. Often we can trace the cause of their peregrinations to the weather, but often we cannot in any way do so; we search vainly for substantial grounds on which to found a law. The same weather continuing, snipe at a given time are about in swarms, and twenty-four hours afterwards you may walk all day and not see a bird. Why do they go—and where do they go?

We cannot attribute their coming and going to mere caprice, as we could in the case of a single bird or a wisp; some common cause affects them all. There is one general rule—a rule with plenty of exceptions, however—applying to the movements of snipe: When the wind lies between north and south-east one finds plenty of birds; when it shifts to a milder quarter the birds disappear. As this rule appears to have effect in the whole of England, one seems forced to the conclusion that the snipe in winter time is a constantly migratory bird, his migrations being governed first—and mainly—by the direction of the wind (upon which so often hinges the question as to whether or not there is an abundant food-supply open in our country); and secondly—this may only apply to his movements from one home district to another—by some cause the nature of which we cannot fathom, that is, the cause which impels the birds to shift their quarters while wind and weather remain unchanged. In saying all this, I do not wish it to be supposed that I am confusing the real with the apparent as it is possible to confuse them under fugitive observation of the snipe's movements. Some districts—I am writing within touch of one of them—carry a certain head of snipe from year's end to year's end, through all conditions of weather except a prolonged frost. When frost first comes there is a sudden concentration of these birds in the least affected portions of a district—the warmer marshes, and so on—and the sudden concentration, as suddenly discontinued when their regular feeding-grounds are again open, has all the appearance of a sudden influx of a large body of strangers.

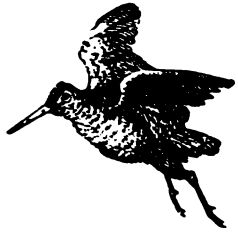
Amid the tangle of uncertainties in which the snipe is involved, it is pleasing to be able to pitch upon one certainty—or almost a certainty, and that rather an odd one. In every haunt of the bird there is always some particular spot—some bend in some small stream, some hollow in the sedge, some few yards of some dyke—where a snipe will nearly always be found if there are any birds about at all. These particular spots afford particular food-attractions no doubt. How the birds manage to detect them so unerringly is a matter of considerable mystery. One is in the habit of walking over a certain stretch of marsh, and therefore one knows every yard of it well. This being so, one can confidently say: 'If the snipe are here, I shall find a bird in that spot, and in that, and in that—and if I don't find them there, it is unlikely that I shall see more than a stray bird or two the whole time I am

out.' In one of these particular spots a snipe may nearly always be found while the birds remain in the locality; no sooner have you killed one than its place is taken by another.

Snipe vary greatly in weight, and also in the shade of their plumage. Referring to Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey in the Badminton Library, I find recorded a difference as great as five ounces in the weight of birds—the higher weight eight ounces, the lower three; at one extreme a snipe as heavy as a small woodcock, at the other a bird of but a third greater weight than a jack. I think few snipe shooters can have failed to notice the occasional large difference in the average size of birds killed in the same district. At one time they may be all very big birds; at another they may be all very small. There can be little doubt that these different sized batches of snipe are migrants from different parts of the world; one lot, for instance, may have come from Holland, another lot from Sweden.

Words on the snipe would be incomplete without mention, however brief, of the jack, for wherever in winter—the jack prefers to spend his summer in higher latitudes than ours—we find the full snipe, his minute congener is certain to crop up more or less frequently. It is the height of the jack's ambition to sleep all day and stuff himself all night. His diet, unlike that of the full snipe, is partly vegetarian, and probably almost wholly vegetarian during a long frost, for throughout such a period, when the full—or rather empty—snipe are mere bags of bones, the jack remains as fat as butter. I have yet to hear of the bagging of a jack-snipe minus fat. The jack is even more constant than the full snipe to a particular spot. One jack sometimes lasts a sportsman a long time; however often he may be put up and shot at, he is back again directly he has had a nice long nap. Jack-snipe shooting is a thing by itself—a thing apart from all other things whatsoever. You find the jack asleep; you almost tread on him, and he wakes with a start and flies. Giving him what you think sufficient law you pull the trigger. But you don't kill him, oh! no, because the law you gave him was just a little bit too much and the pattern wasn't thick enough. You plaster in the second charge feverishly. The jack goes on without turning a hair. He flies a hundred and fifty yards and drops into the rushes in a dyke, and falls asleep the moment he touches the ground. You reload and hurry to the spot and say 'Sh-h-h' and make all sorts of noises. The jack sleeps on. Next you begin heaving

clods into the rushes. You heave clods for several minutes. At last one of the clods falls very close to the jack, and again he wakes with a start and takes wing. You give him what you think a little less law than before. The law is too much, however ; the bird escapes both charges. He drops into another lot of rushes in the next dyke and slumbers soundly once more. You follow on. History repeats itself : you make more noises and heave more clods. There are two possibilities before you : either, after you have heaved clods and made noises for half an hour or so, the jack yet once again wakes and flies and, your wool being pretty well up by this time, you let him have it at about twelve yards and cut him to ribbons, or else you have to give the matter up as a bad job. In the latter case you are wont to assume that one of the clods has killed him.



A DEVON STREAM

BY W. PAYNE COLLIER

To say that any one of the many streams which have their birth-place in the centre of Dartmoor, whence they flow to all points of the compass, was more beautiful than another would perhaps be invidious. Each, however, has its distinctive character, notwithstanding that the country through which it runs naturally has a certain resemblance; though all are born in nakedness—that is, on the bare moor—they gradually gather their garments of verdure as they flow downwards, and eventually empty into the sea.

It has often occurred to me—and perhaps to others—that few of nature's creations represent more truly the journey of human life than our Devon streams. Breaking from their mother—the earth—they creep before they crawl, just like a child; but soon meet with some slight falls. As they grow in strength, however, they reach more troubled rapids, as does the school-boy. Then come more heavy falls, which, however, are softened by pools in which is found relief, as when we enter into the mysteries of the 'grand passion'; but, never stopping in their course, onward they proceed, now rushing, now resting, until in the end they are thrown into the sea, which may easily be likened unto death. The difference only being, as Lord Avebury says of nature, rivers 'need not consider time; has not it eternity to work in?' or, rather, in this case to flow in. However, my reason in selecting the Avon to illustrate their beauty is that I have known it, from

its source to its mouth, for many years, and, as Longfellow says in his sonnet on 'Two Rivers':

> Thoughts, like a loud and sudden rush of wings,
> Regrets and recollections of things past,
> With hints and prophecies of things to be,
> And inspirations, which, could they be things,
> And stay with us, and we could hold them fast,
> Were our good angels—these I owe to thee.

The Avon has its birthplace on Dartmoor under Tor Hill,

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE AVON

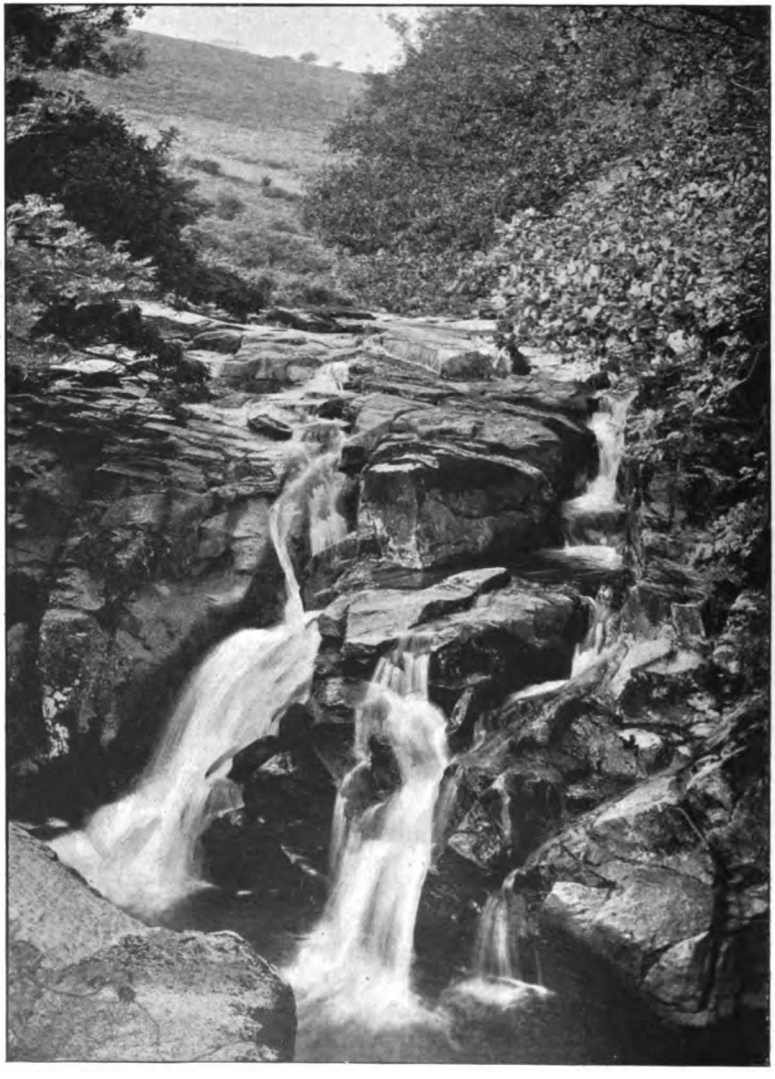
Photograph by W. R. Gay, South Brent, Devon

and after a course of twelve miles falls into the sea at a place called Bantham, which lies a little west of Bolt Tail in Bigbury Bay.

Though Lord Avebury, to whom I referred just now, has said in his interesting book, 'The Scenery of England,' that many of our rivers have robbed one another, I do not think any criminal offence of this kind has been permitted in the streams of this county. Notwithstanding that they all rise close to one another in the wild expanse of the moor, they have their iron—or, rather, granite—bound courses, and this has made walls through which it is impossible to break.

The river, however, after flowing down through Hunticombe Warren, first runs over a rugged boulder-strewn course, which is illustrated by the photograph; but by degrees, as we reach

lower down, trees spring into existence, and when we come to Shipley Bridge the whole scenery is changed from the barren



FALLS ABOVE SHIPLEY

Photograph by W. K. Gay, South Brent, Devon

waste into a well-timbered country, the trees overhanging the river making many a pleasing vista, the beauty of which it is impossible to paint in words, but is exhibited most truly by

photography. As with all streams, it is helped in its volume by occasional brooks flowing in, the first being the Bala, which, as with the main river, is full of fairy-like dells.

There are other matters of interest in the neighbourhood of Shipley which call for mention. First are the 'hut circles,' as are archæologically termed the remains of the dwellings of the ancient Britons, and these are plentifully scattered over the district. But more interesting from a sportsman's point of view is an erection of much later date, which is a large granite

THE AVON'S COURSE NEAR SHIPLEY

Photograph by W. R. Gay, South Brent, Devon

pillar, on the sides of which are deeply engraved the names of four of the finest huntsmen Devon ever produced. Among them is that of Pole Carew, a progenitor of that gallant general who so bravely swam the river Modder when our army was making its successful march to Pretoria.

Onward—as Lord Roberts moved on that occasion without a check—flows the Avon, through Lydia and Brent Mill Bridges, then hurries on its way through the Devil's Back at Avonwick, and at length reaches Loddiswell Mill Bridge and New Mill, some mile after touching which it takes a sharp right-handed turn, and, passing the head weir at Aveton Gifford, flows into Bigbury Bay, where Borough Island is situated.

The whole of its course, with its different changes, is most

picturesque, and this is brought more into evidence by the graceful sloping of the wood-clad hills which guard the valley through which the stream runs, the wonderful variations between the troubled water as it flows over its stony bed and the delicious silence of the surrounding district which cannot fail deeply to impress.

The stream, though famous for its good trout-fishing, the greater part of which is in the hands of an Association, is also a well-known 'find' for the otter hound.

This may appear extraordinary to the general public, as the

THE AVON—SHIPLEY BRIDGE

Photograph by W. R. Gay, South Brent, Devon

old theory was that where otters frequented no fish would be found; but of late years this has been proved to be an error, the otter now being known to be the greatest friend the trout preserver has, they destroying those inveterate poachers eels and frogs, which devour not only spawn but the young fry. Otter-hunting not only affords great excitement, but in the pauses that are continually occurring lend a great opportunity to admire the surrounding scenery.

With all these beautiful surroundings it would be very strange if a sportsman, more particularly an angler, could not have his fill; yet in practising his science, incidents will occur which

will appear to be more than harassing, except, perhaps, to those whose life has been spent in following that artistic pastime.

It is hardly necessary to say that this stream contains an abundance of beautiful trout, not only in colouring but in size, much above the average of other west country rivers; and, beyond this,

THE AVON—THE DEVIL'S BACK, AVONWICK

Photograph by W. R. Gay, South Brent, Devon

from the month of August capital sport may be looked for with sea trout, if, that is to say—taking the words of another sport yet only once removed, *i.e.*, otter-hunting—weather and water permit.

Such times, as we know from experience, are, in our little island, uncertain; but one year more than others in which I resided in its neighbourhood I fished it pretty heavily in quest

of these lesser *salmo salar*. Though I had some fair days I cannot say my luck was unusually good as far as the actual matter of my catches, yet it was full of incident, one of which should be, I am thinking, an example to even the oldest hand. Starting at Topsham Bridge, which is situated in the middle section of the river, I soon 'ran' several fish, but failed to land them, notwithstanding that I handled them with every care possible, knowing full well as I do how tender is the flesh of the mouth when these fish first come in from the sea, which on this occasion I knew would be the case, as I had waited for a spate to occur before making my attack on what Doctor Francis Day tells us were originally only common or brook trout, which have now been led away from their former habits for some unknown cause, except, perhaps, having once tasted the 'apple' shrimp they could not resist the temptation to continue their rambles. Eventually, however, on this occasion I captured in the day five—but it should have been six.

Fishing carefully in that pool immediately opposite the water-bailiff's—and the head bailiff here is a *water-bailiff*, not merely a river watcher, as is the case nine times out of ten in most rivers, being thoroughly up to his work—cottage close under Hazelwood, I struck into a good fish, sending the hooks, as I thought, full home, though not with sufficient violence to pull them through the flesh, and thought I had the fish securely. As soon as it felt the steel—or, rather, I expect, the attachment: the subject as to whether fish feel or not is still a debatable matter—it made a 'run' for the far side of the stream, then leaped out of the water, showing for an instant a beautiful form shining as though clad in silver armour.

Naturally it immediately returned to the water, and for a few moments lay where it had fallen. Suddenly, however, it started another 'run,' going down stream at an awful pace, making the reel almost shout as the line ran out, but eventually brought up under the bank from which I was fishing, so near, indeed, that it could easily have been netted, as my friend Howard, who was, with his usual kindness, carrying my net, proposed to do.

I was, however, so confident that I had placed my hook fair and fast, and, besides, always liking to give fish fair play, I asked him to stay his hand and not hasten matters; but I had counted my chickens before they were hatched. As soon as I had made up my mind to continue the struggle, out ran the peal—all *salmo salar* of the lesser kind are called 'peal' in the west country—into the centre of the river, and then, coming

to the surface, began to twirl itself round and round, gradually increasing the speed of its movements with every turn of its body, at the same time ' backing water ' at a wonderful pace.

This new—to me—mode of a fish's backward progression—if I may use the term—was one of the greatest surprises I have ever received when fishing, though their number is not small; but my astonishment was greatly increased when suddenly my rod, which during this singular performance had been bent nearly double, straightened out, and the line hung limply on the water,

LODDISWELL MILL BRIDGE

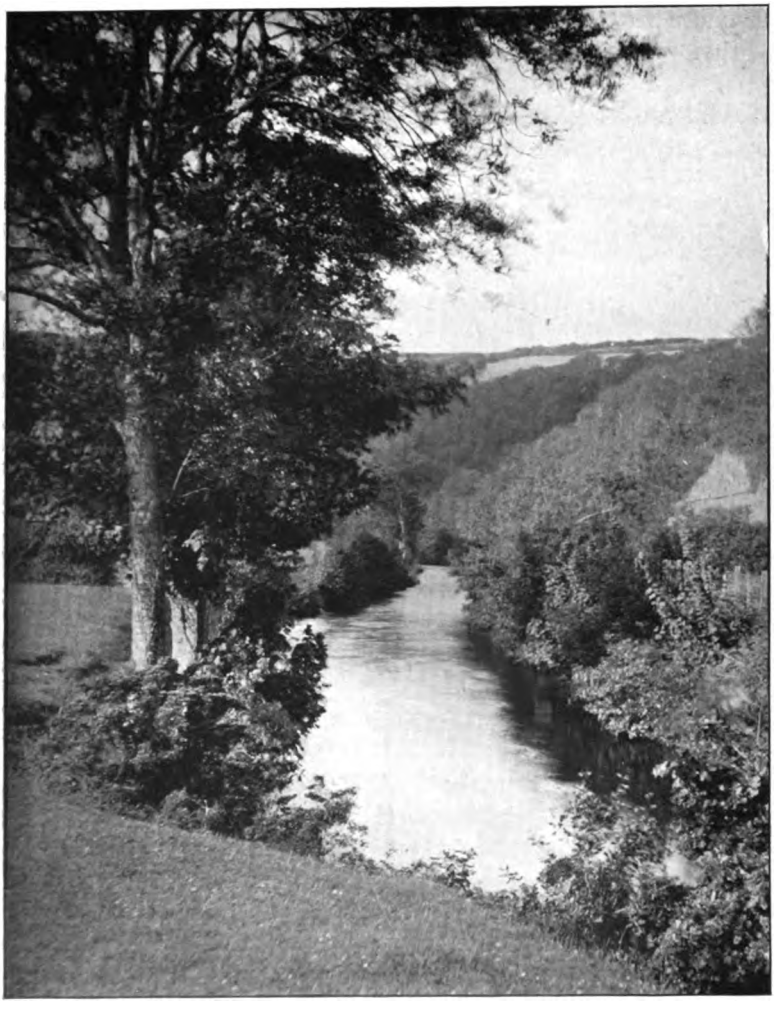
Photograph by W. R. Gay, South Brent, Devon

the fish, by its peculiar action, having freed itself from my hold. My disappointment was great, and all the comfort I received from my good old friend, who is one of those whose heart is as large as his frame—about forty-five inches round the chest—was, ' There, I told you so ! '

' Ah ! ' was my reply as soon as I recovered from my sorrow at being deprived of my cherished hope, ' I suppose you would have done the same as the Persian did who carried the net for Sir Valentine Baker when fishing in the land of carpets. Instead of using the net as we do in England, he landed the fish with his hand and bashed it over the head with that instrument.'

However—and this 'however' is very important in my mind—

you may rest assured I never again played with 'fire,' or, rather, fish, and ever since this mishap have always considered that a fish in the 'net' is worth two in the water.



THE AVON NEAR LODDISWELL

Photograph by W. R. Gay, South Brent, Devon

Much as scenery appeals to us a great attraction of the river is, of course, its beautiful trout. It is nothing extraordinary in a day's fishing to basket five or six half-pounders beyond two or three dozen fish above the ordinary size of Devon trout, and you even need exhibit no surprise at catching a pounder

or two. The reason for this is not far to seek, as for some years the immature fish were protected, first by an order of the conservators, who placed a limit of seven inches on those which might be retained, and secondly, when that bubble burst—that is when it was found they had exceeded their powers—by an Association which had the proper power. By this means the fish have had time to cut their 'eye teeth,' and now in the dry seasons, which have been the order of things for some years, it has required most skilful manipulation to capture them. Every fly-fisher of experience will know that the young trout can be captured at any time, but as they grow older it becomes a different matter. The origin—I think I may call it—of the Association was really the coming of the railway which now connects South Brent on the Great Western Railway with Kingsbridge, or, rather, as far as the fishing is concerned, Loddiswell; and though it has destroyed to a certain extent the rustic beauty of the valley through which the river flows, it has made it easy of approach to the 'crowd' from the whole outlying world.

In these circumstances it is necessary, if you would have the first fling at the water, to be up with the lark, if not to catch the early worm to catch the early fish, particularly the large fish, for they, as with Thames trout, rise, or, rather, feed, most punctually. If you see a large one feed at six o'clock in the morning you may be certain that it will take another meal at six in the evening. Knowing this full well, I began to fish one morning, not so much with the idea of filling my basket, but to try my luck with three or four big ones with whose general situation I was well acquainted. When you fish a river pretty often you will soon learn this, and though they will sometimes change their quarters, yet six times out of seven you will find them where you had expected.

Arming my cast with a cock-y-bondhü, a blue hare flax palmer, and a blue quill, which flies I had placed among others in my damper box, I began to fish at the foot of Cranicombe orchard, and had soon landed three or four good fish; but I was not content, as I knew well there was a 'monster' in the immediate vicinity.

Leaving the water—I had been wading—therefore, I went as far as the head of the next pool, into which the stream tumbled over a mass of rocks, and in throwing my flies I made a cast with all the skill I was master of; but luck was not mine. Again, however, I cast, this time going a few yards further across the stream, and as my flies reached nearly to the end of the broken water, I saw a swirl, and necessarily expected a quick pluck at my flies. But

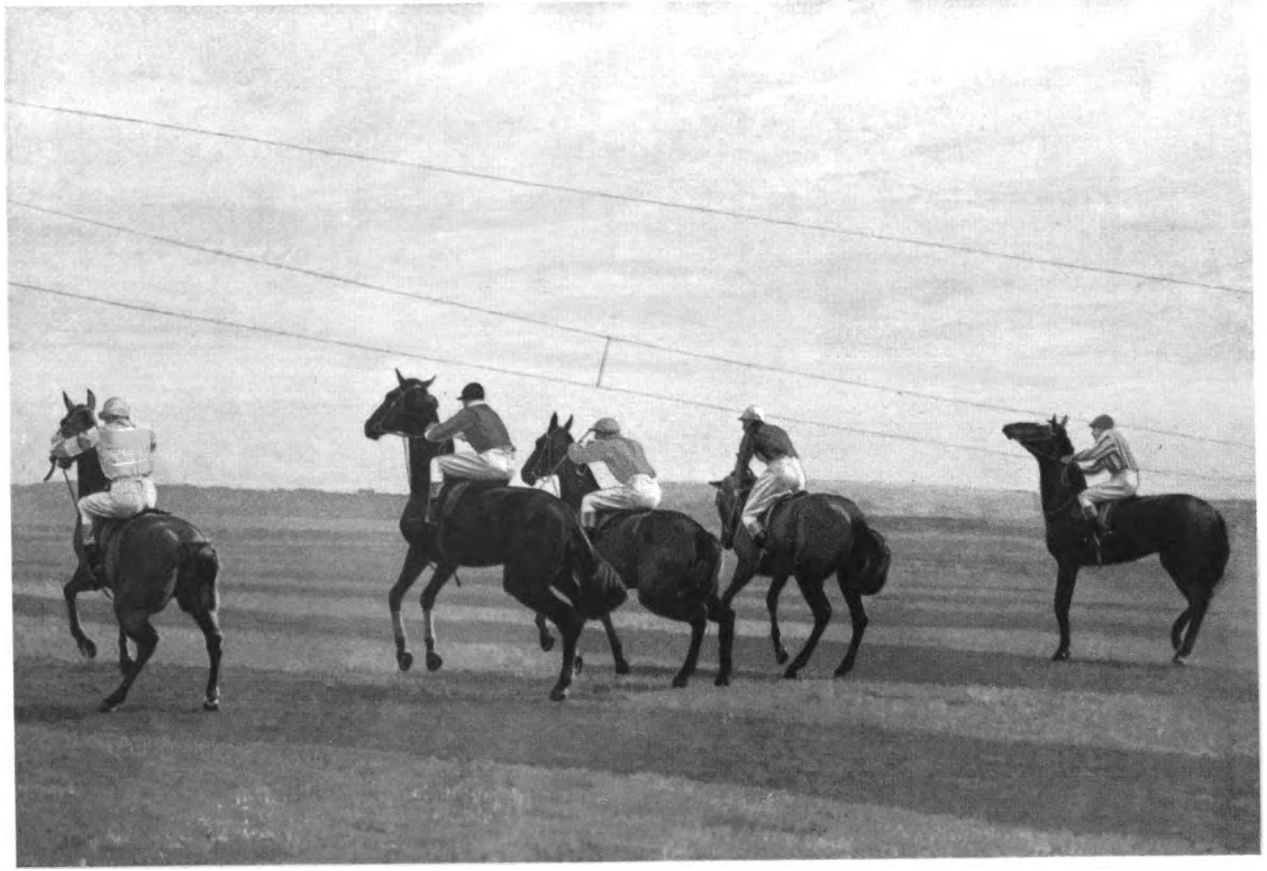
no; nothing touched me. Again I tried over the same place, letting my cast float down into the still water before I began to make another effort. As, however, I was about to raise my rod for that purpose, my eyes caught sight of a fish following down my tail fly as though it was carefully examining it. 'You're a bit particular this morning!' I said to myself, and drawing my flies slowly and carefully from the river so as not to create any suspicion, I at once changed my two lower flies, taking their place with a red hare flax palmer and an 'infallible,' both of which stood in high estimation among the *élite* who frequented this river.

Then I again cast, and as they travelled down with the stream for some distance I began to think my selection was wrong; but as they reached the edge of the broken water suddenly up came a head, as quickly up came a tail, and with the same actions. 'Whirr!' went the reel, showing I was fast on a heavy fish.

But my task was not ended in a moment. Away went the trout, making for the far side of the river, and almost half-way down the pool to a place where it was well overhung with alder bushes, usually called waterstave; I knowing full well that did I not take great care my beauty would fix itself up among the roots. However, it was a matter of 'pull devil, pull baker,' and I at once feared that I should be beaten. Still I kept a level strain, but just when it seemed as though either line or rod must smash—the latter bent nearly double—the fish gave in, and gently floated down stream a few yards, where it rested, and I could see its lordly proportions.

The rest, though it certainly seemed long to me, did not last; giving a leap, it made off down stream, going at a great pace through the coming stickle, and on reaching the still water of the next pool tried again for the far bank. Now, however, I had the upper hand, and by careful manipulation and 'giving and taking' as the case required when it would make its efforts, I eventually landed it.

Its weight, though only two pounds, was, by the active life our Devon fish are obliged to lead to obtain their living, far out of proportion to its strength; and this is a fact which those who have not tried their skill in rough and rugged streams often seem to forget. Though I have killed larger fish in Hampshire I have never found half the fighting power in the fish reared there as compared with those of Devon.



OFF!

UNIV OF

EARLY EXPERIENCES OF A MOTORIST

BY E. P. WILBERFORCE

It was the hot weather in August that brought the vague suggestion to a settled point. As Sophia says, 'One must get about'; and getting about entails something to get about in, legs being no longer of much importance in the human economy. The dust was very dusty and the hills very hilly, and Sophia discovered that her pony's knees were going wrong. He had come to us from the level roads of Norfolk, and there he had been full of energy and purpose, but Devonshire hills had taken all heart out of him.

'I think,' said Sophia, as the pony recovered himself after an unmistakable stumble, 'that we will send this little beast away before he falls down.'

'Yes,' said I, 'and then——'

'And then we will get a motor-car. You see it will be a lot cheaper in the long run."

I hoped so then, and I hope so still; but perhaps the car has not yet run long enough.

'It must be cheaper,' Sophia repeated. 'Petrol costs only——' and then followed statistics showing the comparative advantage of the mechanically propelled vehicle over the horse-drawn. The idea had been simmering for some time before this, and we had both studied the optimistic views of the papers devoted to motor-cars; but Sophia is a born statistician, though weak in the multiplication table, and always fells me when she quotes figures. In the end it was settled—Sophia settled it—that I should write about a steam car that very night. Steam, we both agreed, was the power for us.

Thus it was that the first week in September saw a man, with a mind as bare of all knowledge of mechanical principles

as a well-regulated party slate should be of all political principles, following with painful perplexity the lucid description of the various parts of a steam car as set forth by an expert armed with an electric lamp. The car was mine, and the expert was telling me all about it in the crypt of the company's warehouse.

I had suggested to Sophia that she should come too and pick up the bits that I missed, but she seemed to think that her presence might confuse the instructor.

There is no incentive to courage more powerful than ignorance, and a few days later when the car arrived at our Devonshire cottage Sophia and I, with scarcely a qualm, embarked on our first voyage alone on a steam-engine. I had had rather less than half an hour's instruction in driving—Sophia had had none—and when I look back I can only marvel at our audacity.

'It is quite simple,' I said to Sophia. I had lit the fire with much difficulty and bad language, being still unused to burns, had eventually got up steam, and was feeling a little proud and superior in consequence. 'You see, all you have to do is to push this handle forward and the thing starts; when you pull it back it stops. Here's the brake under one foot and the bell under the other, and this lever to steer with.'

'Yes,' said she; 'but if you want to go to the right do you push the lever or pull it?'

'That,' said I, 'I forget; but we shall soon find out on the road.'

'Doubtless,' replied Sophia; 'but what are these other handles for?'

'Oh! they are to do with the fire and the water,' I answered airily. 'I don't exactly know what they do, but we will try them all presently.'

And so we started. The engine did exactly what was expected of it. The bell rang merrily in response to a sympathetic pressure of the foot, and we sailed down the straight road towards the blue hills that screen us from the sea.

We picked up quite a lot of information about the steering on the occasion of meeting our first waggon. We found that pushing the lever one way sent us into the horses, and pushing it the other sent us up on to the bank. That point settled—and the runaway waggon well out of sight—we decided that Sophia should try her hand at driving.

We changed places, and with a face like a Spartan woman's she grasped the throttle-lever. On we went again, our erratic and zigzag course pleasantly punctuated by 'Ohs!' in crescendo

from Sophia, as she realised each moment (to forget the next) that the direction of our course depended on the movement of her left hand.

She would have it that, by this time, I was an expert engineer, so whenever the chain creaked or the exhaust steam popped, or any other unseemly sound was heard, 'What makes that noise?' she asked.

'Oh, that,' I replied, exhibiting more confidence than I possessed, 'is nothing. It always does that.'

We learnt all about reversing the engine when the time came to return. Sophia had again changed places with me and I essayed to turn. The road was not quite wide enough.

'Now, one of these things,' said I, 'is the reversing lever. I think this is the one,' and I pushed the lever over and put on steam.

Sure enough it was—I was quite right—and next moment we found ourselves charging up a steep bank on the opposite side of the road, backwards. Fortunately, the bank was very steep, or I think we should have gone on for ever, for, finding the brake did not hold when running backwards, I was too much taken aback to think of putting the engine to 'ahead' again. Happily the steepness of the pitch slowed us enough to afford time for reflection, and presently with a sigh of relief we found ourselves in the road again and facing the way we would go.

I don't mind confessing that I have not yet got over a dislike to using the reversing gear. If we want to turn in the road I prefer to get out and pull the car back. We did reverse once, and got off quite cheaply in only smashing up a bicycle that stood by the curb. We might have gone through a shop window.

I have no head for engineering and never had, but by constant contemplation of our steamer I think I am beginning to grasp the principle of the thing. They say that the Thibetan adept attains to great knowledge and power by lying on his back under a Bo tree. Certainly you can pick up a good deal by lying on your back for an hour or two under a motor-car.

The conclusion I have come to is that the engine just fills the place of a man on a bicycle. Taking a good breath of steam it thrusts down first one foot then the other. The pedals turn the chain wheel, and the chain turns the back wheels of the car, and the car runs—until something gives way.

Things will give way. I am told that in domestic life a good deal of friction is saved by giving way. I know that in motor-cars a good deal o giving way is caused by friction.

I don't know any circumstances more difficult to look pleasant under than being towed home at the tail of a cart in your motor-car. On these occasions Sophia always gets into the cart and chats affably with the driver as though she were being taken out for an airing, while I have to sit in the car to steer it and submit to the jeers of the populace, trying to look as if I preferred it that way.

But the little disasters that have led to this undignified position have all been repairable, and, as Sophia says after every smash, 'Now we know what to do when that goes wrong.'

The crowning merit of the steam car is its silence. The petrol car may be faster, but as it rattles along the road with its thousand explosions of gas a minute it sounds to me like an armoured train with its quick-firing gun in full play. Every living thing is aware of its approach while it is still two miles away.

The steam car steals noiselessly along the road. The rabbits nibbling by the roadside nibble on unconscious of danger till the car has passed them. The green woodpecker, with a yell of derisive laughter, swings across the road in front of us as we drive through the woods, and the squirrel on his way home with a beech nut for a winter meal sits up on his bushy tail to scrutinise us, and not till long after we are gone by remembers to run and hide behind the nearest tree.

It is surprising that on a steamer it is possible to get nearer to animals and birds without frightening them than one can even on a bicycle. I think it is because there is no movement of the feet. Stand at a field gate near the edge of a wood, and if you remain perfectly still, moving neither hand nor foot, in a few minutes the life that your arrival has interrupted begins again. The rabbits emerge cautiously from the burrows; they see you standing there, but as long as you don't move they see no harm in you. The crouching pheasant in the stubble begins feeding again. A prowling rat will pass close by your feet. But move a foot or lift an arm and instantly all is consternation and flight. In a steam car, beyond the almost imperceptible movement of the hand on the steering lever, the only action visible is the advancing mass of the car, and that seems to have no disturbing significance for animals.

Day after day in the glorious autumn weather we drove the little car down to the sea coast, hitherto a long and wearisome drive or a stuffy journey by train, but now a pleasant hour's run over heathery moors. Hardly a day all through the winter have we found the weather too bad for a drive.

One great advantage that a motor-car has over a horse is that one is independent of inns and stables. With a well-filled basket an *al fresco* luncheon or tea can be enjoyed in the wood or in a quiet by-road, anywhere where there is a track for the wheels, without thought of a tired and hungry horse. When the fire is turned low, the car will stand for hours with no need of attention.

But Sophia claims that the climax of enjoyment is to found in driving the car at night.

During the winter we have had many opportunities of experiencing this, to me, I admit, somewhat fearful joy. The darkness adds enormously to the sensation of speed, and one seems to be rushing at a desperate pace into the unknown. Certainly Sophia's courage is greater than mine, for she can sit calmly straining her eyes at the darkness, and what the darkness may hold, with no power of stopping the car should disaster suddenly loom ahead. It is bad enough when one has a hand on the throttle-lever and a foot on the brake.

And at night more than at any other time the silence of the steam car is a merit. It is distressing enough, even in broad daylight, to people with any lingering remains of the unfashionable quality of modesty, to go clattering along disturbing man and beast with the persistent self-assertion of an explosion engine ; but he must be a hooligan indeed who can bear to make all that noise under the moonlight, in quiet lanes, scaring the owls and bats, surprising even the night-jar, and disturbing the cottagers' early rest, without feeling himself grow uncomfortably hot with very shame.

A DAY'S SPORT IN THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY

BY J. BARCLAY LLOYD

OUTSIDE the blockhouse ring of outposts which guarded the town of Bloemfontein and its own narrow environment of war-worn veld was a more or less peaceful belt, where stock could graze, farms retain their inhabitants, and cultivation be pursued. This area varied in extent from time to time during the war. At first it was almost co-extensive with the boundaries of the whole district ; then, a year later, it narrowed to a small and dangerous ten-mile circle, when the country-side 'went out' again, owing to De Wet and other causes more or less unjustifiable ; afterwards it expanded to a radius of twenty miles or more, though the outer fringes remained debatable land, and were not altogether free from the occasional sniper.

It is within this area that some of us, officials of the Civil Government, were wont in due season, namely, from March to September, to vary the monotony of martial law restrictions with the enjoyment of mixed rough shooting.

The Easter holidays fall in a pleasant time of year, the rains have come, and the veld is green. The air has lost the sting of the fiercest summer heat, and the sky is blue and washed to that clearness and brilliancy for which South Africa is pre-eminent. The dams are full of water ; the streams, such as they are, are alive again ; and there is no more dust. And so

a few days' outing to a neighbouring farm with guns and rifles, Cape cart and ponies, with a fishing-rod or two thrown in, was not to be despised intrinsically, much less by those whom the confinement and restrictions of civil work in war time and the lassitude engendered by a long and eventless summer had de-energised to a state of chronic weariness and boredom.

It was on Thursday evening about 4.30 P.M. that three of us—W., B., and I—loaded up our Cape cart outside the Government buildings, piling it high with kit-bags and rugs for bedding, guns, rifles, and ammunition, provisions, our three selves, and a youthful and inexperienced retriever pup, which W. hopes to train into a certain amount of usefulness as time goes on, and which, in the meantime, being of the feminine gender, he inappropriately named Fox.

We had a fifteen-mile drive in front of us, and it behoved us to arrive at our destination before the darkness, which so swiftly follows sunset, should make it impossible to avoid the holes and wash-outs that pervade the roads. Our ponies stepped out well through the sparkling air of the open country, and without mishap we sped along over the track at a really smart pace, till, as we rounded the rough promontory of scrub-covered kopjes, beyond which the farmhouse lay, the sun went down behind it, and the cool of the evening made itself so immediately perceptible that it was almost like driving bodily into a moderately cold bath.

The farm itself is a typical Boer homestead of the better middle class. A one-storey building with a corrugated iron roof of low pitch ; two good rooms in front, the best bedroom and the parlour, separated by a passage leading into the dining and general dwelling-room, off which opens the kitchen and two or three smaller bedrooms. The whole is built on a raised foundation, which, being wider than the house itself, forms the conventional 'stoep,' without which no Boer household could be complete. A little garden with a few trees in front, blue gums and Australian wattles principally, and a wide spreading peach orchard behind, complete the establishment. The farm is now in the hands of the Agricultural Department, and is worked by a Government caretaker, himself a loyal Boer ; in addition to whom there was billeted thereon a respectable and extensive Boer family of refugees, mother and children, the head of which was at the time a prisoner in Ceylon. The parlour was allotted to us as our quarters for the period of our stay ; and here, after a frugal supper, we retired at 9 P.M., the

curfew hour for country folk; a bed, a sofa, and the floor forming our respective couches. And thus we slept till dawn, not without a moderate accompaniment of insect life to vary the monotony of our slumbers.

At peep of day we rose, and, postponing serious ablutions till a later hour (for had we not all been campaigners in the earlier stages of the war?), swiftly got together our shot-guns and a sufficiency of cartridges, and tramped off to the dam about a mile away. This sheet of water, now brimming full after the recent rains, is of triangular shape, and is formed by a broad wall of mud and stone some twelve feet high, erected across a shallow valley wherein runs a succession of natural water holes, the upper sources, in fact, of the Kaal Spruit, a southern affluent of the Modder River. At the farther end of the dam this series of water holes connects and forms a winding watercourse with reedy margins, stretching back a mile or more till it dwindles off again to a lessening string of disconnected pools. It is a likely haunt for duck and waterfowl, which were now our more immediate quarry; and, as the winter strengthens, would afford the drinking-place at dawn and sunset for the migratory flocks of small sandgrouse, Namagua partridges, as they are locally termed, which have not yet arrived. Last year they were very plentiful; but their advent is somewhat problematical, and is, I understand, by no means a certain annual event.

Our walk to the dam in the still dim light of dawn provided a couple of shots, and resulted in the death of a blue rock pigeon, and the escape of a snipe or large sandpiper, which flew up almost indistinguishably from the edge of one of the pools along which we skirted. Away on each side of us flapped and screamed a scattered number of 'kivietjes,' the common red-legged plover of the country, with plumage of black, white, and grey. They are plentiful everywhere at this time of year, especially on the road sides and bare patches of the veldt; and they bear no small resemblance in many of their ways to the familiar redshank of the saltings and sea-marshes at home, save that they haunt dry places instead of wet. They are excellent eating, and afford very tricky shooting if pursued on foot. Their habit is to run till nearly out of shot, and then fly screaming away, slowly, but with an erratic twisting action, to alight again some hundred yards further on. If, however, you are riding or driving, they will sit and let you pass them within a yard or two. When other game is scarce, an hour or

so after these otherwise despised birds will give sufficient sport, and generally result in an expenditure of ammunition far more than adequate to the bag. Kivietje shooting to a novice is almost as annoying to the temper and damaging to the vocabulary as the game of golf.

As we gained the dam wall, the sun rose brilliantly, and our prospecting peep over the edge of the bank in hope to find teal, mallard, or goose upon the water, revealed only a dazzling expanse of glittering ripples, in the midst of which a little

WHERE THE PARTRIDGE HAUNTS

colony of coot swam cautiously away to some central patches of rushes well out of shot from the shore.

Hereupon we divided our forces. B. stayed by the dam wall, where cover was obtainable, while W. and I took respectively the right and left side of the dam, and skirted the water's edge till the narrow end of the triangle was reached. On my way round a coot flew up from some rushes by the bank, where the water had overflowed a low lying flat, and flapped away right in the path of the sunlight. Him accordingly I missed; but the sound of the shot stirred up other fowl from among the reeds, and some half-dozen of his family were soon circling

high in air above the dam. W. got the bulk of the shooting, and pulled down two or three tall shots, the birds mostly falling in the water, whence they drifted ashore in the breeze. B. also opened fire from the far end of the dam, but without apparent result. My position being very much exposed, the circling coot gave me a wide berth, until by jumping and wading I reached the margin of the deeper water, and could crouch down in a slight hollow of the bank. Here I secured one of the brood from high over my head, while some teal, which B.'s firing had put up, came flying up the dam, and gave me a long shot as they sheered off at sight of me. The shot was successful, and a nice fat little duck was added to the bag.

After a while the coot ceased their circling, and cleared off to less dangerous haunts, so we smoked a quiet pipe in our respective coigns of vantage, as we waited in hope of some travelling fowl coming over. Little, however, seemed moving that morning. A goose, a curlew, and a couple of herons were all that appeared in the course of the next half-hour, flying high from the east down the course of the Spruit to better waters beyond. None of them afforded a shot, so off we started again up the river-like windings of the upper part of the dam, and the water holes beyond. B. and I, taking the main series of pools, found but little sport. A snipe, a brace of kivietjes, and another coot were all that we accounted for ; but the sound of heavy firing from away to the right, whither W. had pursued a tributary water-course, indicated that he was seriously engaged. In an hour's time we again foregathered on the way home to breakfast, and found that he had been lucky enough to fall in with a covey of 'dikkop,' and after much careful stalking in very bare country, had slain four of them. Now a 'dikkop' (*anglicè* 'thickhead') is a very large plover, about the size of a pheasant, with mottled partridge-coloured plumage, long legs and wings, and an enormous yellow eye. He looks like the pictures of the now extinct Norfolk plover. He is easy to shoot when you get near him, but very hard to approach within range ; and he is most delicious eating. He usually frequents the lower slopes of isolated kopjes, though he is also found occasionally in the cultivated lands, and sometimes on the open veld, but he is not common anywhere.

On the way back to the farm a curious magpie-coloured water-plover and a large sandpiper, not unlike a nott, added variety to the bag, and about 9 A.M. a heavy appetite for break-

fast accompanied us into the homestead, the bag to date being as follows: three brace coot, two brace dikkop, three kivietjes, a teal, a rock pigeon, a snipe, a sandpiper, and a water-plover.

After breakfast and a wash, our plans were to inspan the cart, load up with guns, rifles, and lunch, and drive to a neighbouring farm some five miles away, where is a broad acreage of mealie and Kaffir corn 'lands,' wherein khorhaan and quail were to be expected, with a possible shot at a spring-buck to be hoped for on the way. But first the cultivated ground behind the farm, and the low kopjes adjoining, required investigation for partridges. I am told that these are really a kind of francolin, but apart from their custom of breeding and roosting among the rocks, and their great running powers, there is little in flight, plumage, habits, or general appearance to distinguish them from 'the little brown bird' at home. This hundred acres or so of mixed orchard, corn, garden ground beside the farmhouse is a likely spot wherein to find them, lying as it does in a sunny, sheltered situation along the foot of the rocky spur of hills. The mealies and kaffir-corn are now shoulder high, but still green. Between the rows of peach- and apple-trees grow cabbages, beet, and turnips, interspersed with ridges of thick grass, while beyond is a flourishing field of potatoes, which at home would make fine cover for the birds. After we had started from the back of the house, it was not long ere the squealing call of partridges sounded from among the peach-tree rows. Following this up, and knowing the pedestrian aptitude of these birds, I soon caught sight of one running for all he was worth across a bare patch of ground some fifty yards away. The other guns were promptly beckoned up, and we beat the locality closely and carefully. At last up whirred three partridges somewhat wide, and made across me for their home on the kopje. One of these I secured, another went back hard hit to the mealies near the farm, and the third was marked down among the rocks at the foot of the hill.

We left these two alone for the present, and kept straight on through some tall kaffir-corn in front, where another small covey got up to W., and both he and I were successful with one barrel and missed with the other, while B. was responsible for another fat blue pigeon. A turn round the kopjes for the rest of the scattered covey failed in its object, and the want of a good setter was badly felt. However, we flushed three more dikkop, all of which paid the penalty after a long pursuit, and W. shot a little squirrel-coloured mountain hare among the

rocks. A final turn through the mealies near the house in search of the wounded bird finished the beat. We did not find the bird in question, but as we were giving up the search, another brace got up close to B., who dropped them prettily, right and left. And thus in under an hour the bag was satisfactorily increased by two and a half brace of partridges, a brace of dikkop, a pigeon and a hare.

By this time the horses had been rounded up and inspanned, and the cart was ready to start. Our friend the farmer accom-

TWO OF 'THE GUNS'

panied us to show the way, our guns and rifles, the lunch, and the pup completed the complement. The sun was now very hot, and the drive across the veld was a refreshing change after our early morning tramp. In half an hour or so, about midday, we arrived at the beginning of a long strip of fenced-in 'lands' (all fences being of the barbed wire type out here), which extended for some mile or more towards a small farmstead, standing treeless and alone in the midst of the broad rolling veld, a dreary situation enough to English notions, but sufficiently home-like to the local mind. These 'lands,' as all arable ground is called in this country, stretch in alternate

patches of Kaffir corn, mealies, and rough fallow along the slope of a gentle rise. In many places the crop is very poor and thin, owing to the ravages of locusts in the summer; but in others the re sown maize stands up stalwart and luxuriant, giving prospect of an excellent harvest. Between the growing patches the ground is covered with rough grass and scented weeds, while over it all creep the large-leaved vines of pumpkins, gourds, and the Kaffir melons, a wild inedible variety of the succulent water-melon, which may itself be sown with advantage in the corn-lands.

Spreading out wide, the three guns, with a native boy to gather the prospective spoil, started to beat the strip in one piece, while the cart followed along the track which runs parallel thereto. It was rough walking on the sandy sun-baked surface of the cultivated veld, which broke like crusted snow beneath the feet; moreover the sun was mighty powerful and thirst producing. And so, as on we tramped and no game appeared, the proceedings began to pall somewhat, and a cool drink and a shady tree loomed up before the imagination as a better environment for the spending of a happy day. At last, however, a bang on the right of the line indicated that something was on the move, and a halt was called, while W., assisted by the pup, searched for his prey. He found it not; but it transpired that he had put up and knocked down a quail, which, falling in the tall grass, had disappeared from view. After a longish hunt, we gave up the search and started onwards again as before. Not many yards further on, I, walking along the top edge of the beat, heard behind me a soft flapping and a derisive grating call, and, whipping round, detected an old cock khorhaan in the act of slipping away across the veld at about sixty-five yards distance. His scornful cry was, however, premature, for a lucky shot brought it suddenly to an end, and he fell with a satisfactory 'plump' stone-dead out in the open. While I was picking him up B. shot another khorhaan, a hen this time, and possibly the mate of number one, for they usually are found in pairs, of which the cock is always first to fly; while W. became busy on the right with several shots in succession, which had as their result two quails, a hare, and another unproductive hunt for a winged partridge. The remainder of the tramp to the farm produced two kivietjes and a third khorhaan.

Of all birds which haunt the veld the khorhaan is the most characteristic and peculiar. He is of the bustard tribe, in shape

and size something approaching a small guinea-fowl, and in plumage and general appearance on the wing not unlike an exaggerated blackcock. He has a handsome speckled back, a jet-black breast, a white stomach, and wings black and white. The cock bird has a large and tufted black head set on a long neck, and as he runs across the open veld (and he is a mighty runner) he sticks it up above the grass and nods it at intervals in a familiar and somewhat inane manner. When he takes to flight he rises ponderously at first, and if in reasonable shot, can scarcely then be missed, but unless the cover is thick he will very rarely get on the wing within fifty or sixty yards of the gun. He delights to spring up, with a mighty cackling, about eighty yards away, fly for a quarter of a mile, and then settle slowly and solemnly down with his long yellow legs straddling out below him, and so lure the thirsty gunner a hot and weary walk, only to repeat the process again and again and then fly back to his original haunt, now some mile or more away. When killed and nicely roasted he, and particularly she, is, if young, within measurable distance of a British grouse as a table bird. There is another and larger species, the 'blue khorhaan,' which is much less common and is very wary. These are beautiful birds, with plumage of grey-blue and dark fawn colour; they are invariably found in pairs, and one or more of them makes a splendid addition to the bag from the house-keeping point of view, being larger than the domestic fowl and of a most delicious and delicate flavour. Their big cousin, the mighty pauw, the turkey of the veld, is still rarer and still more wily, and can seldom be slain with a shot-gun. Brother Boer, as he rides across the plain, sometimes picks him off sitting with his rifle, aiming for the head, but this needs smarter shooting than the average Englishman can boast.

Arrived at the farm we drank long draughts of clear cool water drawn from a well, sunk deep in the solid rock, and ate a frugal lunch, then starting off again, refreshed, for another mealie field of some three hundred acres, where the cream of the day's shooting was to be expected. Nor were we disappointed, for here the growing crops were surrounded by a broad extent of fine thick grass, fenced in from the grazing stock and forming an ideal cover for any winged thing that might be driven out of the corn-lands. We had scarcely started on our first beat through the grassy margin of this favoured spot before the fun began, and a brace of quail and a dikkop fell to my share in quick succession. We walked that field

conscientiously, taking the standing crops first and leaving the grass lands as a bonne-bouche for the last. As we pushed our way through the rustling haulms of the Kaffir corn and mealies khorhaan after khorhaan slipped off out of shot, though several cut it a little fine, and one or two actually succumbed to over-confidence. Here or there too a quail would jump up under our feet with a whistle and a whirr, and buzz off like a great bumble bee through the tall corn tops; and of these some half a dozen were accounted for, while several more were

THE BAG

missed. At length we took to the long thick grass which flanked the arable area, and here the sport became shooting made easy. The birds sat tight till we came right on them, the ground was level and easy to walk on, and there were no tall stalks of maize or millet to obscure the view. So, as in succession five or six khorhaan flapped up within twenty yards or so, those five or six were promptly and easily secured. Another hare, still one more dikkop, and several quail also shared their fate. The only points of note were, first, a curious contrast in sizes, to wit, between a khorhaan and a quail, which got up together and fell right and left to my gun, and, secondly, the splendid chance which B., in his astonish-

ment, lost of bringing to bag a magnificent pauw which rose grandly within shot and so surprised him with its spread of wing that he failed to fire till too late to do any damage. Thus when we once more made our way to the cart, we were all laden with a nice assortment of game, and, including what we had killed on the way to the farm, we totalled between us fifteen khorhaan, thirteen quail, two dikkop, three kivietjes, a partridge and two hares.

It was now after four o'clock, and the sun was getting down towards the west ; and so, after another long drink at the cool water of the well, qualified with a trifle of whisky which lurked in the recesses of the cart, we inspanned once more and started on our homeward drive. About half-way home the level sun rays struck on the white breasts and tails of a little herd of seven buck about half a mile away on the open plain ; and getting our rifles ready, we turned the cart towards them, keeping carefully between them and the sun. They took no notice for a while, but kept grazing quietly till we were some five hundred yards from them. Then they seemed to grow suspicious, and two of them trotted off over a rise beyond. Keeping the cart on the move to distract their attention, W. and I jumped out on the far side, and, dropping behind an ant-hill, each drew our beads on the buck, estimating the range at four hundred yards. We both fired simultaneously, but both missed. My shot was too high, as I habitually take rather too full a sight, while W.'s struck between the legs of the buck at which he aimed. In the sandy soil the place where a bullet strikes is almost always signalled by the puff of dust which it occasions. With a leap and a rush the buck scattered in all directions, but one, running round to the right, gave me a wild snapshot within three hundred yards, which went at least thirty feet wide. However, he pulled up short at the whistle of the bullet, and W. got his shot in, striking the buck through the neck and bowling him over stone-dead. With great rejoicings we drove up to the spot, gralloched the pretty little animal, strapped him on the rack behind the cart, and started off for the farm in a most exalted and amiable frame of mind.

The sun had set ere we arrived, but there was just sufficient daylight left in which to lay out our bag, count it once more, and spend those few moments of contemplation over the spoil which form one of the best periods of all in a successful day's sport. And a goodly array it was on which to feast the eye ! First and foremost the springbuck, then fifteen khorhaan big

and plump, nine dikkop, six coot, six partridges, thirteen quail, three hares, two pigeons, six kivietjes, a snipe, a sandpiper, a water-plover and a teal ; in all sixty-five head.

'Not a bit of use without a good dog' is the reply which the local sportsman will usually give to an inquiry as to the prospects of bird-shooting in this country ; but to those who are prepared to work hard for their bag, and who have some powers of observation of the customs and haunts of the various kinds of fowl at different times of the year and of the day, with a fair experience in rough shooting generally, there is plenty of sport to be obtained throughout the season, even if a pointer or setter be not available. Luckily, the said local sportsman, though keen after buck and an excellent rifle-shot, despises the smaller game as a rule, and if he does take his shot-gun along is usually a very indifferent performer with it, a sitting khorhaan as he drives across the veld being often the limit of his ambition in that line. Consequently the local breeding birds have a fair chance to increase and multiply, in spite of hawks, wild cats, skunks and other vermin ; while the migrants, such as quail and sand-grouse, are always to be found at the appointed times, if one knows when and where to look for them.

OLD JOHN

BY G. WESTRUP

He was my head boatman during my first fishing holiday in Ireland. I arrived on a Saturday, and, being very eager to get to work, decided to fish on Sunday. I did not then know that the boatmen—all honour to them!—do a six-mile tramp to attend Mass before starting work on a Sunday; the consequence was that, when I drove down to the lough, there was the boat, but no men. It was a broiling hot day, and presently I saw a grey-haired man, his hat clutched in one hand, arms wildly swinging, coming tearing along the road at a good eight miles an hour—it was old John. Poor old John! In his anxiety not to keep us waiting he had done the whole three miles at a run. With widely smiling mouth and kindly grey eyes, a nice stubble of whitening beard and whiskers, his grey head covered by a typical Irish felt, he was nearer my ideal of an Irishman than any I have since met. Had he but kept a pipe stuck in his hatband, worn knee-breeches, and carried a shillelagh, he would have been perfect. He was a character—the one amusing item in a holiday of uniform failure as to sport. Things were horribly dull, very few fish came to boat; and we, with exaggerated ideas of what the sport on these Irish loughs should be, were, I fear, too inclined to put down its absence to John's shortcomings rather than to luck. I think John intuitively guessed this, and spent his time trying to concoct possible excuses.

The first three or four days the weather was too 'firm' (fine); thereafter we had continuous and heavy rains, and it was too 'soft.' When reminded of his previous excuse when it was 'firm,' he ingeniously explained that a certain very exact quality of badness was essential to good sport. When, however, he perceived that we had no faith in the weather being responsible for our lack of sport, he changed his tactics, and scored a creditable win. His usual formula was: 'I think, y'r honour, by the help of God and a blue phantom, ye will

catch a big fellow to-day.' Then, after a time, when this combination had not succeeded: 'I think, if y'r honour put on a br'rown phantom, by the help of God ye would catch a big fellow.' At last, he deliberately tried us with every bait he had ever seen or even heard of. 'Has y'r honour a gold devon?' 'Has y'r honour a blue devon?' and so on, through all sorts and sizes of devons, phantoms, and spoons; but as we had nearly cleared out a large London tackle shop before starting we rose to the demand every time. At last, John had evidently run through his list; for a whole day no bait untried by us was suggested, and we thought the siege was raised; but devil a bit! The day after, with fresh hope kindling in his eye, John asked: 'Has y'r honour a wagtail?' Dejection fell upon him again when we managed to meet the demand; but things were getting warm—we had only *one* wagtail between us, and it *finished our list of baits!* If John could dig up one more variety we were done, but we felt proudly secure. It was the pride preceding a fall. Next day, he turned anxiously to us and asked: 'Have y'r honours one of thim kill-devils?' Now the kill-devil at that time was quite a new thing. How in the world John had heard of it is a mystery. I am absolutely certain from after inquiries that he had not the faintest idea *what* it was. However, instead of palming off some fancy coloured spoon or devon as the desired article, we foolishly admitted that we had not one. John's rugged old face beamed with satisfaction.

OUTSIDE JOHN'S FRONT DOOR

Thereafter it was no question of the weather, but day after day he would shake his head, and, looking reproachfully at us, say: 'Ah! if *only* y'r honours had some of thim kill-devils ye'd be *certin* to get the big fellows.' He had us fairly beaten, and the onus was shifted from his to our shoulders. He became very excited when a fish was hooked, but at other times was very calm. The weeds were in places very thick, but John did not condescend to avoid them. Straight ahead he would row,

remarking pleasantly, after a few seconds interval: 'Twas a very thick weed we just wint through, y'r honour;' and then bang, bang! both the trolling-rods would spring suddenly backwards, and there were our baits hung up in about a hundredweight of weed. The one thing that moved John to indignation was the quality of the 'porther,' as they call Guinness, which the landlord supplied for the boatmen's lunch; according to him it was so thin and weak that it gave a man 'no courish' (courage) for his afternoon's work. John was most innocently superstitious. One day I remarked: 'The devil must be in the fish.' About half an hour after, when I had forgotten all about it, I said: 'Well, John, we don't seem to be having any luck.' He retorted very seriously: 'Y'r honour never will when you mention *his* name in the boat.' 'Whose name?' 'Sure, y'r honour knows.' 'I really don't, John; whom do you mean?' 'Why, the black man, y'r honour.' 'What black man?' I asked, absolutely mystified. 'Why, sure, the bad wicked old black man;' and then I guessed. 'Do you mean the devil?' 'Ah! y'r honour, never mention the name—the bad wicked black fellow.' I found he really was so seriously in earnest that I afterwards carefully left the 'black fellow's' name out of my conversation.

OLD JOHN'S SMILE

On another occasion, having heard that the people believe that there are fierce water horses in the lough which come to the surface at night, I questioned John about them. 'Ah! sure thin 'tis all foolishness, y'r honour,' said he. 'You don't believe in them then?' 'Ah! 'tis just foolishness!' I happened to look up, and saw Sonny, John's nephew, who rowed bow, looking at John as a disciple might have looked at Peter. My suspicions were aroused. '*Does* he believe in them, Sonny?' 'He *does*, y'r honour.' 'Ah! Sonny, Sonny!' expostulated John, but Sonny was not to be stayed. 'Why, you *know* whin we set that night line in the shally bay, and wint at noight to take it up, there was a big splashing, and you said it was the

horses, and we were afraid to go near the water, and in the morning 'twas just only a big pike on the line.' John could only smile and shake his head feebly—he was clean bowled. Fairies were an absolute unquestioned reality to him; his uncle had upon three consecutive moonlight nights seen fairies come and lead his cow away. He was afraid to follow, but each morning she was found miles away, and milked quite dry. He would not express an opinion as to whether the fairies had mixed potheen with the milk.

John was far too polite ever to disagree with any statement advanced. I once bet my friend a shilling that I would make him agree to two diametrically opposed statements within half an hour, and I won easily. Starting out in the morning I looked critically at sky and water, and remarked: 'John, on a day like this a blue phantom ought to be *the* bait.' 'Sure, y'r honour's right, a blue phantom wud be the bist to thry.' A quarter of an hour later I said: 'With the light like this I'm sure a blue phantom is no good.' 'Tis not, y'r honour,' said John; 'tis a brown phantom ye should thry.' We burst out laughing, much to John's surprise.

SONNY

He told us that his father had died a short time before. 'He was a foine, sthrong man, but he perished away loike a candle, and doied in his sixty-eightieth year.' 'What year, John?' 'His sixty-eightieth year, y'r honour.' 'You mean his sixtieth year.' 'I *do*, y'r honour.' Then it struck me that he must have become a proud father at about his seventh year, so suggested: 'Or his eightieth year, John?' 'That *is* so, y'r honour—his sixty-eightieth year.' I gave it up, and the old gentleman's age at his demise remains to me an unsolved riddle.

We were very much amused at John's description of some French tourists he had seen. 'They were strange people, with yellow faces and black hair. Men and women all wore shiny black pointed shoes, and walked loike this'—and he tried with

his huge hob-nailed boots to indicate a delicate mincing walk; 'and they were virry ign'rant people—their talk had no sinse in it.' 'No sense, John? What do you mean?' 'Why, y'r honour, there *was* no sinse in it; no *words* at all! at all! 'Twas all fast chatter, chatter—just loike a lot of geese cackling.'

After lunch, on a hot sultry afternoon, when sport ruled dead slow, it was very amusing to watch old John. With hat drawn well down over his eyes, he would pull away steadily; gradually the strokes grew shorter and shorter, and John bent more and more over his oar. Sonny would follow, keeping time beautifully, until at last there would be both of them with closed eyes gently and rhythmically dip, dipping, their blades into the glassy water, the boat losing way and finally lying inert upon the water. We used to wait until our baits had sunk and got fast in the bottom, and then the one in the bow would give a mighty pull at his line, causing his reel to emit an ear-piercing screech. John would spring into instant liveliness with a cry: 'There he is, y'r honour!' the while we, hastily gripping up our rods, would solemnly discover (?) that it was not a fish, but bottom. Over and over again we went through this performance, and I do not believe old John ever guessed that we had noticed his momentary visit to the land of Nod.

JOHN'S HOUSE

Once John suggested that we should put in a long day and said that he would think it a great honour if we would have tea at his cottage on the shore of the lough. We gratefully accepted, and felt still more grateful at the prospect of a rest and refreshing cup of tea when the next afternoon turned out an absolutely breathless scorcher. John showed us round his little steading, his chickens, cow and pigs, and then we were ushered inside and introduced to his mother and sister—the former a pretty and charming old lady of goodness knows what age. The heat inside was such that we almost liquefied. The business opened by John's sister coming forward with a couple

of tumblers two-thirds full of raw new whisky, to which she added about a teaspoonful of water. At first we utterly refused this, but they were so pressing and seemed so genuinely hurt that we at last made an effort. After great persuasion and many expostulations: 'Sure, y'r honours wud not dhrown it!' we got the modicum of water increased to a tablespoonful, and then we each took a gulp. If there had been a fire-alarm about I should certainly have 'rung up.' Heaven knows what we *should* have done, but fortunately we were left alone for a moment and the window was open. After successfully emerging from this trial by fire we each had to get through a young chicken, nearly half a fresh home-baked bread-cake made from maize, and three or four cups of tea. Dear, good-hearted souls! Everything was pressed upon us with such determined kindly insistence, and any attempt to refuse was at once construed into an adverse criticism upon the quality of the viands, that we really had no chance of baulking. I wonder I'm alive to tell the tale. There is an end to all things, and certainly never in my life have I more gladly welcomed the end of a meal than I did the finish of that never-to-be-forgotten tea, when we were finally allowed to crawl, bloated and dyspeptic, from John's hospitable roof, followed by many polite expressions of fear that the food had not been what we liked because we had eaten so little.

John was a bachelor. I could never discover whether he was a misogynist or whether it was his bashfulness which was responsible for his intense avoidance of the other sex. To talk about a 'colleen' to John put him 'all of a twitter,' and I am sorry to say that his brother boatmen used to take advantage of this foible to chaff him unmercifully. I met old John again this summer 'over there'; the years had passed lightly over him. After a long talk I said: 'Well, John, you must come and see me before I go.' 'I would wish well to see y'r honour every day; it does me good.' Probably there was not much depth in it, but still the reply was characteristically Irish, and I do not think one would happen upon such a delicately conveyed compliment from one of John's class in England. And now, farewell! old John. I trust I have not touched too heavily your failings or too lightly your virtues; if so, I have failed lamentably in my attempt to sketch a gentle, kindly boatman, beneath whose ragged shirt beats the heart of a courteous gentleman.

THE HUNTING PROLETARIAT

BY W. C. RIVERS

UNDERGRADUATES and subalterns temporarily under slight paternal displeasure, schoolboys whose claims on the stable have become weakened by absence from home, younger members of large families, and many other classes of mortals, do not, in open weather, find their Christmas holidays pass very pleasantly. The position of a prospective, as opposed to that of an actual, horse-master, is peculiarly disadvantageous to any one passing the winter months in the country, who wishes to enjoy himself, as he sees nine-tenths of his fellow residents doing, by hunting as many days a week as possible.

And when it comes to watching relatives start out trim and smiling to 'join the glad throng,' while one gives a carrot to the old slave left at home, and hears Joe's surmise, 'Shouldn't wonder if they was to come this way,' one's destiny begins to look a little grey. For the obvious alternatives, hunting on foot or on wheels, it is to be feared that the classes above mentioned show little keenness. Beagling and otter-hunting, where one means of progression is common to all, are quite a different matter. As to driving, if you can induce a friend to let you test his springs and harness over all sorts of country, that for once in a way may charm by its novelty. But to be penned up in a governess car in a narrow lane, the hounds well out of sight,

waiting for the last fat farmer to go through the gateway, is scarcely enough to satisfy youthful ambition. It is chilly work, too. One sits shivering, making caustic observations the while on one's friends' ideas of riding, and comes home early and in a bad humour. The best thing to do is, no doubt, to pocket any personal pride or dignity (probably inconsiderable) which may encumber you, and to seek out a horse-owner who is willing, for the consideration of certain small moneys received, to place his property at the hirer's disposal from the hours of 10.15 A.M. to 5 P.M., and, most important of all, to take responsibility for risks to the same incurred during that period.

It is well in practice to touch lightly, if at all, on the last contingency, as the risk to horseflesh in hunting is a strong argument in the mouth of the owner when bargaining as to terms. There are many grades of hunters to be hired and of prices to be paid. To those to whom hiring means legal forms of agreement as to terms of weeks or months, or for an occasional day the expenditure of the regulation two guineas, there will be little of interest in these remarks. They are no true proletarians, and would probably find it just as cheap, and much more satisfactory, to buy their own hunters. The juniors mentioned must be content to fly at far lower game, and to sacrifice much, in particular, in the way of appearance. And this, with a light weight and a certain simple process of carpentry applied to one's courage, does not entail by any means a proportionate loss of efficiency.

It is a very comforting fact about horseflesh that it never does to go by looks, and that what is known as 'mettle' counts for more than 'make.' A look round reveals a wider field of selection than seems at first available. One animal, though, we bar at once, and that is the fast trapper, perhaps offered gratis by a sympathising village tradesman. 'They tell me he jumps wonderful,' says his owner, 'but o' course I never seen him.' The fact is that uninterrupted work on the road has led him to look on an eighteen-inch grip as an impassable barrier, and to regard any sort of fence as the Great Taboo. For the same reason he is quite unaccustomed to breaking into a canter, and responds, for he is generally a willing beast, to any persuasion directed to that end by a wonderful burst of fast trotting, admirable in harness, but a little out of place, and indeed conspicuous, in the hunting-field.

At the other end of the scale is the old worn-out hunter, which perhaps a neighbour puts at our disposal 'for once.' He solemnly slackens pace at each fence, takes a good look at the other side,

and then rears up and shoots himself over. So far, so good. There are no heart-breaking and abortive endeavours to induce stupidity to exchange earth for a lighter element, no bitter refusals and consequent loss of temper, or, worse still, the beginning of lurking self-distrust. But soon you begin to drop behind the rest of the field, although easily audible to them. Your old friend's galloping days are done, and you don't like to be seen punishing him.

The way to get most fun for our money is, of course, to take advantage of the more or less unemployed state of most horses from the ages of three to five years. The great difficulty is that they are *au naturel* as regards coat, and the strongest persuasion is usually ineffective in inducing a farmer to clip a young horse. Any one successful in this feat should have a great future at the hustings as a 'forlorn hope' candidate. Somewhat of a prejudice, too, exists amongst parents and guardians against equine youth; but this, remembering their unstimulating if unlimited diet, is quite groundless. The late Dick Christian is a useful authority to quote in this connection, and an elderly aunt, ignorant of this eminent gentleman's profession, and with heaven knows what confused recollections of Bunyan's immortal work, has been known to have been much influenced thus. A yearling colt has been seen to jump a farmyard gate to go after hounds. A young horse fresh from the fields is surely more at home in them than one who is a slave to the road, and his clean fresh legs are better proof against mistakes. With some such arguments as these the objections of the authorities may be parried.

Half a day is all that can be expected of a grass-fed youngster with a long coat, and it is wise to start negotiations by disclaiming any intention of being out all day. If you have a gallop in the morning, come home after it; if not, lead him about and save him for the afternoon. His owner's ideas as to the value of his time vary considerably. Best to start with an extremely low offer and describe the condition to be gained by a stay in the parental stables, or a single feed of the parental corn, as the case may be. It is only right, too, that the providing of saddle, girths, and bridle should count in your favour. Eschew a plain flap-saddle. Your seat is, of course, independent of all artificial aid, but your hunter's lack of shoulder must be considered. A little surreptitious clipping just behind the girths will enable your spurs to make their influence felt. A curb-bit you will scarcely ever need. It is just as well to lead one's hireling to the meet to save him as much as possible. He is no hack either, and shows at his worst on the

road. When you arrive, tighten girths and prepare to defend yourself against the ' rotting ' that will be your lot.

Remark to your immaculate friends that they seem to attach a disproportionate and altogether unsportsmanlike importance to mere riding, which after all is quite an accidental concomitant of fox-hunting. Personally, you ride to hunt, of course. When you leave the covert side it is advisable to go fast at the first fence, whatever its nature. Any other tactics will be construed by your mount into an expression of doubt on your part. Always let him have a lead, but if possible keep him waiting for a turn at a gap never, or he will grow cunning; These injunctions are of course easier to put on paper than into practice. At best there is a lot of refusing to be endured, and this, together with his own horse's exemplary conduct, the man on the made hunter attributes to human, and not equine, causes. You will have a good deal of advice, in fact. Etiquette must find in you its most rigid adherent. A Cabinet Minister on an unclipped pony would find very little consideration shown him, so wait for some one else to cut the first corner across wheat, and follow carefully in his furrow.

And in a cramped country on a bad scenting day, when your pony has had a little schooling, you will have a lot of fun, and keep much nearer hounds than the road brigade. Shoot off your youngster at every check, taking care to keep him on the move, or he will most likely begin plaintively coughing, or express his feelings by a vigorous ' all-over ' shake of himself. Take him home gently, too, nor grudge the nimble ninepence for gruel. And when by removal of parental ban, or from other causes less inscrutable, you again ride a ' well-withered 'un,' you will find yourself all the better, in spite of a few tumbles, for your experiences. Your seat, could such a thing be, is improved ; at any rate, the refined gold is none the worse for its gilding. You are on friendly terms with all the farmers, and you will have had some useful grounding in the art of horse-dealing, which may perhaps save your pocket in after years.

THE ALPUJARRA

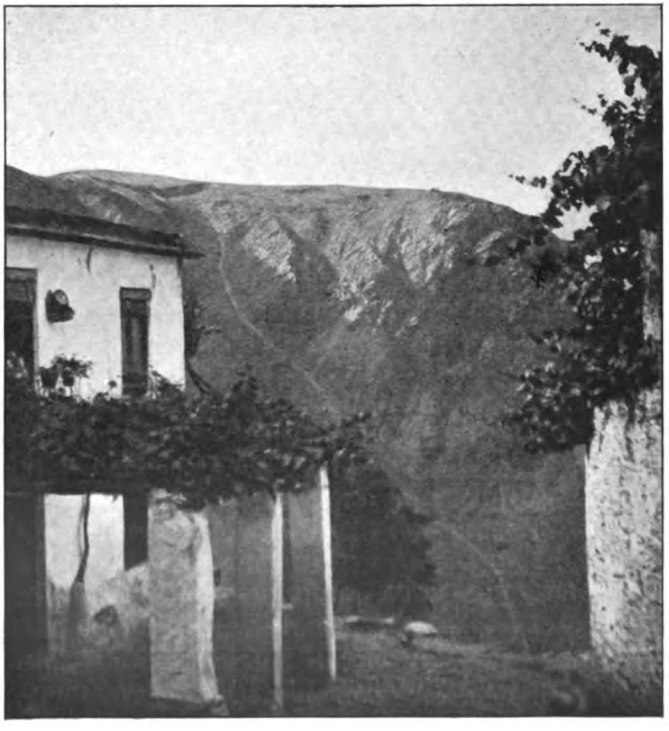
BY R. M. THOMAS

La Alpujarra, or, as it is more likely to appear on the atlas, Las Alpujarras, lies (for I elect the singular form) between the Sierra Nevada and the Mediterranean. It is a country of fruit gardens and alps, sunshine and running water, burning strand and eternal snow, a country where travel is difficult and lodging well-nigh impossible, and therefore a country untouched by tourists and unknown even to the Spaniards of Malaga and Granada.

When I say that I travelled through the Alpujarra in July it will be unnecessary to explain that I had no sport in view; but having heard of the country as one where there were certain possibilities of shooting and fishing, I naturally kept my eyes and ears open, and the information which I gathered may be of some interest, though what I have to say is hardly likely to send gunners and anglers trooping South.

As to Alpujarrene fishing, there is not much to be said. At Trevelez, the highest village on the slope of the Sierra, 5300 feet above the sea, there is a good stream where there are said to be plenty of trout running to a weight of a pound and a half or thereabouts. The natives catch them with worm; and the district judge, who is the great local exponent of the angler's art, had never seen or heard of a fly until I showed him

a small blue dun which chanced to be stuck in a cap which I had in my luggage. I had no tackle with me, the fly excepted, and my party were in any case too eager to get up the mountains to have waited while I fished; but also it seemed to me that the river itself was in too great a hurry to have had much consideration for the fly-fisher. There was a bit here and there where I should have liked to run a Devon minnow, but for the most part the

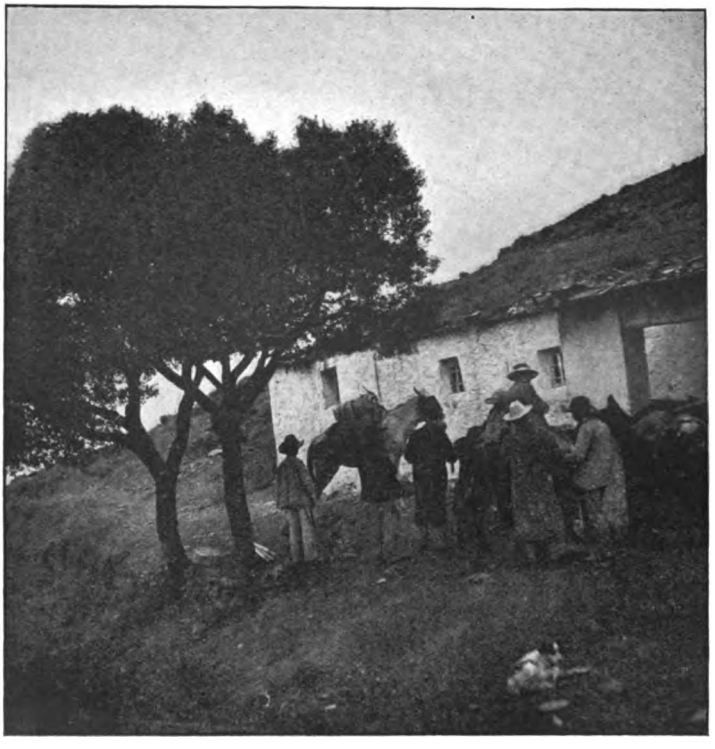


BUSQUISTAR

stream rushed along preoccupied in its desire to fulfil its destiny, and without any of those lapses into reflective pools or dallying eddies which give the angler his opportunities; so that one felt inclined to apostrophise the inconsiderate water in the words used by Stevenson to a Swiss stream, 'Good God! is that the way to run?' I afterwards saw the same river lower down at Busquistar, stronger but more turbulent, running impetuously through a deep gorge, and, even where it is approachable, holding out no promise to the fisherman; while when it reaches the broad valley which runs from east to west through the Alpujarra, it rapidly

dwindles in supplying the countless irrigation channels till only a trickle is left in the sweltering gravel bed of the main stream.

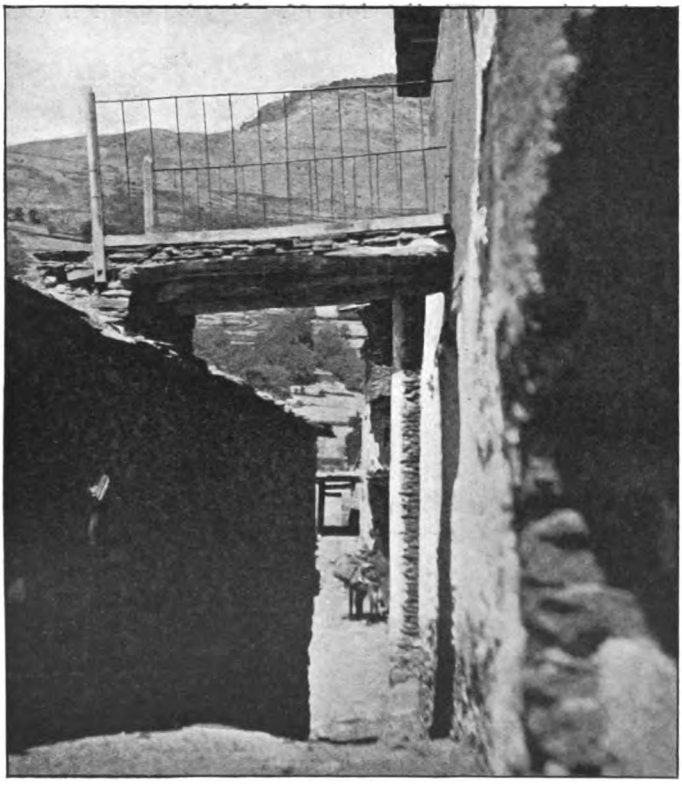
Our only guide-book to the country through which we were travelling was the 'Alpujarra' of Don Pedro Antonio de Alarcon, one of Granada's most distinguished sons, who journeyed through a part of the district some thirty odd years ago. We had studied this work pretty thoroughly, and were grateful particularly for



A MOUNTAIN TAVERN

the historical matter which it contained; but we were sometimes divided in opinion as to where innocence ended and humour began with the worthy don, as, for example, when he says that it is doubtless owing to the bracing air and the excellence of the local aguardiente that the men of Murtas are a Homeric race, passionately devoted to the chase, whether with the ferret or the call-bird. I saw no ferrets in the Alpujarra, and rabbits are not plentiful, but I noticed many call-birds, and had an opportunity of hearing something about their use. We stayed a couple of nights at a shooting-box most hospitably put at our disposal by its

owner in the cork woods above Polopos. Whether the sport obtainable from the Haza del Lino, as the lodge is called, be considered good or otherwise, there can be no doubt as to the beauty of the situation, with the Mediterranean on the one side, 4000 feet below, and the woods stretching up on the other to the bare ridge of the Contraviesa. One morning just after daybreak I walked



A STREET IN TREVELEZ

up the mountain behind the house with the foreman cork-cutter of the estate—and, by the way, when walking in the early morning in close company with a Spaniard it is a good plan to 'luff all you can,' and on no account to go through his lee—and he told me of the sport which the owner's brother, the sportsman of the family, enjoyed on his visits to the lodge.

Scattered here and there about the mountain side are butts built of loose stones to a height of about four feet. At a distance of from six to eight yards from each butt there is a small circle

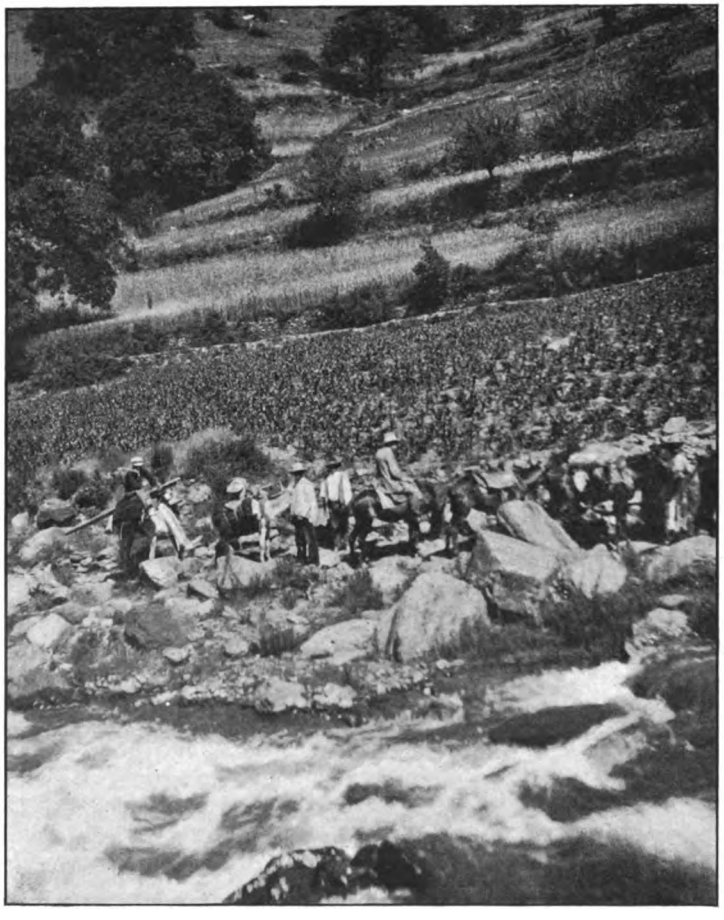
of cleared ground, in the middle of which a red-legged partridge is secured by the leg and left to attract the wild birds, while the sportsman, gun in hand and doubtless cigarette in mouth, waits in the butt for a standing shot. The owner's brother above referred to has an aviary of call-birds, and now and again, as my cork-cutter naïvely remarked, he kills one. I am not certain whether my informant meant that he kills a wild bird or one of the pegged decoys, but I presume the former. My companion carried a

ON THE SIERRA

gun, and as we walked up the hill a partridge ran across the path in front of us. My friend was much annoyed that he had not had time for a shot, and explained to me that the partridge probably had a nest with eggs somewhere near. As it was well on in July, I judged that the cork-cutter's knowledge of natural history was on a par with his respect for the ethics of sport.

Then there is the ibex (though a purist might object to that name being given to the cabra montesa of the Sierra). He still survives high up in the mountains, protected by the laziness of the natives and the difficulties of travelling, but by no game laws or regulations whatsoever. I do not think they are plentiful, though we were

lucky enough to see some at close quarters, which would probably not have happened if we had been bent on sport. We had reached the top of Muley Hacen, some 11,000 feet above the sea, and it was just after daybreak. We were drinking our morning coffee



THE STREAM AT TREVELEZ

under the lee of a rock, when looking out I saw a fine buck ibex with two does coming in our direction. It is likely that they would have passed within a few yards of us, for a strong wind blew from them to us; but Godoy, our guide, in fetching his gun from the tent, made some noise which frightened them off, and the incident was closed. Otherwise there might have been a tale of an ibex slain with a revolver, and conceivably that splendid

head might now be looking down on me from the wall of the room in which I write. But, after all, I am not sorry that the goat is still roaming at large. To kill a rare beast as a climax to an arduous stalk or a well-managed drive is well enough; but when one is out not for sport but for sight-seeing, I have my doubts as to how far one is justified in taking advantage of the unsought accident which places the coveted head within reach We have, after all, no blood feud with any part of the brute creation, vermin excepted; and our dealings with wild game should be regulated by something of the spirit of the British officer who, when the French picquets showed a disinclination to be driven in, shouted at them, 'Get back, you fools! Can't you see that we are advancing in force?'

We owed to our guide Godoy, whom I have mentioned above, a good deal of the comfort and success of our travelling in the Alpujarra. It was refreshing in that land of slovenly procrastination to have to do with one who to a half ferocious independence, which is not uncommon among country Spaniards, added a decision and resourcefulness quite out of keeping with the ways of his country. When I say that Godoy could draw a sketch-plan, giving a fair idea of the day's route, could walk all day with the easy elastic gait of a Highland ghilly, could in the least promising situation do what was wanted or get it done, whether it were the frying of eggs or the shoeing of a mule, and could join us at meals without embarrassment, and wash up the plates without loss of dignity, it may be believed that we had in him the most useful of guides and the best of travelling companions. He carried a single-barrelled shot-gun slung over his shoulder, more, I fancy, as a badge of his office than a weapon of defence, for I do not think the traveller need have any fear of brigands in the Alpujarra; and he informed me that he owned a hen decoy which had assisted him first and last to kill four and twenty cock partridges; also he was immensely proud of having once shot an eagle on the wing.

We were near Murtas, I remember, when Godoy, who led the way, suddenly unslung his gun and began to draw on some game or other, crouching under a wall as he approached his quarry. I pulled up my mule as the sportsman came to a halt and took aim; and at that moment a cuckoo rose from the branch of a fig-tree and flew slowly across the path twenty yards in front of us. Godoy gave an exclamation of disappointment, but the bird alighted a short way on, and another stalk gave the desired sitting shot, which proved successful. He brought the bird to

me, and asked whether I knew what it was. I told him, but he said that he knew the cuckoo well and this was something quite different—some species of hawk, he thought. His failure to identify the victim of his skill was perhaps excusable; for the bird, which was winged, had screamed when picked up, but had omitted to utter the distinctive note which would have put the matter beyond doubt; yet this same Godoy was no stranger to sport of a sterner kind, and carried in his hat a bullet hole acquired in some unpleasantness about the octroi duties in the little town of Marmola. I could have wished that Godoy had been a little less devoted to his gun, or at the least that he would have carried it empty. I seem to have spent quite a considerable part of my time in the Alpujarra looking down its barrel, and so often as he handed me the water-bottle I found myself covered by the weapon, whilst its trigger and hammer were, as likely as not, entangled in some of the frayings of his tattered coat.

I forgot to mention that the last time I saw Godoy's cuckoo he had plucked it and stowed it inside his shirt. I heard that he afterwards presented the poor little carcase to an Alpujarrene lady, and I was grateful for the news. I had half expected that it would appear on the menu for our next dinner, and I had no desire for its further acquaintance.

Certainly any one who goes to the Alpujarra for sport alone is likely to be disappointed, but if I had the good fortune to pay another visit to this, one of the most beautiful and interesting corners of Spain, I should go prepared to improve my acquaintance with the ibex of the Sierra or the trout of Trevelez.

FATE THE EAVESDROPPER

BY D. K. BRISTOW

'I WONDER,' said Carter, switching on the electric light, 'whether I shall catch the 11.40 to-morrow.'

Agnew shut the door of the fencing-room. 'Will it matter if you don't?' he asked.

'Will it matter if I don't!' repeated Carter with much scorn, facing round upon him. 'You know I can't get up to town till six if I miss it.'

'Well?'

'Agnew, you are insulting. At noon to-morrow there will be laid upon the table in my chambers a brief—I see it this moment with the eye of prophecy—a brief in the case which is to make my reputation. And then you suggest that it doesn't matter if I miss the early train!'

The other smiled as he came forward in his neat fencing-jacket—a smile that lit up his dark and rather ugly countenance in a manner as unexpected as it was pleasant.

'Divine optimism!' he exclaimed. 'Then why spend your last hours in this employment, if, as I gather, you haven't finished your packing?'

'Packing be hanged!' responded his friend. 'I have made up my mind for a last bout with you.' He walked across the room to where the rows of foils depended hilt

downwards from the rack. 'Besides,' he went on as he looked for his own, 'it isn't only packing. I promised——'

'I know what you are going to say,' broke in Agnew, who had followed him.

'Yes, we always follow the same programme when I go back, don't we?' replied Carter, who, with his back turned, was examining the interior of his fencing-glove with some interest. 'I go round to say good-bye, and she says she hopes I shall soon be home again, and I say I hope so too—and that's all.' He turned round at the conclusion of this speech, and his expression was not a cheerful one.

Agnew put one elbow on the narrow shelf above the disused fireplace. 'Will it be—*all*—this time?' he asked quietly, and without looking at his companion.

'Oh! you mean shall I . . .? No, not again . . . just yet.' Carter's tone was gloomy. 'I leave that for you, my boy,' he went on, in a would-be lighter strain; 'lucky dog! you never have to say Good-bye.'

'Because I so seldom say Good-day,' returned his friend with a sigh. 'Lucky! I don't believe that, living here always, I see half as much of her as you do when you come home.' He rested his head on one hand, and with the fingers of the other began to trace patterns on the dusty green paint of the mantelpiece.

Carter sat down on the bench against the wall, immediately under the row of foils. 'Yes,' he said reflectively, tapping his feet with his weapon, 'we are both deuced unlucky. I suppose it's the knowledge of our mutual ill-fortune that keeps us from quarrelling.'

Agnew raised his eyes from his uncleanly occupation, and smiled. 'I should have thought that knowledge wasn't wanted.'

'No more it is, thank Heaven. But you know, old chap,' went on Carter, rising, and laying down his foil, 'we aren't doing the proper thing—we aren't doing what's expected of us.'

'Surely you don't seriously mean . . .' began Agnew in surprise.

'I do though,' asseverated Carter; 'it never seems to occur to people that two men can be—well, in the situation we are in with regard to *her*, and remain on speaking terms with each other, much less let it make no difference.'

'Really?'

'Rather not. And when you go about with the glowering visage which you sometimes present to the world, my boy,' —Carter put his hand on Agnew's shoulder, 'you give them wherewithal to draw false conclusions of the deepest dye. I am positive that in certain misguided circles we are looked on as deadly enemies—a sort of Surrey side-show, you know.'

The deadly enemy gave a short chuckle.

'In fact I feel that I could almost inform you, with the proper intonation,' went on Carter, stepping back, 'that "a time will come!" And now I come to think of it,' he pursued, warming to his theme, 'the proper thing to do would be to take the buttons off—supposing it were possible to do it.' He caught up his foil by the point. 'Just that away,' he went on, swinging it to and fro with his finger and thumb round the button, 'as the poet says, only I never can quote it correctly—the little gone, and what a difference! We should at least feel that we were playing our parts properly.'

'Do you think she'd take the survivor?' asked the elder, half amused, half grave.

'I'm not very certain of it, to be quite candid,' replied Carter, drawing on his glove. 'Still, alas, we are not romantic enough to put it to the test. But, I say, Agnew, do stir yourself a bit; we shall be talking all evening.' He took down his mask.

Agnew moved slowly from the fireplace. 'I don't feel inclined to begin, somehow,' he said, as he walked to the far end to get his foil. 'However, we can talk afterwards.'

'No secret villainy now!' called out Carter, who had taken up his place in the middle of the long room. 'My button's on all right—see that yours is!'

'*Absit omen!*' muttered Agnew to himself. 'Do shut up, Carter; that's a horrid uncanny thing to say. Don't you know that Fate sometimes listens at the door?'

'And deigns to take suggestions for catastrophes from our poor remarks? A very neat idea of yours; I salute in you the Ibsen of the future. At the same time I should be grateful if you would postpone your tragic meditations and hurry up.' He slipped on his mask with real or pretended impatience.

Agnew came forward. He was examining the button of his foil with an air of assumed nonchalance. As he looked up he caught Carter's derisive glance through the close black wire of the mask, and he smiled in a rather shamefaced fashion.

'Idiot!' was his friend's comment. 'Your Fate is no fencer if she fancies she can make a button drop off.'

'One never knows,' retorted Agnew as they fell on guard. The foils clicked and flickered in the strong light as the conflict went to and fro, with thuds of the fighters' soft-soled shoes and now and then an exclamation. Carter, the better fencer of the two, and seldom touched, never in their frequent bouts found Agnew anything but a difficult opponent. He had endurance and pertinacity, and when he did get home there was usually no doubt about the hit. At the end of five minutes or so the combatants stopped as though by mutual agreement, and took off their masks, both somewhat out of breath.

'By George, you've no light hand,' remarked Carter laughing, as he rubbed the top of his right arm.

'I'm awfully sorry, old fellow,' returned his assailant penitently. 'It was very clumsy of me to hit you there.'

'Oh, don't apologise. You're fearfully difficult to keep out, you know. Have you kept count of the hits?'

'Three against me and two against you.'

'Sure? I thought you got me three times too.'

'No, I didn't. But I bet you I hit you three times in the next five minutes.'

'Not if I can help it,' retorted Carter; 'but come on then.' And they began again.

Scarcely a minute had elapsed before Agnew, after parrying an attack in sixte, disengaged and got in a neat riposte. 'One!' he exclaimed, as Carter recovered. They both laughed, and stood an instant with dropped points till Agnew suddenly took the offensive with considerable vigour, whereupon there ensued what the uninitiated might have called a scrimmage. It terminated only as Agnew drove his point home with great force fair and square on his opponent's breast. 'Two!' he called out triumphantly.

But, even as he shouted, why did the supple blade shorten instead of bending—why did he feel none of the well-known springy resistance—the foil was scarcely curved, and yet . . . Agnew recovered as quickly as he could, but the end of his weapon seemed caught. Was Carter playing a trick—holding it?—for he had put up his left hand to mark the hit . . . was Carter . . .

'Carter! Carter! What is it?' he cried in an agony of horror and fear. For Carter's foil had clattered to the floor,

and he himself, with his chin thrown up, was reeling backwards, his hands, at the end of widespread arms, clutching at nothingness. Suddenly, with a sound like a sob, he swayed sideways, dropped heavily to the ground, struggled up on one elbow and sank back again. At the same moment Agnew's eyes fell on his own foil, which he was still holding. 'My God!' he said, and flung it down with a gesture of the extremest repulsion.

The next instant he had snatched off his mask and was on his knees with Carter in his arms. There was infinitely more of terror and anguish on his own face than the removal of his mask revealed on Carter's features, smitten though they were with a curious pallor.

'Frank! for Heaven's sake . . .'

'Touché!' gasped Carter; 'you've got . . . me . . . this time . . . old man.'

'Oh, my God!' said Agnew again. 'Let me see!' and shifting his hold a little he began with shaking hands to undo the buttons of the fencing-jacket.

'Do—there's a good fellow,' said Carter jerkily. 'It can't be much.'

Agnew's fingers, clumsy with haste, struggled with the innumerable buttons up the left side, which seemed as if they would never unfasten. All the while what held his eyes on the white surface was the little dark stain surrounding that tiny square hole. But it was not spreading.

'Don't be in such a—blue funk,' went on Carter, with an attempt at laughter, and added, much more faintly, 'Fate—you were right.'

Agnew gave a short, choking laugh. He had forgotten their conversation. 'Yes,' he returned, with a sort of spasm of merriment, 'the cursed thing is broken clean off—an inch above the button.' He started as a door banged somewhere below. 'Some one's come in,' he muttered, attaching the shoulder buttons.

'What?' exclaimed Carter, rousing himself; 'look here, they mustn't find me like this—you'll get into trouble—help me up.'

'No! no! you can't stand. Stop there and I'll send him for a doctor.'

'Nonsense—there's nothing much wrong—only the shock. I'll drive home and no one will know—otherwise they'll say it wasn't an accident—because of her, you know. Give me a

hand.' And setting his teeth he scrambled painfully to his feet, and stood uncertainly with Agnew's arms round him. The footsteps, which had paused on the landing below, were now briskly mounting the last flight of stairs

'You can't stand,' reiterated Agnew in despair; 'it's madness, and what *does* it matter?'

But Carter paid no heed.

'I'll sit in the corner there—switch off that light—he won't see—you send him off sharp.' It was sorely against Agnew's better judgment, but there was no time to argue. Together they got to the bench in the recess by the gas-stove. Carter sank down on it at once, with his back to the door, trying, as Agnew could see before he turned off the light above him, to refasten his jacket with one hand. Agnew had scarcely withdrawn his hand from the switch before the door opened, and revealed the smiling face of M. Leblanc, the club fencing-master. Hardly knowing what he did, Agnew took a few steps towards him.

'Ah! bon jour, messieurs,' said the Frenchman gaily; 'vous faites donc assaut?'

'Yes,' answered Agnew, and tried to add something else, but his tongue was dry against his palate.

'Bon. Mais M. Carter, qu'est-ce qu'il a?'

'Carter? Nothing, he's—resting.'

They both cast a glance in the direction of the dimly seen figure in the corner; not so dimly seen but that the significance of his attitude must, thought Agnew, be very apparent.

'Tiens! Il a l'air d'être bien fatigué,' commented M. Leblanc.

'I'm all right,' said Carter hastily, in a strange, breathless voice, without moving.

Agnew was silent. He heard the Frenchman say something about his being a tiring opponent, and the remark, to his own surprise, filled him again with spasmodic mirth. He was amazed to find himself laughing.

'Voulez-vous,' continued Leblanc, 'que j'y reste pour vous rectifier?'

'No,' stammered Agnew, 'no, not to-day.'

'No, no,' joined in Carter, half turning his head, 'no, you make us nervous. Besides,' he added, half to himself, 'I don't know that we shall go on.'

Agnew shivered. The situation was unbearable. If Leblanc would not go at once he must tell him. The light shone on

the tense knuckles of the hand with which Carter was gripping the seat.

'Ah, voilà!' laughed Leblanc, 'décidément je m'en vais.' He took a few steps towards the door, and, as he turned in going to bestow a parting glance on Agnew, standing like a statue in the centre of the room, his foot struck against the hilt of his foil. Agnew sprang forward, but it was too late; the Frenchman had picked it up.

'A qui ce fleuret?' he asked, holding it up. 'On ne doit pas les laisser——' He stopped with an audible catch of the breath, for his eye had run along the blade to the smeared and broken point.

Agnew was speechless; he formed his lips to say, 'It broke,' but no sound came. The two men stared at each other, the same horror looking from the eyes of each. Yet Agnew knew that Carter had heard, had turned his head to look. He saw him rise stumblingly from his seat, steady himself by one hand against the wall, and then, by a supreme effort of will, come straight and even quickly into the glare of the electric light. He himself did not stir a finger, but Leblanc, visibly very anxious, dropped the broken weapon and came hastily back. And Carter stood for a moment with the light beating down on his fair crisp hair and ashy face, one arm across his body and a white smile on his lips.

'M. Leblanc,' he said slowly, looking from one to the other, 'it was an——' He stopped as though seeking the word, put his hand to his throat, lurched suddenly towards them, and, slipping through the little fencing-master's outstretched arms, fell forward at Agnew's feet.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Several other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

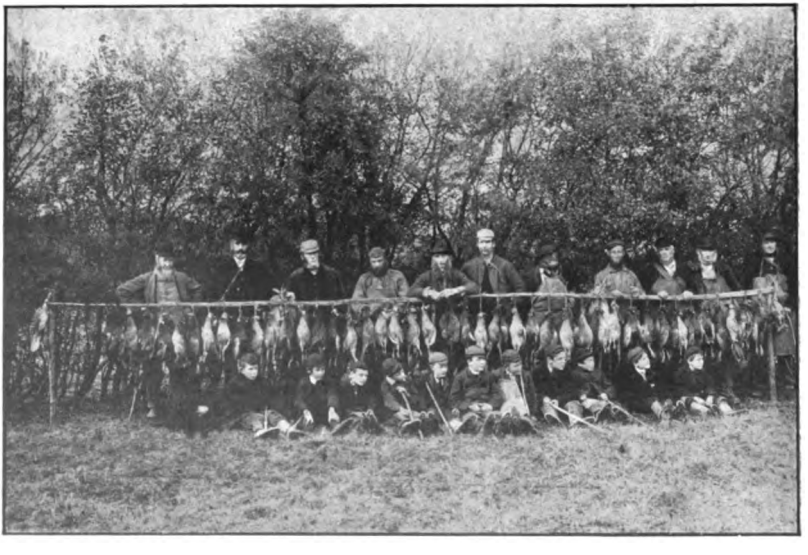
The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE SEPTEMBER COMPETITION

The Prize in the September competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. G. A. Miller, H.M. Yacht *Osborne*, Portsmouth; Dr. C. St. John Wright, Felsted, Essex; Mr. Edward Brett, Crouch Hill; Major C. Rich, Rawal Pindi, India; Miss N. Broughton, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.; Mr. F. H. Hutton, Lincoln; Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington; Capt. W. M. Thompson, R.E., Carlisle; Capt. W. Southey, Karachi, India; and Mr. W. Johnson, Cheltenham. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

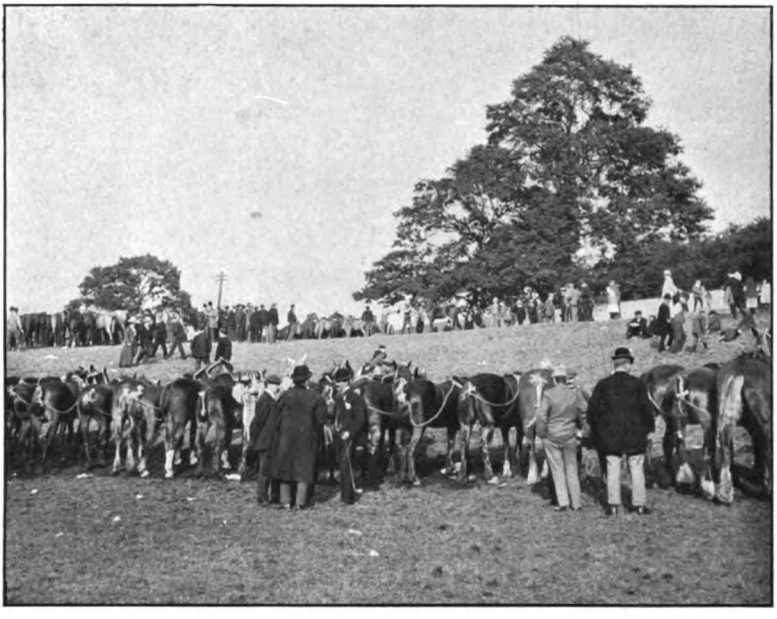
THE START OF THE 40-TONNERS, COWES REGATTA, 1902

Photograph by Mr. Grenville A. Miller, H.M. Yacht 'Osborne,' Portsmouth



BEFORE LUNCH

Photograph by Dr. C. St. John Wright, Felsted, Essex



BARNET HORSE FAIR, SEPTEMBER 1902

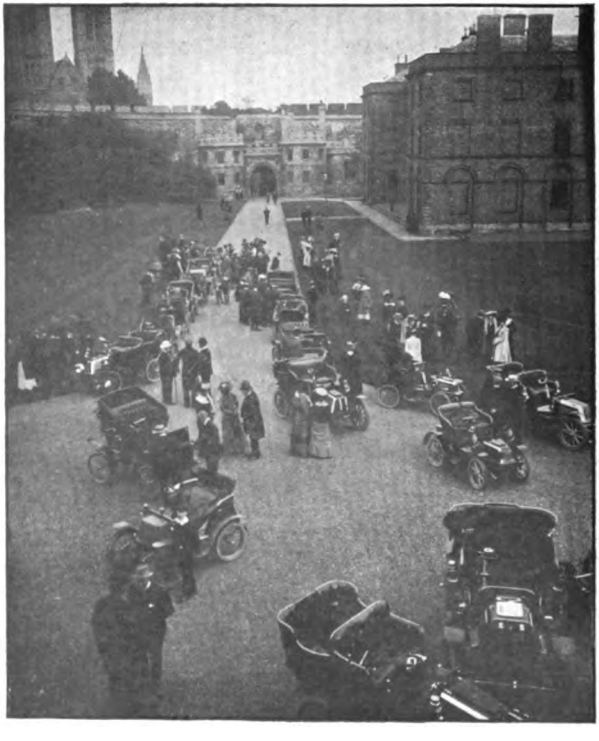
Photograph by Mr. Edward Brett, Crouch Hill

JUMPING BY SECTIONS

Photograph by Major C. Rich, Rawal Pindi, India

H.M. THE KING'S FLOCK OF WILD GOATS IN WINDSOR PARK. THE REGIMENTAL GOATS ARE SUPPLIED FROM THIS FLOCK

Photograph by Miss N. Broughton, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.

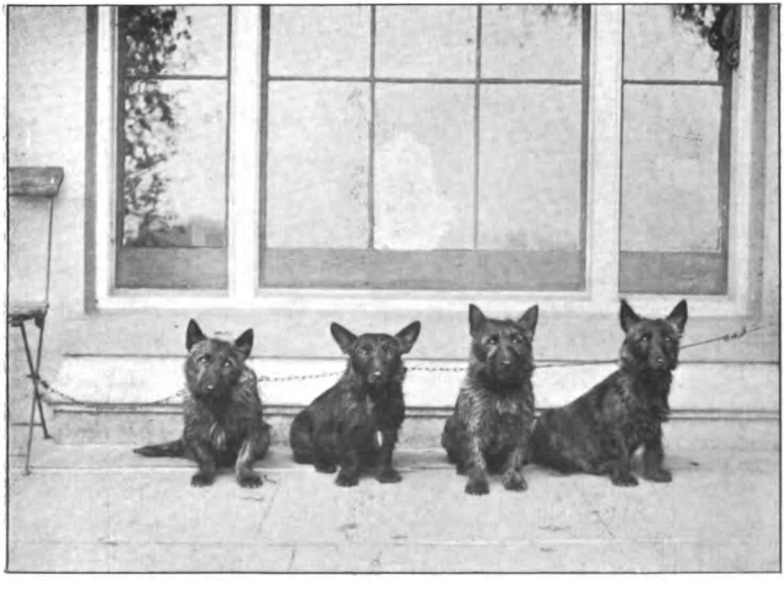


MEET OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE AUTOMOBILE CLUB AT LINCOLN

Photograph by Mr. F. H. Hutton, Lincoln

BARNET HORSE FAIR

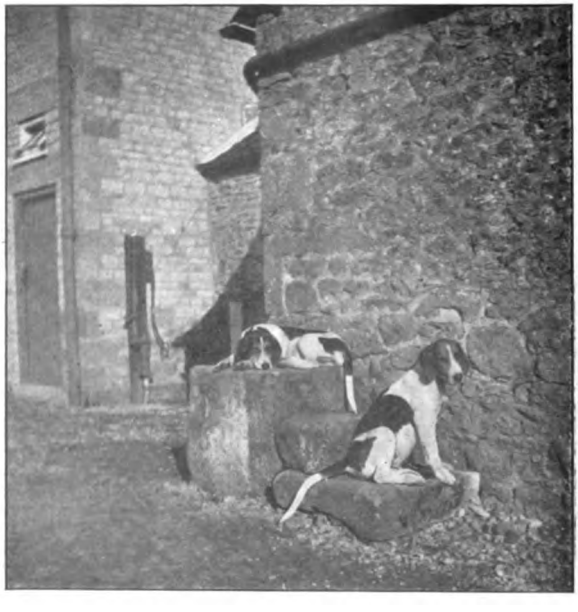
Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington



MISS MURIEL PARSONS' ABERDEEN TERRIERS

Photograph by the Owner, East Grinstead

HORSES OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND HUSSARS (YEOMANRY) WATERING
Photograph by Miss Minnie Hopkins, Grimstone Manor, York



RANTIPOLE AND NECTAR, PUPPIES OF THE SOUTH AND WEST WILTS HUNT
Photograph by Miss Mabel Lewis, Zeals, Bath

MEET OF LORD HUNTINGDON'S HOUNDS AT LISDOWNEY, CO. KILKENNY

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down

NATIVES DIVING FOR COINS AT ST. VINCENT, CAPE DE VERDE ISLANDS

Photograph by Captain W. M. Thompson, R.E., Carlisle

MINDEN DAY SPORTS OF THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT—OBSTACLE RACE

Photograph by Captain W. Southey, 27th Baluch. L.I., Karachi, India

SALMON NETTING IN THE RIVER USK

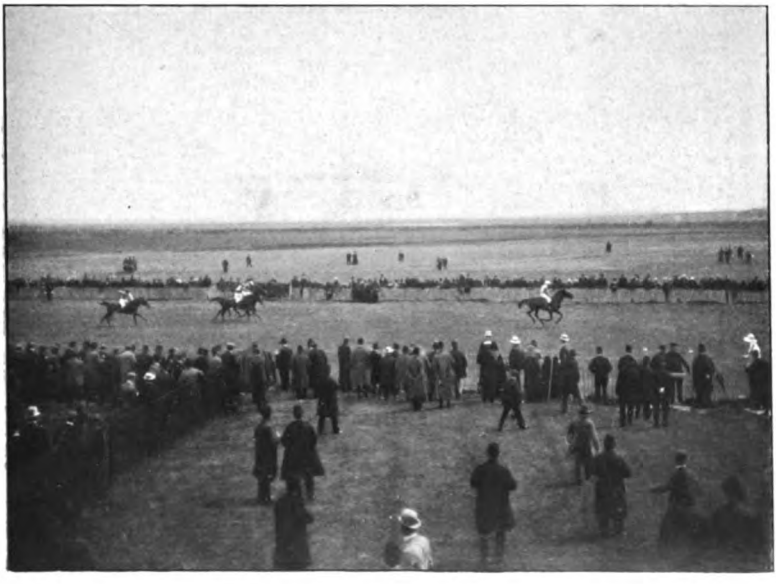
Photograph by Mr. W. Johnson, Cheltenham

CHINAMEN LAUNCHING THEIR FISHING-BOATS AT WEI-HEI-WEI

Photograph by Mr. P. R. Heycock, Lieut. R.M.A., H.M.S. 'Albion,' China Station

ON THE DINNET MOOR

Photograph by Miss Harvey, Carnousie, N.B.



MR. J. G. BULTEEL'S NORTH SEA WINNING AT PORTSMOUTH PARK, MAY 19, 1902

Photograph by Mr. L. K. Rayner, Maida Vale, W.

WINNER OF GUIDES' RACE, GRASMERE SPORTS, 1902

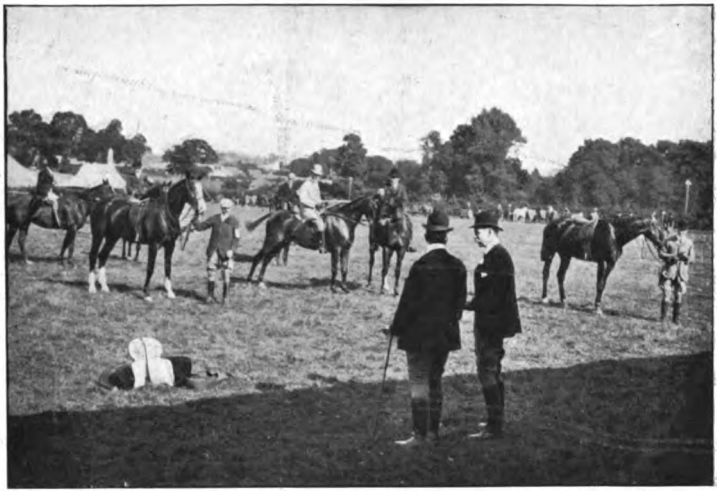
Photograph by Miss M. Stewart, Southport

COUNTY LIMERICK FOXHOUNDS

Photograph by Miss Leahy, Lickadoon, Limerick

MRS. JOHN CARDELL OF TREBULYNE, A WINNER AT THE NEWQUAY HORSE SHOW, AUGUST 1902

Photograph by Mr. E. Griffiths, St. Columb



JUDGING HUNTERS AT THE THAME SHOW, SEPTEMBER 1902

Photograph by Miss Mabel Thomson, Woodperry, Oxford

BREAKING-IN A BUCKJUMPER

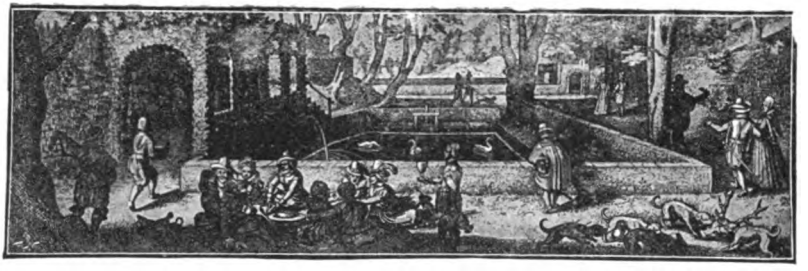
Photograph by Rev. Richard Griffiths, M.A., Doverow House, Glos.

ARD PATRICK.

From an Oil Painting by C. W. Gabriel.

THE COLOURED PICTURES

THE picture of Ard Patrick is from an original painting by Mr. Charles W. Gabriel. What position the son of St. Florian and Morganette occupies in the ranks of Derby winners is a much disputed point, indeed, very great differences of opinion exist on the subject. When he beat Royal Lancer on the occasion of his first appearance he was in receipt of 13 lbs., and won a head; on their second meeting Ard Patrick, with only 3 lbs. the best of the weights, beat the colt again two lengths and a neck; but at that time there is reason to suppose that the son of Royal Hampton and Lightfoot was not at his best, as he made a very poor show behind Glass Jug and Fowling Piece in his subsequent effort. This season Ard Patrick began with a moderate show in the Two Thousand Guineas, the excuse being made for him that he was not ready, though it is to be noted that he started practically as good a favourite as anything else—4 to 1 Sceptre, 9 to 2 Ard Patrick. He next failed to give Royal Ivy 21 lbs.; but in the Derby the bad luck which clings to mares affected the filly, the Newmarket running was reversed, and Ard Patrick won, not, however, as many observers thought, disposing of Rising Glass so easily as Sceptre disposed of him in the St. Leger. Meantime he had beaten Fowling Piece a head and been disqualified for bumping, and just afterwards Cupbearer (in receipt of 15 lbs.) had beaten him three-quarters of a length at Ascot, and an objection being made, this time Ard Patrick was awarded the stakes. His only other race was the Jockey Club Stakes, when Rising Glass (8 st. 13 lbs.) beat him (9 st. 5 lbs.) by eight lengths, 'not ready' being again the excuse. He has, therefore, won in all four races in nine attempts. 'Off' is an illustration of a start from the 'gate' which is regarded by some as a blessing to the Turf, and by others as altogether the reverse. We do not purpose here to enter into the never-ending argument. That starts are often tediously delayed, that, furthermore, they are often very bad, and that not a few horses have an invincible and ineradicable objection to the machine is not to be denied. The other two pictures, 'Full Cry' and 'Old Coaching Days,' are from original paintings by J. N. Sartorius and H. Alken, neither of which needs description.



NOTES

BY 'RAPIER

If a statement I came upon the other day in an old sporting magazine be correct, racehorses have increased remarkably in size since the early years of the century. The volume in question is dated 1826, and contains the height of seventy-two animals, sons and daughters of the famous sires of the day. One of these—I gather that they are all three, four, five or more years old—was 15 hands 2 inches; two of them were exactly 15 hands; of the remainder, thirty-one were under 14 hands 1 inch, and nineteen more under 14 hands—one 13 hands and 1⅞ inch, for the measurements were to the eighth of an inch, a fact which seems to suggest accuracy and care. I was discussing the matter at Newmarket the other day with Mr. James Lowther and his trainer, who were naturally surprised, as I think the reader will be; and Mr. Lowther suggested that possibly measurements were made differently three-quarters of a century ago. I have always understood, however, that the height of a horse used to be taken in the same way, to the top of the withers, and the only reason for supposing anything else was that almost all the bearers of these silks and satins of the Turf must have been ponies.

I have been trying to figure this matter out, or at any rate to obtain some guide to the subject, by looking at old pictures. In Mr. Taunton's "Famous Horses" there is a picture of Gimcrack, painted by George Stubbs, and the question arises whether he was exceptionally small, for his size is given as 'just over 14 hands,' as would, indeed, be guessed if the groom who

is holding him was an ordinary sized man. The hollow of the horse's back is about on a line with the groom's armpit. Silver Locks (a deplorable-looking animal, by the way) is held by a jockey who could easily have stretched his arm horizontally over the horse's withers; but of course one does not know how tall this jockey may have been. Middleton, on the contrary, is held by a little man whose tall hat would barely have appeared above the saddle had he stood on the side of the horse further from the spectator; but he again may have been exceptionally short. There is a picture of a race for the Doncaster Cup, in which the competitors (equine), and particularly the animal leading, appear to be the merest ponies, but there is reason to doubt the accuracy of these early draughtsmen. It is a pity that the heights of more of these old horses are not given, but, as just remarked, we have Gimcrack a trifle over 14 hands, and it is on record that Little Wonder, who won the Derby in 1840, was barely 14 hands 2 inches. More than one horse of late years has considerably exceeded 17 hands in height, and on the whole it certainly seems that horses are much bigger to-day than they used to be.

In the same volume (for 1826) I find also complaints of the wildness of partridges and the difficulty of approaching them. Most of us have supposed that this difficulty was of comparatively recent date, and due to the employment of scientific agricultural machines. In former days, when crops were often cut with reaping-hooks, and the stubbles were long, I had always imagined that birds could, as a rule, be approached to a convenient distance, and that this accounted for the remarkable proportion of 'kills to cartridges' which we find recorded, —of course the expression 'cartridge' must here be taken to mean charge, cartridges not having been invented. One is always inclined to wonder what sort of practice Colonel Hawker and some of the crack shots of his day would have made at driven partridges; though considering how well they managed with woodcocks, snipe, and ducks, there seems little doubt that they would have held their own in comparison with the best men of our time. On this question of kills to cartridges, to which I have devoted so much space, a correspondent who has been reading former volumes of the magazine writes, rather scorning the idea of the thirty per cent. which Lord Walsingham described as a fair proportion for an average good shot. Several men of his acquaintance, my correspondent, declares, habitually

kill at least fifty per cent., and some, he is sure, well over fifty. His assertion seems to be rather based on general impressions than on careful calculation, 'I am sure,' 'I feel convinced,' 'there can really be no doubt,' being vague phrases. At easy pheasants even moderate shots may well kill a good many more than they miss, may, indeed, miss few, and if partridges lie well a man may readily make a flattering score when walking them up. Lord Walsingham's exact words were: 'Sixty in a hundred is good shooting throughout any day, but thirty is nearer the mark with most good shots if you take the season through, allowing for a fair proportion of wild game.' I have gone so fully into the matter in past numbers that I will not dilate upon it, merely adding that if anybody knows more of shooting than Lord Walsingham I should be glad to hear his name.

It is strange how greatly racing has altered of late. A friend of mine, a regular race-goer, who has been abroad for three or four years, went to Kempton the other day, and looked round in wonder. Everywhere there were new faces and changes. To the starting-gate he objected on the ground that it took such a long time to get the horses off, that several starts were very bad, and in some cases horses did not get off at all. Bridge was left, so was Bucklebury, and others lost lengths when the barrier was raised in other races. Of the many jockeys who rode during the two days, Mornington Cannon and S. Loates were absolutely the only two he knew by sight! It is curious to note how fifteen or twenty years ago the same jockeys came to the fore in race after race. Take the first three in the various events at Ascot in 1882. Thus they ran: Fordham, Luke, C. Wood; Fordham, C. Wood, E. Martin; C. Wood, Fordham, Lemaire; Rossiter, Lemaire, J. Osborne; Archer, E. Martin, C. Wood; Luke, C. Wood, Martin; Osborne, Archer. T. Cannon, C. Wood, Lemaire; Lemaire, Watts, C. Wood; Archer, Osborne, Rossiter; Fordham, Osborne, Barrett; Lemaire, Morgan, Archer; Wyatt, C. Wood, Fordham; Archer, T. Cannon, Webb; Cannon, E. Martin, Archer; Fordham, Huxtable, Osborne; Archer, Lemaire, Fordham; Lemaire, Archer, Luke; Barrett, Archer; Archer, T. Cannon, Loates; Fordham, Cannon, Barrett; Watts, Cannon, Archer; Archer, Luke, Barrett; Fordham, Wood, Loates; Cannon, w.o. on Shotover. Four years later the races at Ascot were won by Archer, Watts, Woodburn, Barrett, Archer, Watts, Webb; Archer, Woodburn, Woodburn, Loates,

Barrett, T. Cannon, Wood; Archer, Archer, T. Cannon, Wood, Barrett, Barrett, Archer; Wood, Archer, Wilton—a new name—Barrett, Barrett, Watts. I take this latter year at random. The same state of things was found season after season, for the whole business of racing was in a much narrower compass. Things were opened out first by the arrival of American jockeys and trainers, and subsequently by the 5 lb. apprentice allowance. Men of experience in Turf affairs know what weight means. To the outsider it seems marvellous that 5 lb.—80 ounces—should make such an enormous difference to a powerful thoroughbred horse trained to perfection, a mass of muscle, in the plenitude of health and strength. But it is simply and solely the advantage of carrying those 80 ounces less than is put up by jockeys who are out of their apprenticeship that has brought to the front J. E. Watts, Griggs, Dixon, Trigg, Miller, the two Dillons, C. Escott, Purkiss, and other lads who had never been heard of a few months ago, preceded as they were by Hardy, Childs, Gibson, the Aylins, C. Loates, Bray, and the rest whose faces were all so strange to my friend at Kempton.

The story is current that when the Duke of Portland saw William the Third he instructed the manager of his stud to get rid of Gravity on the ground that the dam of such a wretched little animal was not worth keeping. The Duke is an excellent judge of foals, and the circumstance shows how far astray the best authorities may go in their estimate of young horses. Sir James Miller was equally disgusted with Black Sand, never dreaming that the mean-looking little creature could ever possibly win a race. William the Third is not a beauty now, but that he is a very good, and perhaps even a 'great' horse seems certain, and I wonder how much more he is worth at present than he would have made had he been offered for sale after finishing fifth to Exedo, Osboch, Zip, and Champagne on the occasion of his first appearance at Newmarket? All famous animals have detractors—it is a penalty of fame—and it may not have been an extraordinary achievement, as adverse critics of William like to point out, to have cantered away from Osboch in the Ascot Cup and the Alexandra Plate, even giving 10 lb. in the latter race; but La Camargo and Chéri, both strongly fancied, were also behind him; and, moreover, in winning as he did he merely accomplished what was confidently expected of him by his trainer, John Porter, who knows as well as any one living what a good horse is.

A pamphlet issued by the Berlin Photographic Company to announce Miss Maud Earl's 'British Hounds and Gun Dogs,' twenty-four photogravures after original paintings by the artist, contains a eulogy of the work. As a rule such advertisements are to be distrusted, but in this case the praise is nothing more than a just appreciation, as may indeed be judged by the few miniature reproductions of the pictures which the little pamphlet contains. The fidelity of Miss Earl's portraiture is nothing short of marvellous, and it is, indeed, far more than portraiture. As Mr. William Arkwright, the writer of the notice, declares, here the sportsman 'sees not only the correct presentments of typical heads, but also, in many instances, the shadowy suggestions of the mind of the dog whilst in pursuance of his duties.' It is here, indeed, that Miss Earl's extraordinary gift appears. Her sympathy with dogs, I presume, makes her to see more in them than is apparent to the ordinary observer, and she is able to realise and make plain what she sees. Dogs of all sorts appeal to her equally, and the one thing I defy any one to say is which is the best of the series. You think there cannot be a better than the one you are looking at until you begin to study the next. My own keen admiration of Miss Maud Earl's work will be judged by the fact that I have begged her to paint an original picture, a copy of which, reproduced in a manner worthy of the original, I hope in the course of the coming year to present to readers of this magazine.

I must confess to being far from well versed in fishing lore, and the method of enabling the angler *de prendre du poisson en quantité* may not be new to others as it is to me. I take it from a Brussels paper, and the writer describes it as being *aussi simple que curieuse et ingénieuse*. Perhaps, too, it is considered really sporting in Belgium. You first of all get a bottle of white glass, fill it with water, and put in likewise worms and insects. You then carefully cork it, *de façon qu'ils ne puissent s'échapper*. The next thing is to tie a piece of string round the neck and throw it into a running stream, where the movement of the water affects the bottle. Indiscreet fish, according to the writer, are attracted in crowds. They *circuleront avidement autour*, thinking, poor creatures, ignorant of the deceptive properties of glass, that here is a meal provided for them. For some strange reason, however, they cannot get at it, and, annoyed at not being able to reach the worms and insects which excite their appetites, will eagerly take almost any bait that they can reach.

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The Badminton Magazine

MASTERS OF THEIR ARTS

XII. FALCONRY

BY THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES

IF antiquity by itself constituted the chief claim for the popularity of any sport, falconry would at the present day rank among the principal amusements of the sportsmen of the twentieth century. The literature of sport, from Saxon times up to the seventeenth century, consists mainly of books on hawking combined with hunting; nor are these works merely superficial sketches of the art on the other hand, the whole subject is gone into with a care and an attention to detail that leaves nothing to be desired by the modern students of this most difficult and technical branch of sport. But these treatises, ancient and musty as they are, deal after all with but a modern development of falconry after its transplantation to Europe from the East, its original home, where it has to this day retained its hold as the principal sport of the great landed proprietors. Far more ancient than any European books are the old Persian manuscripts and history, and so far as England is concerned there is abundant record of the sport in Saxon times.

At the date of the Conquest it was the leading pursuit. Domesday book contains accounts of many grants to this or to that 'falconer' as well as notes which indicate what indispensable servants they were to Royal personages of that date. For several centuries the sport held its pride of place. To what circumstances then is its downfall as a popular amusement to be attributed?

In the first place the invention of the fowling-piece had a good deal to do with the matter. Before these weapons were devised and brought to some rude perfection, a falconer with hawks of some kind—whether long or short winged in species—was a necessary adjunct to the household in order to keep the larder well stocked with game. But with the advent of the fowling-piece, and still more with the invention of the 'art of shooting flying,' the necessity for the trained hawk and the falconer as one of the dependents of the household ceased to have its ancient force. It was only when the Lord of the Manor had a personal affection for the sport that the 'news' retained its position.

Extracts from the famous 'Hunstanton Hall' accounts which Mr. L'Estrange has kindly supplied show how important a part trained hawks played in a domestic establishment of the sixteenth century. Thus on November 19, 1519, we find the note of 'a fesant killed w^t^ ye goshawke,' and so on almost daily up to January 1520. So also in 1527; throughout September is the recurring entry of 'Two partriches killed w^t^ ye sparhawke,' which seems to have been good for a brace a day. Later in the year we find five and six 'partriches killed w^t^ ye hawkes,' so that the little sparhawke must have had assistance from her larger congeners. But contemporarily with the use of the fowling-piece came the reclamation and enclosure of land for improved agriculture. Farms were now set out where open heaths and downs previously existed. The increased breeding of stock led to the enclosure of fields to confine them. Planting was largely resorted to both for the better shelter of cultivated lands, and for the amenities of rural life and improvement of the demesne lands around the various stately country houses which were springing up all over England. Each of these things, excellent in itself was an additional nail in the coffin of falconry; a sport which can only be followed in the most open of country and amongst the wildest surroundings. Thus many a country gentleman who might have taken great delight, had opportunity served, in the favourite sport of his ancestors, found that its pursuit was impossible

under the altered conditions of his estate. Gradually one generation succeeded another to whom falconry was but a name. The sport was, as in the present day, only practicable in particular corners of England and Scotland—that is to say, upon the downs of the South of England, the wolds of Yorkshire (but that only up to a hundred years ago at which period they were enclosed and ploughed up), and the moors of Scotland and the North of England. Game was scarce on downs and wolds, and the Dutch falconers, with their passage hawks trained to the flight at the heron and the rook, were not imported till the days of Colonel Thornton and Lord Orford in the latter part of the eighteenth century. To such an extent had falconry in England died away that a hundred, or even seventy, years ago the practice of the art depended upon a few Dutch falconers imported for the purpose and on a certain number of Scotch families. Many years after falconry had become rare in England a falconer was attached to Scotch households often enough. There were generally open moors—or at least mosses—where falconry could be practised and there was plenty of game to fly at; and the Scotch falconers played a very important part in maintaining the port from the days of the Stuarts till the middle of the nineteenth century.

But during all these years the art has never been lost, the sport has never been extinct. Confined to a comparatively small band of enthusiasts, it has not only been maintained but has advanced with the times. Modern exigencies have produced modern improvements. More facile communication with our Eastern possessions has introduced Eastern methods to be engrafted on the old Scotch and Dutch practice. Perhaps falconry, though never more difficult to practice, has never been better understood than now, in the twentieth century. The scarcity of the heron and of ground on which to fly him has led to the introduction of the sea-gull as a quarry in no respect second to the heron. Although the variety of quarry is limited, yet the skill learnt from our Indian falconers has enabled us to train the wild caught falcon, and to render her as tame as the hand-reared eyess, while her superior powers of flight greatly enlarge the purposes to which she can be put; and in these and other ways falconry has adapted itself more or less to the altered conditions in which it is now placed.

In ancient times many varieties of hawks were used in falconry; sacres, lanners, gerfalcons, hobbies, even kestrels were all employed, and in some old works even allotted to persons of different ranks. The list is greatly reduced now. Almost all practical

hawking is done with the peregrine. Whether the objects of pursuit be game birds and wild fowl of any description, or birds of ringing flight, such as the rook, gull, or heron, the peregrine is the falconer's mainstay so far as European falconry is concerned; and with the goshawk for killing ground game he may be considered fully equipped. In the East matters are different; there is a far greater variety of quarry to be flown at than can be found in this country. Consequently hawks of different kinds, and of the second class in regard of merit, can be employed. Here the choice of quarry is limited to grouse and partridges for game, with occasional chances at wild ducks. For the quarry of the 'high mountee' we have only rooks and gulls, and now and then a heron. It will be found in practice that only very good hawks can kill grouse, regularly, after September 10, or partridges (except in very open country), after October 10. Gulls can only be taken by hawks of the highest class, and, though rooks in the autumn or in moderate country are not a very difficult quarry to take, yet if flown as they should be on the open downs in the spring, and taken "on passage," that is to say on their flight from one place to another, they will be found to tax the powers of all but the very best of hawks. Hence, in England there is no room for any but hawks of the highest class. An occasional lanner or gerfalcon may be trained as a *tour de force*. Grouse and magpies have been taken by the writer with an Indian shahin (*F. Babylonicus*), but though there is no doubt about the power of wing of these varieties, especially in their own countries, they have not been found sufficiently trustworthy to be used with success at British quarry and in the British climate, and whatever experiments may be made in the way of training what a famous professional once described as 'menagerie hawks,' it will always be found necessary to fall back on the peregrine as the mainstay.

A great deal of amusement can be obtained by training the smaller hawks, such as the merlin and the sparrow-hawk, to take in the one case larks, in the other blackbirds and thrushes or even smaller birds, though a good sparrow-hawk can take partridges well enough. The flight at the lark with merlins is often a very beautiful one, the hawks ringing, not infrequently, clean out of sight in the air. The little hawks are very tractable and their training is simple enough; but they are very delicate and can seldom be kept to work for a second season. Sparrow-hawks are more difficult to train and require much more patience; but a great deal can be done with them, and wonderful scores have been made by their aid. The use of these little hawks is rather like

playing on a miniature billiard-table. It is capital fun—wonderful breaks can be made and strokes effected that would be quite outside the player's ability on a full-sized table—but though excellent amusement, it is hardly the genuine thing pretty as it is, and no greater mistake can be made than that of taking the management of these hawks and the successes obtained with them as a guide for the more serious business of training the larger varieties of hawk.

Peregrines may be divided into two classes, each containing falcons and tiercels; that is to say, hand-reared hawks taken from the nest, termed eyesses, and wild caught hawks, taken after they have been preying for themselves at large for at the least several months—often for two or three years: these are termed passage hawks, and the older ones haggards.

The eyesses were the kind most frequently used by our ancestors in this country. Although the passage hawk was by no means unknown, yet she had generally to be imported from abroad, and communication was difficult and expensive compared to present times. On the other hand, peregrines bred on most of the sea cliffs of these islands, and on many an inland crag besides. There are many such eyries, some of them now historical. To this day the falcons breed on the Culver Cliff in the Isle of Wight, an eyrie which Queen Elizabeth reserved for her own particular use. Within the last twenty years the writer has trained a falcon of the highest class, taken from the same cliff that Elizabeth's hawks came from. In fact, the peregrine would be common enough if unmolested, and thanks to the general feeling in favour of Wild Birds' Preservation, and the action adopted by various local authorities, their chances of breeding are greatly increased. They would be infinitely better were it not for the dangers threatened by the proceedings of egg and skin collectors, so-called naturalists, who are the most dangerous and unscrupulous enemies that bird life in England has to fear nowadays. At any rate, at the present time it is not very difficult to procure a nest of young peregrines. Rearing them is easy enough—good nourishing food such as tender beef and plenty of it is the first requisite, and the second is to so give the food in such a manner that the young eyesses see as little of the man bringing their meal as possible.

It is very often supposed by the inexperienced person that the education and reclaiming of hawks should be started when they are very young. This is a great mistake. The first and most necessary proceeding is to instil into these innocents

as much as is possible of the wild hawk's nature, and secondly, all that can be taught of its power of flight. If the young hawks are always handled and fed by a man they will become entirely dependent on him for the means of existence. They will start the objectionable practice of screaming directly they catch sight of a human being, just as in the wild state they would answer the distant cry of their mother when she returned bearing their food to the eyrie. It is desirable to conceal from them as far as can possibly be done the fact that they owe their meals to human aid. For the second lesson to be learnt, that of gaining powers of flight akin to those of the wild hawk, a system called 'the hack' is employed. It merely consists in allowing the young hawks complete liberty as soon as they can fly at all. So long as their food is placed in some open spot, well known to them, they will return to it morning and evening, and so long as they do this and take a full meal at each visit they will get into no serious mischief. Gradually they acquire strength of wing as they circle into the clouds, stooping at one another, and at anything else that they see, racing and chasing like so many puppies at play. Obviously an open, rather wild, country is necessary for this, and one, too, where no person who has the right to use a gun will molest them within a range of several miles. Presently one or two of the most forward begin to be somewhat irregular at mealtimes. It is a symptom that the wild nature is beginning to develop, and that the truant has learned the art of killing some wild quarry or other for itself.

It is then time to begin the serious business of training, and an instrument called the bow-net is brought into play. This is the same device as that by which the wild 'passage hawks' are caught, and is nothing more than a circular net, one half of which is attached to a bow of hazel in such a manner that a pull from a long string, led to a point some fifty yards away, will pull the net entirely over a piece of food securely pegged down just in its centre, and consequently over any hawk that may be feeding upon it. The hawks are carefully watched as they come in to feed, and the moment that the suspected individual is engaged on his dinner, one pull of the net renders him a captive. Jesses have been on his legs all the time he was flying at hack. A hood is clapped on to his head, a leash and swivel attached to the jesses, and he is at once put into training.

Merlins and hobbies if flown at hack are such gentle tame little things that much of this work is unnecessary with them. They are more or less trained from the first, and if hungry will at any time take perch on the head and arms of any person they recog-

nise as their feeder. They may just as well be fed from the first on the lure to which they are about to be used, and they can be kept out much longer at hack than peregrines. But a similar method of training will rarely answer well with the peregrine, and the wilder he can be made by long flying and efforts at wild quarry, the better he is likely to be.

The training and reclaiming of any hand-reared eyess is a mere bagatelle to any man who is capable of reclaiming the wild caught falcon, and no man can lay claim to the title of falconer who cannot do this. The training in question consists of constant carrying on the hand, gently handling and stroking the hooded bird till she gets accustomed to human touch and sounds. Very soon, in the case of the eyess, she ceases to regard them, and instead of starting at every touch or strange voice will feed contentedly on the hand when hooded. And when once this stage is reached it is not long before she will do the same bare-headed, then in a few days more she will take her meal on her owner's glove in the open air surrounded by strange persons, dogs, and horses. She is now fairly reclaimed ; she will jump to the fist from a few yards and is eager to take her position there in order to be fed. The next step is to introduce her to the lure. This may either be a dead bird, or a piece of wood so covered with wings as to resemble one, and garnished with pieces of meat so attached that the hawk can feed on them. A meal or two on the lure will so accustom her thereto that she will fly to it and seize it when thrown to a distance ; and when she will do this, she is fit to be trusted at large and ' called off ' from an assistant's hand for a distance of two to three hundred yards. As soon as she will come readily to the lure, and will not leave it on her master's approach, she is a trained hawk and can be entered to the quarry at which she is to be flown.

If that quarry is to be game, a little more training is required in order that she may learn to ' wait on ' as it is called. In order to achieve this, the lure is first swung so as to call the hawk from a distance ; but as she reaches the falconer it is picked up and temporarily concealed from the hawk. She will check her flight and rise in short circles round her master's head, hovering over him till she can get the prey she expects. Gradually the time is prolonged till she will wait in the air over the falconer for such a space of time, say, as would be occupied while a brace of setters beat an average sized field. In addition to this she must, to be effective, rise to a great height in the air, a couple of gun shots high at least ; for without this she cannot gain the impetus required to overtake so swift a bird as a grouse. But patience and experi-

ence will overcome these difficulties, and a well-trained game hawk working with equally well-trained dogs is a beautiful example of man's power over the animal creation.

A rather flat moor or sloping hill-side is the best for grouse hawking. Let the reader imagine a really first-class setter or pointer ranging on such a moor with all the speed and dash which such dogs exhibit. Suddenly round he comes as he catches the wind of birds and stiffens into one of those beautiful attitudes which indicate a certain find. At once the hood is removed from the hawk's head, and she is cast into the air. Having killed many grouse before this day she loses no time in gaining her pitch, and in less than three minutes is 'waiting on' in small circles at an elevation of three hundred feet over the pointing dog, whose business she understands just as well as any of the party. The falconer has spent these minutes in making a circle round the dog so as to head him and flush the grouse down wind over the dog when he deems the supreme moment has arrived. Dog and hawk watch him intently, ready to act at the moment he gives the signal. He gives it, and as he runs down to flush them, the dog dashes in, and the game rises. Now watch the hawk. With seeming deliberation she shuts her wings and shoots downwards like a large cricket ball from that great height at a speed which the eye can only just follow. Apparently falling just behind the rapidly fleeing grouse, she runs up to them as if they were motionless, with the impetus gained by her stoop, and in an instant has 'bound to' or seized the hindmost bird. Quietly the falconer walks up to his hawk and finds her bestriding the dead body of her captive. A few mouthfuls from the head and neck are sufficient to reward her, and in half an hour she will be ready to repeat the performance, and to do so three or four times in the course of the day if opportunities be given to her.

Obviously such docility as this argues a high pitch of education and a perfect familiarity with man and his surroundings. It is a work of time so to subdue the spirit of the wild caught hawk and to gain her confidence that she will conduct herself in the same manner as the hand-reared nestling. Yet if time and patience be allowed full play, the wild hawk, which has from her early bringing up acquired a greater stock of intelligence and experience, will in the long run prove more efficient than the eyess and equally obedient. Her power of wing is greater and her stoop more deadly by reason of the practice gained by years of wild flying. Nor is it by any means necessary to postpone the use of her services till such time as she has acquired the steadiness and docility needed for game hawking. There is many a flight to be obtained with

her ' out of the hood,' that is to say, directly at the quarry as it rises, and to such flights as these she may be entered as soon as she will come well to the lure and is broken to the hood and handled so as to be thoroughly tame. Game birds, it is true, with their short and rapid flight, cannot be overtaken by a hawk flown in this manner before they reach some covert or shelter from which in some form or other they are never far distant ; but the fine ringing flights of the *haute volée*, such as those at the heron, the rook, and the gull, are all open to the newly trained passage hawk ; and these are the cream of falconry. Heron hawking is difficult of attainment in this country. It requires a well-stocked heronry surrounded on all sides by open plains, and such a thing no longer exists in England. Occasionally herons can be taken easily enough as they rise from a brook or small pond ; but this is hardly good sport enough to make it worth while to reserve a trained hawk solely for it. Rook hawking as followed in the spring over the open downs is the modern substitute for heron hawking, and many a fine flight and lengthy gallop is enjoyed after this quarry. The line of flight is usually down wind to the nearest covert or to the rookery itself, and in the course thereof, much fine ringing in the air is often witnessed. Moreover, it is almost the only quarry that can be found in sufficient numbers to keep a good stud of falcons daily at work, and at the same time tax the powers of the very best passage falcons. Few eyesses are capable of showing first rate sport at rooks, especially in the wild weather that forms so much of an English spring time. Still, a few have proved equal to the flight.

Gull hawking is quite a modern development of falconry, and though it is difficult to succeed in, it is one of the finest flights that can be attempted ; so much so, that it seems a strange thing that our ancestors never trained their hawks to it. The first known record of successes in this line were those of the Rev. W. Willimott, in Cornwall, some thirty years ago. He had many fine flights at gulls with a passage falcon which his friend Major Fisher had failed to induce to enter to rooks, and with her he took herring-gulls. Subsequently the flight was taken up by that most able falconer Mr. St. Quintin, whose best sport was on the Yorkshire wolds, and with tiercels, mostly passage hawks, at the small black-headed and the common gull. The hawks of the Old Hawking Club have followed on the same lines and shown excellent sport in very recent times. Flights are readily obtainable when the gulls come inland to follow the ploughs, and gull hawking has the great advantage that, unlike other flights of the higher class, it can be followed in a comparatively wooded and enclosed country; for

the gull will take to no covert except water, generally seeking to outfly his pursuers in the upper regions of the air, and very often he succeeds in doing so. From small ponds or pieces of water he can be driven after being 'put in' to them; but anything like a river or a canal is fatal to the success of the flight if the gull once reaches it.

There is no more graceful and beautiful quarry at which to fly a hawk than the sea-gull, and no quarry will give higher ringing flights extending to long distances. The flight is well worthy the attention of all falconers.

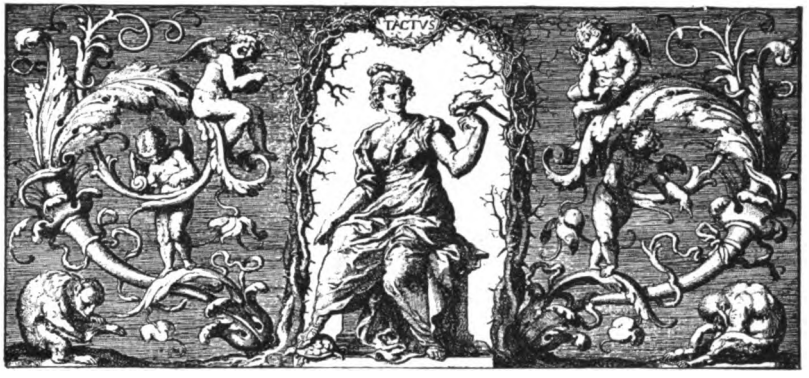
Much more might be written about this sport, so fascinating in itself and so prone to instil a love of its pursuit very deeply into the minds of those who once take it up. But space limits my account of other kinds of falconry. There is plenty to be said about the ringing flight at the skylark with the docile and even affectionate little merlin, or of the amusement which a country gentleman may obtain by making a well-trained goshawk the companion of his walks abroad, together with a handy spaniel. Any country will do for this variety of hawk; she may even be flown in a wood through which she will thread her way just like a woodcock. Almost any quarry that rises close at hand may be taken with her, for these hawks are not carried hooded, but bare-headed, and in readiness to dash off their master's hand the moment the game stirs. Rabbits and hares are most commonly flown at. A good goshawk will take twelve or fifteen rabbits easily in the course of a morning if the rabbits are sitting out in favourable places, such as rough old pasture fields. Hares are taken in the same manner, but only the more powerful and courageous female goshawks can hold an old hare. Pheasants both in and out of covert, wild fowl if they can be stalked and approached very nearly, anything in short that can be taken with one rapid dash, can be captured with a goshawk, and she will prove to be a delightful companion as well as a useful servant.

Even in this country there is considerable variety in the different phases of falconry. It is a sport that requires too much patience and watchfulness to be popular with the rank and file of modern sportsmen, and the amount of game that can be taken with hawks, however good they may be, is too small to appeal strongly to modern ideas; but those who derive pleasure from reclaiming and training birds of so wild and savage a disposition, and in whose eyes sport is inseparably combined with the study of natural history, find a peculiar fascination in falconry. Hence it is that the love of the pastime has endured for more generations than any other field sport in the world

GONE AWAY!

From an Oil Painting by J. F. Herring.

UNIV. OF MICH.



CENTRAL AFRICA BY A DISINTERESTED TRAVELLER

BY HERBERT F. DUPUIS

NOWADAYS when so much of the time and energy of our leisured classes is being devoted to travelling in the partially explored parts of the world, the following account of a very possible and interesting trip may be of use to some who are looking for a new outlet for their energies.

The journey, as the sequel will show, was from Mombassa, on the East Coast of Africa, to Lake Victoria and Uganda, thence down the Nile to Egypt and civilisation again. From Mombassa to Cairo took me exactly four months, and I think I am right in saying that so far it has never been done in less; but with no delays, and luck in hitting off a steamer when the Nile is reached, the time might doubtless be shortened. I would, however, advise any one who could spare the time to let it take very much more; in Africa time is reckoned of little value, and to see the country properly one should never grudge a few weeks spent at any point on the route where shooting may be obtained, or whence an instructive expedition may be made off the proposed route into the surrounding district.

If shooting be contemplated, and it doubtless would be, attention should be paid to the time of year, as in spite of anything said to the contrary you cannot shoot all the year round in Central Africa, except in a few favoured spots. Most

of the country grows a long wiry grass, and any one who has tried it will know how grass, if only waist high, detracts from the pleasure of shooting: you can't find the game so easily, and when found it is more difficult to work a satisfactory stalk; then if your animal gets away wounded, it is odds against your bagging it; to say nothing of the exhausting and heartbreaking drag on your feet as you tear through the tangle, while the seeds of the well-known spear grass add their drop to your cup of woe.

The grass, however, gets all burnt off every year, from December to May shooting may be done in comfort, and this being the dry season the game is to a great extent restricted to the vicinity of water. During the rest of the year shooting in the Upper Nile district can only be had under conditions that make it hardly worth the candle. The plains of East Africa by the Athi river and up to the Man escarpment are not affected to the same extent, the climate being colder and not so forcing the same length and luxuriance of growth is not produced; in these parts shooting can be enjoyed at any time, but north of Uganda up the Nile banks, where there are, I expect, more elephants to be found than in any other part of Africa, should be worked in the early months of the year.

There are many difficulties put in the way of sportsmen by the authorities with a view to preserving the game; no doubt it is necessary, and the motive has my entire sympathy, still the fee charged for a shooting licence, viz., £50 in the Uganda and East African Protectorate, cannot but strike one as too high. The licence-holder may shoot two bull elephants, two rhino, two ostriches, two zebra, etc. etc., a restricted number only of each animal being allowed; moreover, certain animals are absolutely protected and may not be shot under any circumstances, among these are giraffe, the mountain zebra, eland, etc. These restrictions greatly limit the pleasure to be got out of shooting, and without this licence not even antelope may be shot. In the Soudan again, under whose regulations you come a few miles north of Gondokoro, different rules exist. The cost of a licence is only £25, and for this you were allowed to shoot among other things six elephants, but on each elephant killed a further royalty of £8 was taken. I believe, however, this rule has lately been altered, and now only two elephants are allowed. Two giraffes may be shot here, and zebras may not. A man is not allowed to take out more than one licence in the year; but there is nothing to prevent him taking out one

in East Africa, and having shot all he may there he can come into Soudan territory and take out a licence there. In this way he can get a double allowance of game, and could easily do it in a season. Apart from the shooting there is not much to do or see except for the lover of etymology, though the ever-varying types of natives are almost as interesting as the wild animals, from which they do not greatly differ.

The expenses of such a journey, of course, can be as large as one chooses to make them. In my case, however, doing myself thoroughly well, but not luxuriously, my expenses, including purchase of tents and outfit, other than guns, etc., did not exceed 1300*s.*, or about £90, from the coast to Gondokoro. This did not, of course, include a shooting licence, but otherwise everything.

Much heavier expenses are incurred to the north : £30 for a passage by steamer from Gondokoro to Khartoum, and £3 10*s.* for each servant—and you require two servants—and about £15 for the train from Khartoum to Cairo—£52 in all, which adds to the cost of the trip considerably. These charges only cover the actual travelling, and on board the steamer, as also on the train, you have to provide your own food and servants, and nothing can be bought until Wady Halfa is reached, where, on the river-steamer to Assuan, there are good messing arrangements, and thence—'refreshment-rooms!'

On leaving Mombassa, which I did on June 20, you can travel by the Uganda Railway now very nearly to the Lake Victoria Nyanza; I was able to get to within 100 miles of the lake, the railway having been completed for about 500 miles of its length. This is a four days' rail journey, and the traveller must not forget that he must make all arrangements for his messing for that time, as refreshment-rooms 'are not' on that line yet. Much of the scenery along the railway route is uninteresting, but there is much to be seen that I imagine cannot now be seen in any other part of the world. For some time, I believe, in the early days of the railway, there was no restriction put on shooting, consequently the railway employés, and even passengers, were continually firing from the carriage windows at the game, with the natural result that the animals became very wary, and declined to show themselves more than they could help. Then the authorities wisely and humanely forbade the practice of firing from the train, and further made it unlawful to shoot anything, lions excepted, within a mile of the track.

This ruling I noticed was fully carried out in word and spirit ; and now the animals are regaining confidence and pay little attention to the incongruous sight of a railway train on their formerly lonely plains. On one occasion, indeed, when I was coming up, a herd of zebras refused to leave the line until the engine was within sixty yards of them ; they roused themselves when whistled at, but only frisked off a hundred yards or so and started grazing.

Even if he went no further, any one who has the opportunity, and likes to see wild animals in their homes, may be strongly advised to take a run up the Uganda Railway from the coast to Railhead. One cannot exaggerate the quantities of game to be seen at very short distances.

The first day that we ran through game country I computed that I saw some two thousand zebra, with ostriches and the bigger antelopes in proportion ; the smaller antelopes were there in thousands, dotting the plains as far as you could see. I noted none of the bigger brutes, such as rhino or elephant, but was told their appearance was nothing unusual.

The lions used to give a lot of trouble, and at one time killed so many of the coolies as seriously to delay the construction of the railway, the men declining to work on certain portions of the railway until the lions were reduced. A reward of 200*s.* was then offered for every lion killed within a mile of the line, and this seems to have had the desired effect.

Though it is perfectly true it is an extraordinary story how Mr. Ryal was pulled out of a railway carriage and killed by a lion. That unfortunate gentleman and two friends were sitting up to shoot a celebrated man-eating lion, their carriage having been left in a siding for the purpose, as the lion had taken a coolie at the place the preceding night. Apparently in the middle of the night, during Mr. Ryal's watch, the lion came stealing round the carriage ; Mr. Ryal hearing something moving outside looked out of the window to see what it was, when the lion must have seized him by the head and dragged him out through the window, the woodwork being somewhat broken in the operation. His body was found next day, partly devoured, some way off in the jungle. The two friends who were with him hearing the noise apparently became panic-stricken, and one dived through into the servants' compartment and fastened the door against what he thought was the lion, but what was in reality the other friend, who unable to open the door rushed

out into the night and hid in the jungle, where he was found next morning unharmed, owing his immunity from attack no doubt to the lion being occupied with his victim, Mr. Ryal. In extenuation of this rather odd behaviour on the part of these two men, it may be said that neither of them had any pretensions to being a sportsman and had probably never seen a lion before. I believe an account of this accident has appeared elsewhere, but I mention it as many people do not seem to have heard it, or believed it when heard.

AN ACCIDENT ON THE UGANDA RAILWAY

Arriving at Railhead you are not met by touts from the various hotels, because there are none. You must drag out your tent and have it pitched at once, setting your 'boys' to get firewood and water and prepare your food. Porters can be brought up from the coast, and some people fit themselves out thus; but this way is very expensive, and for any but a large caravan transport as far as the lake can usually be managed locally. I was able to hire donkeys, but there were several transport agents who would have been glad to get a job.

It takes about a week to walk to the lake, where the services of a dhow, or perhaps by now of a steamer, can be obtained at intervals of a week or so to carry passengers and goods across

the lake to Entebbe, the capital of Uganda. The accommodation on these dhows is poor, and the motion is very trying; it must be remembered that Lake Victoria is quite big enough to develop a very respectable storm, the dhows often get wrecked, and even old sailors are frequently sea-sick on the trip across. Steamers do it in about three days, dhows take five or six. I did not, however, avail myself of lake transport, but, as I wanted to see as much as I could of the country, I walked round to the north of the lake, through Kavirondo and Usoga.

That side of the lake is thickly populated and very fertile, the Kavirondo growing large quantities of 'mtama,' or 'dhurra,' which is the staple corn food of those parts, and Usoga being a sea of plantain groves, on the fruit of which the people of Usoga and Uganda subsist entirely. I was looking hard for any likely gold formation, but did not find any.

The Kavirondos deserve more than passing mention. Fine, jolly, good-natured people, they are, I imagine, the most unclothed tribe in the world, not in the least retiring, or in any way apparently conscious of their nakedness, men and women troop round you in hundreds, clothed in absolutely nothing but a few iron rings and beads, which, with a long spear or two, and a small three-legged stool, complete the outfit of the most fanciful. It sounds very odd that people who have practically no other article of furniture should set such store by this little stool, but the reason of its existence is the presence of the jigger, or burrowing flea, which most people have heard of; and when one reflects that these pests burrow into any part of the human anatomy that is allowed to come into contact with the earth, the necessity of some sort of seat may be understood.

On quitting Kavirondo you leave naked savagery behind for a time, when you enter Usoga and Uganda the peoples of these places having very different tastes in the matter of dress, and wearing all they can get in the way of coats and trousers. The poorer classes naturally cannot always get these, and have to content themselves with bark cloth garments, which they usually make quite effectual for matters of decency as well as warmth. The Uganda, or more correctly Waganda, people are quite highly civilised, and most of them rejoice in belonging to some Christian sect. Roman Catholics seem to predominate, and are certainly no worse than the converts of other denominations, but Protestants and Mohammedans are also in

about equal proportions. Missionary enterprise has been energetically pushed in these quarters, and here, if nowhere else, good has come of it. I looked at the Ripon Falls, which are not much to see; then I went on by canoe to Entebbe, about a four days' journey. The usual way of travelling with canoes is to stop for the night on one of the numerous islands and make a start very early in the morning; at night it is usually still, but in the day the wind gets up, and after nine o'clock it is generally too rough to travel in comfort until four in the afternoon, so that unless you are in a great hurry you pick moments of calm to travel in and put into land when waves are high. If you can manage to keep your route on the lee of the islands you will, of course, be able to travel all day, but this is exceptional. At Entebbe porters can be obtained in any number, prepared with the African's stoicism to go anywhere! I only required twenty, whom I engaged for the trip, and started on my way up north to Gondokoro.

I happened to be at Kampola on the boy king's birthday, which was made the occasion of much national rejoicing. The natives endeavoured to show their appreciation of the white man generally, and the British in particular, by giving us all a big spread at lunch time; being modest as to their own limited culinary capabilities, they tried to manage a meal *à l'Anglais*, which, though very well meant, was very trying. Of course their national dish, 'mtoki,' appeared in liberal profusion on the board. This is made of unripe plantains, partially cooked apparently in dirty water, and then mashed up by hand and served up in great dishes, or on a large plantain leaf. It looks something like great lumps of yellowish putty or wet cotton-wool; and, though I did not pursue my investigations very far, it appeared to me to taste no better than might be expected from either of those commodities.

After leaving Entebbe for three or four days no game was to be seen; from then on, however, there was plenty of it; but, as I have already said, it was, unfortunately, the wrong time of year, and only occasionally was I able to get an antelope or so. Elephants were numerous, but usually kept away during the day. Rhino were fairly plentiful north of the Victoria Nile, and on one occasion I nearly walked on to one while taking my afternoon stroll; he, however, belied the reputation for pugnacity that has been thrust on his kind, and after looking at me inquiringly and defiantly for a few moments cleared off.

Hippos and crocodiles swarm wherever there is water; the

former harmless and rather interesting, the latter neither. They are horrible brutes, and it is advisable to fire off a gun once or twice before attempting to ford in rivers where they are known to be. On the first report you usually see several swirls in the water, where the hitherto unobserved brutes were watching, as they dive out of danger. Shortly before I crossed the Aswa river, just north of Ninulie, a crocodile had taken a man out of a batch of porters who were crossing the ford.

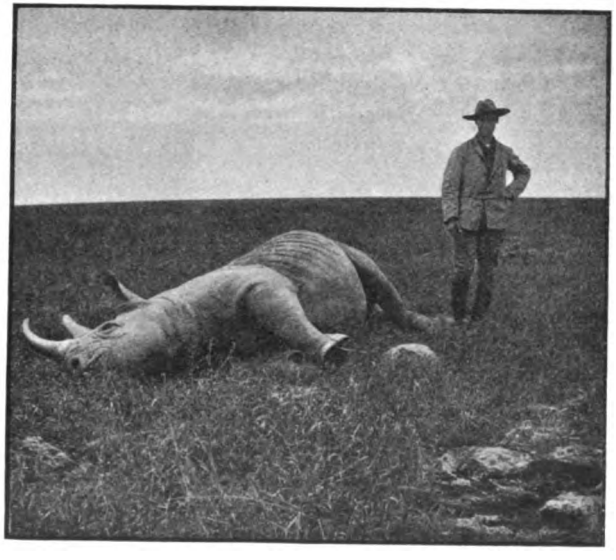
I was very unlucky—or, perhaps, otherwise—as far as lions were concerned, in that I never saw or heard anything of them; only on two occasions, indeed, did I even see their footprints. There are more of them nearer the coast; and that they may still be a very possible danger to a traveller's life is proved by the story of Mr. Ryal already related.

The natives all through never gave me any trouble, except that they have a rooted aversion to providing caravans with food, although they know they will get paid for it. I suppose their previous experience of white travellers has in many cases not been of the happiest, so that they may have a certain amount of reason; and, indeed, they have not always a stock of food for more than their own requirements. Some of the chiefs are much more enlightened, and one, with whom I got on very well, and whose heart I won by presenting him with an old pipe and a portion of a tin of tobacco, was really most attentive. He provided me with milk, firewood, and everything I wanted; moreover, as a special token of respect, I suppose, he sent down to my camp a great bowl of water for my porters, brought by a remarkably fine young woman, presumably a slave or a wife of his; she was, of course, quite naked, and the water that had splashed out of the bowl on her head trickled all down her body, converting the grey dust on her person into black muddy rivulets, evidently considered a very fetching *toute ensemble* to judge from the smile on the face of the lady.

One of the chief inconveniences in marching along the Nile at present is the long grass; this bends over the path, usually blown there by the wind, the path being only a very ill-defined track, and you have to force it aside at every step, with the result that your clothes suffer severely from the continuous rubbing.

One's start from camp is always made in the early morning when the vegetation is still saturated with dew, and the wet and weight of the grasses, in the course of a day or two, polish

away the elbows of coats and shirts, and tear away trousers to about eight inches above the knee. I now know why it is that Central African travellers are usually depicted wearing "shorts"; I used to think it was affectation, but it is, I now see, direct necessity. The protection of the clothes being removed from your knees they get sunburnt and torn and cut by grass, with most painful results; but everything has an end, and the skin ultimately gets hardened and callous.



RHINO SHOT NEAR NAKURO

The eulogistic reports that are heard of the lovely country must have their foundation in some part of Africa that I did not see or hear of during my travels there. The vast majority of the country that I saw was poor in soil and vegetable growth; a sea of small hills and rolling lands, covered with long, wiry grass; and where the so-called 'forests' exist sprinkled with stunted trees, mostly 'thorns' of sorts. As for the 'dense tropical vegetation' one reads about, I can only conclude that those who give it the name can never have seen real dense vegetation, such as is found in Ceylon or Burmah, or South America. I absolutely saw nothing that I should have designated by such a term. We have also heard that there were forests of timber, but with the exception of isolated trees, and one small forest that I passed—and this contained some really splendid

trees—between Wadelai and Nimulie, the timber is of no account, and transport impossible. Some timber there is, of course, but it can never be of commercial value.

All that part of Africa has a multiplication of mediocre recommendations something below the average, and these qualities, with judicious exaggeration, and taking into account the fact that very few people are in position to criticise, can be put before the public in a manner that gives the idea of an earthly Paradise. Central Africa has timber, but not much ; it has labour, but not of a trustworthy kind ; it has a rainfall, but not guaranteed ; it has some good soil, but more bad soil ; it has a good climate, in certain places ; it possibly has minerals, but they have not yet been found. It can grow coffee, but it has still to be proved that this will be a satisfactory investment for European capital.

My impression of the place is that, for a sportsman of nomadic temperament, or for a man whose object is to pass his time, or whose presence is not wanted, or perhaps 'wanted,' elsewhere, no better country could be found ; but that from a commercial point of view there is nothing in it. There is nothing, that I know of, that could be done in Central Africa that could not be done equally well and under more favourable conditions elsewhere.

The much-talked-of 'Cape to Cairo' railway should run through the country very nearly on the route I took, but I very much doubt this railway ever becoming an accomplished fact; at any rate, in the immediate future. The natural difficulties to be overcome are considerable, and when made the traffic would be very small, certainly nothing like sufficient to justify the railway's existence.

The journey from end to end would be a very long and tedious one ; the gauge of the line being only a metre no great speed could be attempted, and a good steamer could do the distance from Suez to the Cape in, at any rate, a little less time than the train would take, while the discomforts of the railway journey would drive all passenger traffic to the sea route. The telegraph through, however, is under construction, and will soon be completed. This is well, chiefly in the interests of the intermediate countries ; but the maintenance of this, through several thousand miles of country where iron wire is currency, means more expense and friction than at first appear.

The scenery is taking because it is wild and immense, but

for anything that can compare with the recognised scenery of the world, search not Africa.

The Ripon Falls are very moderate, and, but for their being one of the chief heads of the Nile, possess little attraction ; the Murchison Falls are much finer, and worth seeing ; and the hundred miles of cataract between Nimulie and Gondokoro, with its hippos playing in every pool, has a charm of its own, though as scenery pure and simple it is not out of the way. There is one use to which that part of the country could be put, I feel sure it would be successful, and I would much like to see it tried : one meets many fat men, especially in India, who are continually bemoaning their fate, and declaring they would do anything to get thin again ; I never saw a fat man on the tramp in Africa !

Let our obese friends take the trip I did, involving as it did a walk of 800 miles besides distances tramped in shooting, and I venture to promise they will emerge fitter and thinner men. I trained 500 miles, walked 800, then by Nile boat and Khartoum railway 2400, and the food all through was not such as tended to over indulgence. I myself am one of Pharaoh's leanest kine, but even so I lost an inch or two where I did not want it, and was as fit as could be when I came out.

It is wonderful to reflect that all this country was a few years ago the home of absolute savagery, and is now enjoying a real taste of the *pax Britannica*. European influence is now felt all over the continent, and for a considerable distance from the centres and chief routes most of the vices and oppressions of old days have disappeared. Slavery is a thing of the past, owing to the combined action of the Powers ; and the behaviour of traders and travellers is closely watched to see that they do not oppress the natives.

The ivory trade, with which in former times so many abuses were connected, is strictly controlled by the authorities, and every piece of ivory brought into a station is weighed and registered, and the owner has to give a satisfactory account as to how it came into his possession. I doubt, however, if the people at all appreciate what has been done for them ; and it is a real hardship where we prevent a tribe from raiding our way, but cannot protect them from being raided from the other side, as occasionally happens.

The natives, for a considerable radius round our operations, have grasped the fact that the life of a European is of more

value than that of a black man, and unless the tribe is in an actual state of revolt there would be little danger for a European who behaved himself and had a few guns with him.

I myself did not travel out of British territory, but I believe these remarks apply equally to that part of Africa belonging to other European powers. I have even heard very good accounts of the much abused Belgian Government; the following gruesome incident, however, does not bear out the good accounts I heard of their administration.

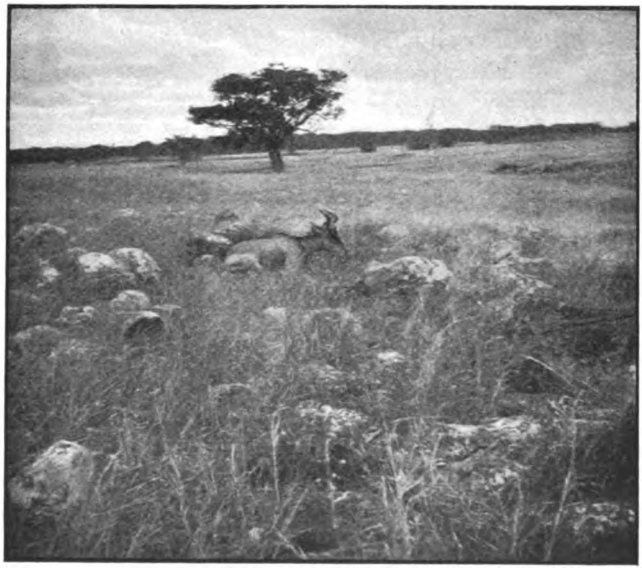
A few days before I got to Nimulie, or about the first week in September, a party of Belgian black troops crossed the Nile in pursuit of some natives who had left Belgian for British territory—as they are indeed frequently doing, thereby showing their preference for our rule—came up with them in a village, which they raided, and took prisoners five women, among whom were four babies. They set the women on to grind corn and prepare their food, then they took the babies from their mothers and cut their throats, and ate them with the meal the women had prepared. Their Belgian officer, who, of course, was not with them at the time, was much concerned about it, but explained that the men belonged to the Makrakas, who are a cannibal tribe, coming from the West, and whose actions in warfare were somewhat eccentric.

After leaving Gondokoro, twelve miles or so, in the gunboat for Khartoum, you cross the boundary and are in the Soudan; and from here on the development of the country is somewhat less advanced, having been taken in hand more recently. There is no coal in the country so the boats burn wood, to provide which wood stations are established at intervals down the river. These make admirable convict settlements, and many undesirable characters are sent there, where they are well out of mischief and their energies can be profitably occupied in cutting fuel.

At the first of these stations that we called at, thirty-five of these gentlemen had, a day or so before, succeeded in overpowering their guard and had bolted into the wilderness, taking with them three rifles, their axes, and their mosquito curtains. What the poor wretches thought they were going to do, or where they hoped to get to, I don't know; but three men and one of the rifles came back almost immediately, and before we left the latest bulletin reported three returned, two died from bullet wounds received when they bolted, two killed by lions, and thirteen prisoners in the hands of the natives—'Dinkas.' The remainder were being followed, and as they fell exhausted

from want of water the friendly 'Dinkas' pounced upon them and secured them, knowing, of course, that they would be rewarded for bringing them back.

I alluded to mosquito curtains for the convicts; it is a fact, though it strikes one as absurd at first, that every one, convicts included, is provided with a small mosquito curtain; it would, indeed, be the most refined torture to send men up to those regions unprovided with them, and it reflects much credit on the authorities, though such consideration and humanity seems somewhat incongruous in a land that, until quite recently, has



WOUNDED HARTEBEESTE

only known such rulers as the Turk and the bloodthirsty Mahdi. The Dinkas themselves, of course, do not use mosquito curtains or any other kind of clothing, so I conclude the mosquitos do not bite them.

The 'Sudd' we have heard so much about is no longer a serious obstacle to navigation; a channel has been opened up through it, and apparently if it is watched it is unlikely to get closed up again; it is the most endless and dreary expanse of wilderness that can be imagined. A sea of papyrus grass as far as the eye can reach is all that can be seen from the highest deck of the steamer, not a hill or a tree is to be perceived from many parts of it, and if the papyrus has not lost its paper-

making properties there should be many fortunes here awaiting the enterprise to secure them. On emerging from the Sudd on the north the country, as far as may be judged from the banks, seems to contain better soil and to grow fewer thorns, but I had not the opportunities of examination that I had had higher up.

The world-renowned Fashoda claimed a bit of attention, but it is a dreary spot, and seems quite unaware of the commotion it has caused in diplomatic circles. It is, however, to be retained as a military station, and there are some buildings and a few Egyptian troops there. The country round is thickly populated, mostly by the Shillooks, and a quantity of dhurra is produced. I was told that, for half the year at least, rain was plentiful. This is more than appears to be the case after passing Khartoum ; though that it sometimes rains even in the most unlikely places was rather brusquely brought to my notice in my rail journey from Khartoum.

Leaving Khartoum at eleven in the morning by the bi-weekly mail train for Wady Halfa, we travelled all day through a desert country which showed no signs of having been rained on, or of having seen water of any kind since the flood, till about ten o'clock at night when, with two or three premonitory jerks, our train left the rails and came to a standstill. I climbed down out of the carriage to see what had happened, and in the dark stepped into a foot of water. The desert has a way of working this kind of thing which may explain away the mystery of Moses striking a rock and obtaining water ; also of the many wonderful rescues from death by thirst that I have read of in the literature of by boyhood's days, but never believed even in those tender years. Apparently heavy rain falls in some hills, far out of sight, perhaps a hundred miles away, and the desert sand, it seems, is too dry and dusty to absorb it at once ; thus it rolls over the land down some khor, or slight valley, and ultimately tumbles probably, into the Nile. If it meets the railway in its course it washes the embankment away, and causes what is known locally as a 'wash out.' On this occasion it had come down apparently in a stream some 100 yards wide and two feet deep.

We, of course, could not proceed, so passed the night where we were. Next morning another engine came up, and such of our train, including my carriage, as had not left the rails was towed back and left in a siding for a day and a half, while a

break-down gang came and made a temporary diversion round the stranded engine and overturned trucks, two of us, another passenger and myself, having to live on a tin of sardines and a bottle of blackberries, which were all we had in the way of provisions.

We passed another equally unexpected stream in the desert a little further on, but here it must have done something similar before, as there was a bridge handy which let the water through, so this time it did not 'wash out.'

In due time we reached Wady Halfa, where we arrived early in the morning, and where I was hospitably entertained to breakfast at the officers' mess.

From here, on, travelling is easy, with refreshment-rooms, dining-cars, waggon-lits, and other luxurious appliances of modern civilisation—which, with all their comfort, charm me less than wild nature in its home—and I arrived in Cairo on October 19, having left Mombassa on June 20, 1901, or exactly four months before.

It would be ungracious of me if I did not here record a few words of thanks to the officials of the various districts through which I passed for the assistance and entertainment that was invariably extended to me on my way through.

Rather an ugly controversy appeared a few months ago in one of the leading newspapers on the subject of the entertaining of a plague of prospectors in those parts, it being represented as a heavy infliction on the collectors of the districts. I can only say that I saw no signs of the country being overwhelmed by travellers, and certainly I could have wished for no better welcome than was given me on every occasion of my meeting an official.

January 1902.

THE YOUNG POACHER

FISHING AND POACHING IN NORWAY

BY J. L. BEVIR

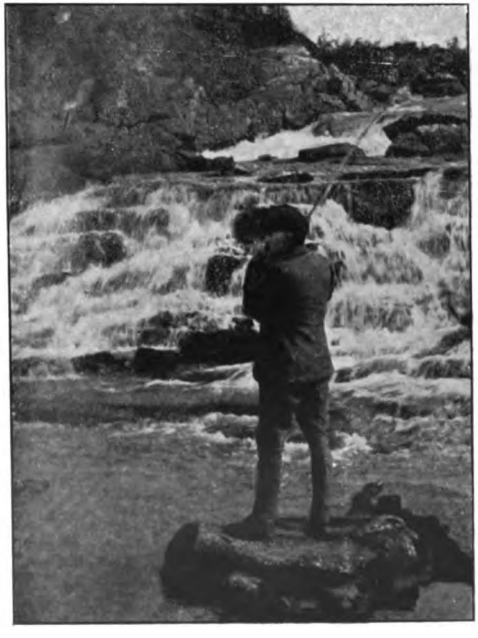
HAVING now for some years been the original lessee of the fishing in a small river and some lakes in Norway, I have amused myself by studying the modes of thought and the behaviour of the native with regard to this pastime of the Englishman.

In most valleys in Norway the peasants live hard, and their food would consist almost entirely of potatoes, *fladbröd*, milk and cheese, had not a kindly Providence intersected their dwelling-place with a river, and, hidden away among the hill-tops, numbers of lakes, thereby allowing them to supplement their means of existence with fish. It is true that in many cases the Valley runs down to the Fjord, and in that case they can further increase their frugal store with pollock, halibut, and herrings. But these sea fish have but little interest for the Englishman, except that the catching of them diverts the attention of the native from the river, and I will confine myself merely to fresh-water fish.

It is obvious from what I have said above that the importance of fish as a form of food has been very great, and ground laws of great antiquity, many of them two hundred years old, will be found distributing the rights of fishing in rivers and in lakes.

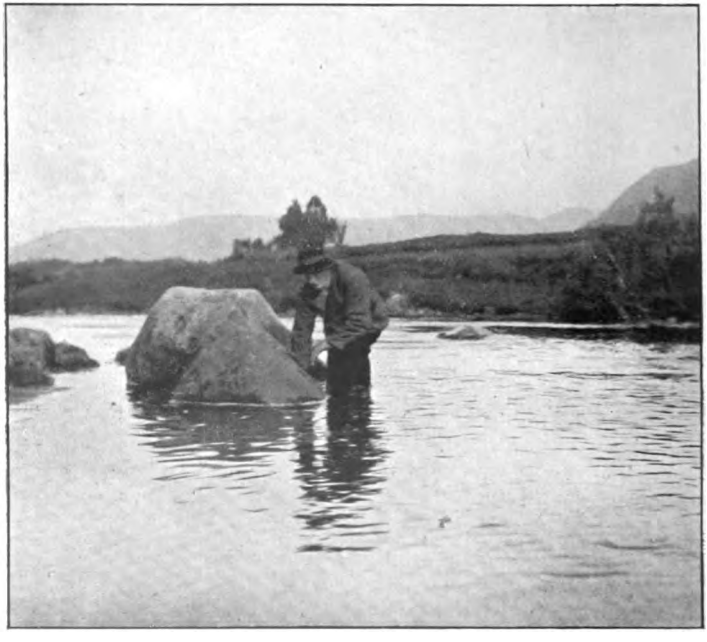
These laws, in the eyes of many peasants, are as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians; they laugh at the idea of the Parliament man or the Fishery Inspector being able to change them, and if, in spite of this belief, a new law be made, they think they have the moral right to contravene it on all possible occasions when they can do so with safety.

The right to fish in the lakes belongs to the peasants whose land comes down to their margin, and in the case of inland lakes these men have complete control of the fishing. This means that



they catch as many as seem good to them, with worm or otter or net, and, heedless of the fable of the goose with the golden eggs, have in many places entirely destroyed magnificent brown trout fishing. Even within the last few years I can count two or three lakes of the kind where one can now with difficulty tempt even a half-pounder to take a fly, whereas a little time back one could always get a good basket of really big trout. Many of the upland lakes contain nothing but char, some of which run to a large size. These the Englishman may have to himself; for the Norwegain, ignorant of the charms of potted char which made Buttermere famous, will, as a rule, have nothing to say to 'the black-mouthed fish that feeds on dung.' In lakes connected with the sea the fish have rather a better chance, for where

there are salmon and sea-trout as well as brown trout the close season is observed, and so the fish have a respite from the net and the otter. In rivers the fishing rights are more complicated, though they really follow the same principle of belonging to the riparian owners. In many cases some of the farmers who live upon the banks of the river have no rights in it, because the land which they now hold was common land belonging to the township (consisting of four or five houses), at the time when the fishing



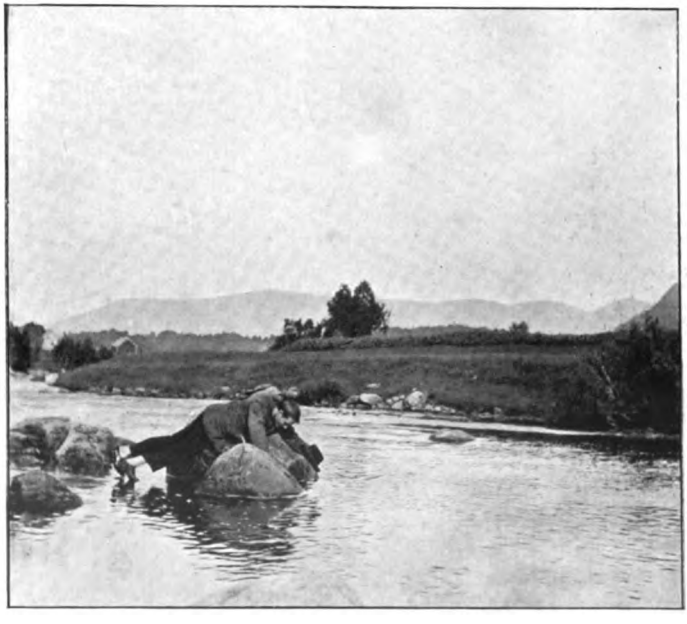
IS HE THERE?

rights were fixed, and the subsequent dividing up of common land carried no rights with it. Beyond that there have been interchanges and compromises, those near the sea giving up their rights in the river, in exchange for the sole right to cast in part of the fjord and the lake.

Having now explained the rights, I will proceed to the history of the river, and, not to be too long, will confine myself to the memory of man, which in our valley means in the time of my grandmother's mother—the grandam who is still alive being able to tell *vivâ voce* what she heard her mother say. At that time there were no nets in the fjord, nor any close time for salmon recognised by the peasants. Fish of all sizes came up (now

even a four pound grilse is badly marked with the net), and the hardy Norseman of yore trapped and speared them as they went up, and set long, baggy nets between the rocks to catch them as they ran down to the sea.

He was not altogether devoid of sporting instincts, as he revelled in the fun of salmon spearing; but the catching of the fish was of primary importance, and he could satisfy his yearnings for sport by shouldering his clumsy, often self-made gun, and hunting the bear and wolf.



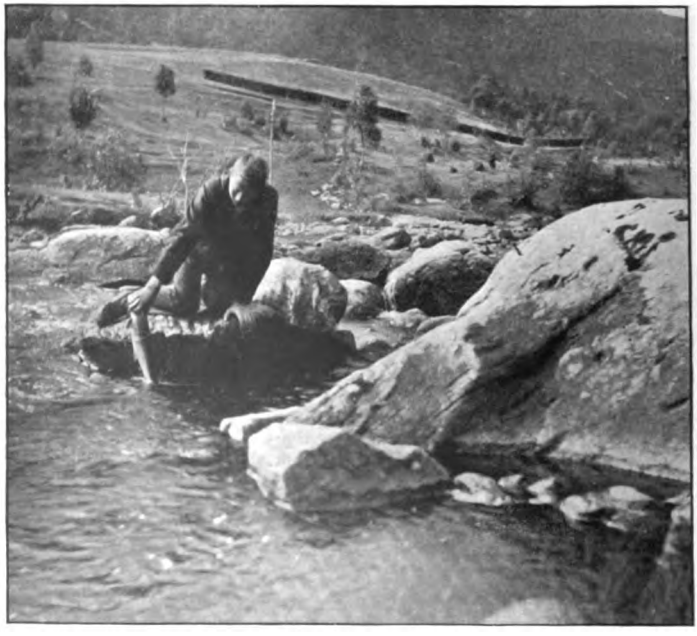
I THINK SO!

From this point of view they were fine old days, and if, as happened at times, Johan or Ivar overbalanced and fell into a deep pool with an under current, they fished him out in a day or two, and with that quiet fatalism which they share with the Northern Spaniard, carried him down to the plot of ground devoted to that purpose, scratched a shallow hole, and put him in, with or without benefit of the clergy as the case might be, but generally the latter, for the church is far away, and it was costly and difficult to get the priest.

In those days money was little accounted of in the valley. Every farm was self-sufficient. Cows and sheep provided leather and wool, the women spun and wove, and the water turned the

little wheels that milled the cloth ; even now there is not very much money passing between neighbours, but there have really been great changes economically. The occasional calling of steamers allowed of the sale of the fish and cloth elsewhere, and the natives began to be aware of the utility of money to purchase many new luxuries which the calling of steamers introduced.

At the same time changes had taken place in the fishing world, and the whole narrowing fjord bristled with nets to such an



COME UP!

extent as effectually to check the bigger fish getting up ; so that whereas the spearers got them up to forty pounds, I have never seen one in the river over sixteen, and that only after the nets are off. This was a sad change for the dwellers up the valley, but yet even still it was worth while swimming a worm in big water, or sweeping a net through the pools when the river was low—yes, just worth while to do so, though one might sacrifice valuable time which had better be spent on farm work.

Then came another advance. About this time old B., the rich farmer who had the big house between the river mouth and the steamboat pier, died, and strangers from another fjord came and

took it. Pushing people they, with rather different views from the inhabitants of the valley, for they sold off a great deal of the farm, and devoted their attention mainly to the shop which they started. It was not long before they held a convocation of riparian owners, each of whom was accommodated with a bottle of beer and a cigar, while the host pointed out the advantages which might accrue if they let their rights in river and lake at so much a year. He thought he knew of an Englishman who would pay for the permission to spend his time in trying to catch fish—time which they grudged so sorely from their farms. Another cigar

TRY SPEARING!

all round, the contract was signed, and the peasants departed, well satisfied at the idea that they were to have so much solid money in the place of fish which they might or might not have caught, at the same time unconscious that the newcomer was to make one hundred and seventy per cent. per annum on the transaction. Like all primitive nations, there is a combination of guileless simplicity and subtlety in the Norwegian; and this, together with the tenacity of his belief in his ground laws, allows him on the one hand to make a bad bargain with his fellow, and on the other makes it hard to convince him at first that if he has let away his rights he must not extract a few fish for himself or for the table of the Englishman who has not been successful in securing any. Most have certain ideas of what is right.

For instance, when one of the contractors who had gone down nightly to the sea-pool and swept out the fish that came up with the tide, was handed over to the landsman, had his nets taken and was fined, public opinion, on the whole, seemed to think he had got his deserts. It was a more difficult point to decide as to whether a man outside the river mouth who fixed a fine herring net inside his salmon net, equally deserved what he got or no; but the majority seemed to think so, for they felt there was a crudeness about the proceeding which was not commendable;

GOT HIM!

and so, after a chew of tobacco, they went out to net pollock, and absent-mindedly forgot to return to the sea one or two good sea-trout they unwittingly caught.

Even in the river itself, to begin with, there were difficulties; but matters have improved, and under the influence of persuasion and threats to punish breaches of contract, piscatorial morality is going up. Surreptitious worming is now, I think, confined to small boys, who, though they do no actual harm, may rather disturb a pool one wants to fish. But earlier, if the Englishman was away at a lake and his gillie with him, the Norske would extract a few fish with a handline. Lying on a jutting rock, beneath

which he could see deep down a fish lying, he would gently lower before its nose a worm ; and if the grilse refused it, next time the line went down it had a stone at the bottom and a triangle at the side, and with luck the poacher snatched him. This he will do when the river is deep, but he will mostly keep to the shallows when the river is down. He then starts up stream with a stick, peers over each solitary rock to see if there be a fish visible ; if not, stirs about under the rock to drive out any that may be there, and send him on up stream. The fish will take refuge under another rock, very likely, with his head and shoulders projecting. Then the wily poacher carefully reconnoitres the position. If it is clear down to the fish he drives his little spear straight in at the shoulder and hoists him out. But it is dangerous, nay, almost immoral, to be seen in broad daylight with a spearlet, besides which it is hardly necessary when the river is low and there is not much water under the rocks ; for you can lie on top and get your hand under, then if your fish be there, you can tickle him gently till you can get to his gills ; or, failing that, if he be in a *cul de sac*, jam his head up against a rock till he is stunned, and you will have a fish to smoke for the winter, if it be unsafe to part with it for pelf.

But all this is fast dying out. From his greater intercourse with the outside world, the peasant is learning the excessive sums which are being got for rights of fishing in rivers, and understands that his best policy is to see the contract duly kept, that the stranger may continue to come, and that he, the peasant, may, when the five years' lease expires, enter upon a new contract whereby he may let his rights for fifty or a hundred per cent. more than he is now getting.

A LAWLESS HERO

BY W. M. WILCOX

ON thinking matters over Master Richard Tallant came to the conclusion that he was quite justified in anticipating an exceedingly pleasant afternoon. In fact amid all the varied and vast experiences of fifteen summers, he never remembered any collection of circumstances which promised quite so well for enjoyment. That the school had got an extra half, and that it was a heavenly day were unimportant items side by side with the facts that he had by masterly strategy succeeded in escaping the torments of the cricket-field, and that he was transgressing many rules. No one appreciated the value of the school rules more than Master Dick. He would not have had a single one cut out. To do so would be to lessen the possibilities of enjoyment. The more rules there were, the more there were to break, and Master Dick measured his delight by the number of laws he could run counter to in the shortest space of time.

Head masters have an unaccountable habit of suddenly springing new rules on their pupils for no conceivable reason, except perhaps as a gentle reminder of their absolute autocracy. To-day, for instance, the Head had announced the fact that birds-nesting in Plimpton Wood was strictly forbidden. Our friend Dick had never even heard of Plimpton Wood—very few of the boys had. It was some six miles distant, and there were other woods closer at hand, which presumably afforded just as good a field for the wily egg-collector. Yet Plimpton Wood was the spot towards which Master Richard was pedalling his way on this particular sunny May afternoon. No wonder he was happy. Here was an entirely new rule which he was about to fracture within an hour or two of its inception. That was a blissful thought, and there were others, among which not the least pleasing was the rememberance that he had in his pockets the means for indulging in two stringently prohibited vices—

catapult-shooting and cigarette-smoking. Yes! he was going to spend a very profitable afternoon!

Master Dick whistled gaily as he rode through the green lanes; anon, he laughed aloud as he bethought him of certain of his pals now grilling in the cricket-field, while bigger boys hit hard balls violently at them. Dick could never see the fun of that sort of cricket. If you stopped the balls, they hurt exceedingly that portion of your body with which they came in contact; if you obeyed your natural impulse and avoided them, the big boys kicked you. It was poor fun, thought Dick, when you could bird's-nest and break rules. He knew perfectly well that extremely painful penalties awaited him on his return home, not only at the hands of the masters whose most sacred principles he was outraging, but also from those boys who very unreasonably expected him to waste his time in the fatuous employment of fagging at cricket. He knew what he had to expect, but what cared he! He had got his afternoon, he was going to enjoy it, and the consequences might 'go hang.'

Our friend whistled softly and flatly an excerpt from that popular, high-class ditty, 'There'll be a hot time in the Transvaal to-night,' only he mentally substituted the word, 'school-house,' for the place indicated in the song.

He was nearing the forbidden land when a craving for refreshment overcame him. He dismounted and began an exhaustive search in his capacious pockets. After producing a couple of chip-boxes filled with bran, several pieces of string, a rusty knife, three marbles, a catapult, some foreign stamps, and a black rag, termed, in moments of enthusiasm, a pocket-handkerchief, he heaved a sigh of contentment as his fingers closed round that of which he was in search. It was a slab of chocolate, nibbled all round the edges and perspiring freely. He transferred it wholesale to his mouth, returned the rest of his goods to their accustomed abiding place, and remounted his bicycle.

Long practice had rendered our friend an adept in the art of making a little chocolate go a long way. He was a thorough believer in 'sweetness long drawn out,' though he knew little about Milton beyond the fact that he was 'one of those poetry blokes, don't you know.' Therefore, some time before the succulent creation of Mr. Cadbury had become a mere memory, he found himself moving rapidly neath the shade of the now-famous Plimpton Wood. Presently he stopped before a gate, and his eyes glistened as he caught sight of the familiar phrase,

'Trespassers will be prosecuted,' on a board just inside. This was decidedly better than he had anticipated. He glanced once up and down the road, picked up a stone, hurled it defiantly at the broad face of the notice, and proceeded to make an easy entrance through the unlocked gate. Hiding his machine in some bracken close at hand, and leaving the gate just ajar so as to afford a ready emergency exit, our unprincipled hero plunged into the deep recesses of the wood. He was in his element now. Not for nothing had one of the masters bestowed upon him the sobriquet of 'The outlaw.' Had he lived a century ago, he would doubtless have been astride of his black mare—why did highwaymen always ride black mares?—mask on face and pistol in holster, waiting to 'hold up' the passing coach. Being a mere modern school-boy he had to be content with the prosaic 'bike,' and the comparatively tame excitement of robbing a bird's nest. Perhaps it was as well, for the one usually led to Tyburn, while the other would probably result in nothing worse than a temporary difficulty in sitting down. However, Master Dick knew nothing of the sterner delights of highway robbery, and was quite content with the lesser risks of his present enterprise.

He walked slowly, noiselessly on, peering into every bush, noting every tree with the keen penetration of an accomplished egg-robber; and, indeed, what Richant Tallant, Esq., did not know about the art was certainly not worth knowing.

After an extremely fruitful hour, during which many speckled treasures were transferred from their ancestral homes to the chip-boxes of this unscrupulous depredator, he felt that the time had come when he might reasonably enjoy a period of well-earned repose, and the fragrant pleasures of a Richmond gem. He had arrived at a place where a long, straight ride was cut through the wood. Our friend seated himself comfortably on the soft turf with his back against a tree, lit his cigarette, and gave himself up to the full fascination of this lawless hour. As he lay there, puffing out clouds of smoke with the air of a connoisseur, he could not help feeling rather aggrieved there was no one to bear witness to this supreme moment. Like certain notorious criminals, he was inordinately vain of his misdeeds, and, dire though the consequences would be, he believed he would even have welcomed the advent of the head-master himself, rather than that there should be no one to testify to his genius for law-breaking. Little did he guess that

his every movement was being subjected to a severe scrutiny through a pair of keen, blue eyes.

Suddenly a tap, tap, tap, smote on his ears, repeated at intervals ; with a noiseless movement he drew forth the deadly catapult, fitted a slug of huge proportions into the leather and gazed stealthily round. Presently his eyes lightened ; he had discovered his prey. About ten yards away, on a tree at the edge of the ride, a great green woodpecker was tapping for dear life. Master Dick took careful aim and fired. The shot struck the tree an inch above the woodpecker. The bird flew off, while almost simultaneously another emerged from a spot a foot or two higher up, and followed its mate. The shooter rose to his feet, and approached the tree. Here was a piece of luck ! Everything pointed to a nest, and a woodpecker's egg had long been an ambition. So absorbed was he, that he never heard a slight rustling in the bushes behind him, nor a soft footfall on the turf. He surveyed the tree for a moment, then laid hold of a lower branch. As he did so, he felt a vigorous tug at his coat, and a stinging blow on the side of his head, while a voice exclaimed in tones that would have been silvery had they not been rendered harsh by anger, 'How dare you, you little beast !' He swung round with clenched fists and battle raging in his eyes. Then he stood transfixed, his arms fell innocuously to his sides, he could only gaze in limp amazement. Confronting him, her flushed face distorted by passion, her blue eyes hurling defiance through a tangle of golden hair, her whole attitude the very incarnation of deadly hatred, stood a little girl of about his own age, though considerably shorter and slighter. Even in that moment of astonishment he had time to note that she was very pretty, that she was beautifully dressed, and that she wore round her left wrist a gold watch-bracelet of considerable value.

For a full minute these two stood gazing at each other. Master Dick was the first to break the silence.

'By gum !' he ejaculated, breathlessly.

'How dare you ?' repeated the girl, almost hissing the words in her anger. 'You—you beastly little cad !'

Dick made an involuntary movement, then checked himself, but the red in his cheeks showed that the offensive term—the most offensive in school-boy language—had stung him to the quick.

'I ain't a cad,' he said shortly ; 'and if you weren't a girl,' with intense scorn, 'I'd jolly quick show you that I ain't.'

The girl was not slow to perceive how her words had moved him, and she repeated them with deliberate emphasis.

'Yes, you are!' she said. 'You're a beastly little cad! If you weren't, you wouldn't have come into my father's woods and stolen his eggs, no! nor tried to kill his birds—I saw you.' There was a sob in her voice, and Dick was aware of a slight feeling of compunction. If only she had not called him a cad!

'We don't allow cads here,' the girl went on, and every spark of pity in Dick's breast died there and then, 'and if you come here again, my father will put you in prison. Now go!' She pointed imperiously to a gate at the end of the ride.

'I tell you I ain't a cad,' cried Dick, hotly. 'And what's more, I shan't go till I want to. And—and I'm going to have those eggs before I go, unless,' a thought had struck him, 'unless you say you're sorry you called me names—then I'll go.'

'Sorry!' shrieked the girl. 'Sorry! You're a beastly cad and you're a dirty cad, and if you don't go this very minute,' here she stamped her foot, 'I'll whistle for my big dog and he'll eat you!'

'I don't care a farthing for your big dog,' cried Dick, now thoroughly enraged. 'And I ain't going.'

The girl made a step forward and struck him a violent blow on his face.

'Take that, you cad,' she hissed.

Dick raised his clenched hand; then he remembered, and for ever after was grateful that he had remembered.

'By gum!' he muttered, 'I wish you were a boy.' Then turning on his heel, he proceeded deliberately to ascend the tree. To his surprise the girl made no attempt to stop him, and, when he was half way up, he paused and looked down at her. She was fumbling in the pocket of her dress. Presently she drew forth a small silver whistle, and, putting it to her lips, blew a couple of calls through it. Almost immediately there was a sound in the distance as of something forcing its way through the thicket, and before our hero had time to realise what it meant, a magnificent Scotch deer-hound had sprung to the girl's side.

'Now then, you cad!' she said, with a scornful laugh, 'will you come down?'

'Not till I want to,' replied the boy stubbornly.

'At him, Rupert!' cried the girl.

With a fierce growl the hound sprang at Master Richard's left leg, which was hanging down. He drew it hastily up, the

dog missing it by inches only. Another spring, but this time the quarry was well out of reach, and the beast, recognising the futility of another attempt, stood panting by his young mistress.

The girl laughed again. 'Rupert doesn't like cads,' she remarked, pleasantly, 'and if you won't come down you shall stay up there.'

So saying, she took a long, steel chain from the basket she was carrying, and fastening one end to the hound's collar, proceeded to secure the other firmly round the tree. This done, she stepped back a pace, and surveyed her work with a satisfied grin. Her enemy was a safe prisoner : he could not descend without running the gauntlet of those gaping jaws and gleaming teeth.

'Good-bye, cad !' she said, after a pause. 'I hope you'll be comfortable up there.' Then she called to mind a thrilling tiger story she had just read, and added tragically. 'If you come down now, you know, my dog will tear you limb from limb.' Her continued reiteration of the opprobrious name, together with his own impotence, had made Master Dick so angry, that for a moment he could do nothing but glare furiously down at his tormentor. The girl, who seemed to have regained her good temper, now that she had so effectually cornered her foe, waved her hand and began to trip lightly down the ride towards the gate which was about two hundred yards distant.

Then our friend found his voice.

'Look here!' he spluttered forth, his face purple with rage, 'I shall kill your beastly dog with my catapult.' He was far too angry to be aware of the absurdity of his threat, but it struck the girl as so comic that she went into peals of laughter which continued, growing fainter and fainter, till she reached the gate.

It was some little time before Master Dick cooled sufficiently to be able to review the situation more or less calmly. When he eventually did so, it began to dawn on him that of all his many adventures this was by far the most serious that had ever befallen him. Here he was, treed like the proverbial opossum for an indefinite period. He was six miles from home, and every minute that passed meant a substantial addition to the store of punishment which was accumulating for him at the school. Not that he minded that so much, but he might be kept here all night, and then—well! that probably meant expulsion, and expulsion was one of the few things that he did not care to contemplate. In none of his many escapades had

he permitted the mere possibility of it to find a place. Other punishments affected him alone, and could be kept fairly dark, but expulsion would seriously touch that little home circle of which, despite his lawless nature, he was inordinately fond.

There was another fear that he dreaded almost as much—the fear of the ridicule of his school-fellows, should his present scrape ever come to their ken. He would never hear the last of it, if it became known that he had been thoroughly worsted in an encounter with—a girl!

However, one thing was certain—he must get down somehow, and soon.

He glanced at the dog; the animal was lying down, patiently watching him. He didn't look very ferocious, thought Dick; perhaps his bark was worse than his bite. He would try and see. Very cautiously he lowered one leg to the branch next below, speaking coaxingly to the hound. The moment he moved, Rupert stood up, growled ominously and showed his teeth. Master Dick hastily resumed his former position. This was anything but encouraging.

For one mad second he thought of his catapult, but a little reflection showed him that the dog, bad enough as he was now, would be far more terrible if infuriated with pain. No! the only thing was a wild jump, which would land him beyond the length of the hound's tether.

There was a considerable risk of broken limbs in this, seeing that the leap must be taken from a branch about fifteen feet from the ground, the lower branches being within reach of the Cerberus below; and even then he might not be able to jump clear of the chain, which was a long one. The thought of lying on the ground with a broken limb and at Rupert's mercy made our hero hesitate.

As he did so, a distant cry from the direction of the gate reached his ears. It sounded very much like a cry for help.

The tree, as we have hinted, commanded a view of the ride, and, peering through the branches, Dick beheld a sight which turned him first cold with fear and then hot with indignation.

This was nothing more nor less than the vision of his late antagonist apparently engaged in a struggle with a man.

For a moment the boy groaned under the thought that his present position might render him powerless to help her. Then he recognised that at all hazards he must make the attempt. He must risk for her what he had hesitated to risk on his own account. All trace of resentment had fled in the face of this

new development. She was in peril—that was enough—his duty was plain and imperative. It is curious how in supreme crises ideas come, which in calmer moments might never occur to one. Such an idea came now to Dick, and as he proceeded to put it into execution, he caught himself wondering that he had not thought of it before.

In less time than it takes to write, he had divested himself of his coat, and was descending the tree quickly but with all his wits on the alert. Rupert growled angrily and made ready to spring. Our hero, grasping a branch firmly with one hand and holding the coat ready in the other, planted one foot firmly on the lowest branch. The dog made a vigorous leap and received the coat full in his face, while simultaneously the boy sprang to the ground. Before the hound had recovered from his surprise at this drastic treatment—for many varied articles in all the pockets combined to make the garment exceeding heavy—his would-be victim was off like a hare in the direction of the gate.

He could see everything plainly now. The ruffian, a burly specimen of the tramp genus, was standing just inside the gate, facing it and therefore with his back to the advancing boy. One of his arms was thrown round the girl's neck, brutally pressing her face close to his shoulder to prevent her calling out, while with the other hand he was endeavouring to unfasten something on her left wrist, doubtless, the gold bracelet, of which mention has been made. The blood of a long succession of fighting ancestors boiled in Master Richard's veins. He was mad with indignation. Had he been bigger, or possessed anything in the nature of a lethal weapon, it would have fared ill with the tramp.

As he neared the scene of action, the brute hearing the sound of footsteps, partially relaxed his hold on the girl, but before he could look round, with a cry that was something between a yell and a sob, the boy was upon him, raining a succession of wild, furious blows on his head and face, drunk with the insensate madness of an infuriated savage beast. So vigorous was the onslaught that in a moment the girl was free, while the tramp made a plunge for the half-open gate, thinking, doubtless, that an army of fiends was at his back. When a hasty glance over his shoulder had revealed the fact that his assailant was only a boy, he stopped with an evil look on his forbidding countenance.

'I'll 'ave yer blood fer this, blast yer eyes!' he growled, advancing threateningly towards the boy.

Up to this point our friend had been far too mad to think of science. Now he became aware that he would have to call into a play all the pugilistic lore he had acquired at the hands of the school boxing-instructor. Even then he knew he could only hope to keep his antagonist at bay for a very short period. He was very fairly handy with his fists, but the odds were tremendously against him. Once more a bright idea struck him.

'Go and loose Rupert,' he called softly to the girl, keeping a watchful eye on his foe.

It was a gallant suggestion, for he knew the chances were about even that the dog would attack him. However, he must risk that for the girl's sake. At the mention of the dog's name, the ruffian paused in his advance. Like all tramps, he had a holy horror of dogs, and like all bullying brutes he was a thorough dastard. At that moment a series of infuriated howls from the imprisoned Rupert himself settled the question. Without more ado the tramp turned on his heel and made off through the gate, down the road, as fast as his legs could carry him.

The boy and the girl stood in silence, till the noise of the man's retreating footsteps had died away in the distance.

Then Dick gave a short laugh.

'Why didn't you do what I told you?' he said, observing that the girl had never moved. 'We might have nailed that brute!' There was a note of regret in his voice, and he looked down on his bleeding knuckles.

'I daren't,' she made answer breathlessly. 'You might have been bitten,' and then without a moment's warning she burst into a paroxysm of weeping.

The boy was at her side in a second, distressed beyond measure.

'I say, don't do that,' he pleaded, and then, 'Did that beast hurt you?'

'I'm n—not c—crying for that,' she sobbed,' 'I'm c—crying because I c—called you a c—cad.'

Her tears broke out afresh.

'Oh! that's nothing,' he said awkwardly; he was thoroughly English, and hated a scene like this. 'I didn't mind, and besides,' he admitted, 'it *was* rather caddish to come and bag your eggs and things.'

'N—no, it wasn't,' she protested, somewhat illogically, between her sobs, 'and you d—did m—mind; that's why I w—went on. You're n—not a c—cad and I'm so s—sorry.'

'Thank you,' said Dick gravely. She had made the *amende honorable*. He held out his hand, but the girl took no notice.

'And I hit you twice,' she went on; 'where did I hit you?'

She had in some measure recovered her composure and was looking very pretty, Dick thought.

'Oh! I don't know,' he said absently. 'It didn't matter.'

'Where?' repeated the girl, almost fiercely.

'Look here,' said Dick, 'I must be getting on home. I shall get into an awful row if——'

'Where did I hit you?' she interrupted, half stamping her foot in her impatience. 'Tell me!'

He saw that she meant to have an answer, and it was really getting very late.

'Oh! there, I think, and there,' he said hurriedly, indicating two vague places.

She stepped up to him, and placing her two hands on his shoulders, kissed him twice before he had time to make a protest.

'Then, there and there,' she murmured.

The boy blushed hotly, and looked hastily round. No! there was no one to bear witness to the deed. Had there been he would have felt very angry. As it was, he was aware of a curious sensation that was certainly not annoyance, but rather the reverse. It dawned upon him that he rather liked it.

He stood looking extremely embarrassed for a few moments. Then he said gruffly, 'I must get my coat and be off. I gave it to Rupert to play with,' he added in explanation.

Together they moved towards the fateful tree, and very soon not only was the garment recovered, but also, strange to relate, a firm friendship established between Rupert and Dick.

'Look here,' said the girl, as our hero politely held out his hand preparatory to taking his departure, 'I want you to come bird's-nesting with me.' Dick's eyes showed his delight. 'If you tell me your name,' she went on, 'I'll get mamma to write to your master.'

And she was as good as her word.

Master Richard took his various punishments—and they were not light ones—with the endurance of a stoic. He fought part—only part—of his battles over again in the dormitory that night with his best pal, Graham minor, and when he described the girl as being 'awfully decent,' which is the highest form of praise known to school-boy phraseology, the aforesaid Graham minor came to the conclusion that his friend must have been very hard hit.

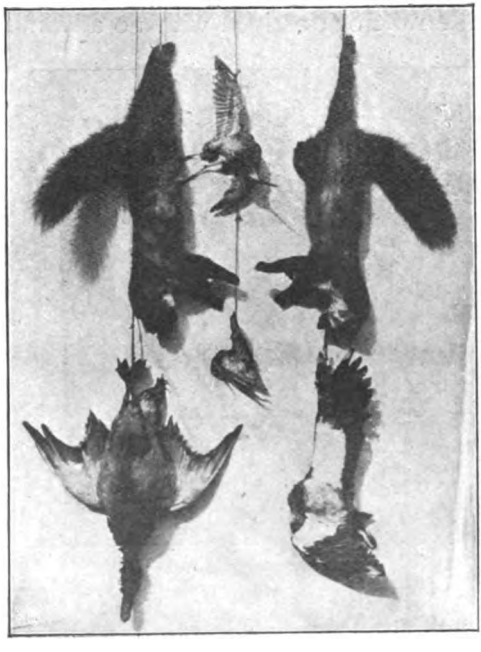
WINTER SPORT IN NORMANDY

BY W. B. DALLEY

In all those fertile Norman valleys which give on to the Seine, the mouth of the Seine and the sea, and in most of the valleys of the interior, one finds marsh land and much luxuriant pasture land which has been ditched and drained in every direction. At a certain season of the year (generally the first half of March) these lands are the temporary home of quantities of snipe, green and golden plover, and different sorts of duck. The sporting rights are communal, but the purchase of a ten franc permit will entitle you to shoot. In some communes, in many even, the sporting rights are free to all; but though nominally free—and actually so to the local people—the foreigner will generally find himself greatly hampered by tardy officialdom in the matter not only of the communal permit but of the *permis de chasse* itself. He can easily allow himself ten days for arranging such matters. Very likely there is an object in all this, for it may well prevent many a casual passer-by from turning to and diminishing the head of game.

For myself I knew in which communes I wanted to shoot, and I had taken my precautions in advance, at the same time leaving word with the Père Mary, with whom I went sporting in an earlier number of this magazine, to let me know of the arrival of the snipe. I should like very much to talk here of the

Normandy woodcock, which are extraordinary both as regards size and numbers, but it would not accord with my object, which is to describe only the free shooting of the country—the sport which is open to every Norman peasant who can take advantage of it. A very fair example of what can be done in a day by early rising, hard walking, and constant application is the photograph of a 'mixed bag'—for mixed bags are the essential characteristic of such shooting. In a sense it does not perhaps show a typical bag all the same. The snipe, instead of



A MIXED BAG

being two, should be (say) twelve or fourteen. The plover and the mallard are in a way bits of luck. One might shoot or miss, get or lose such birds in any country. The two *martres* should not be there at all if the bag is to be regarded as truly typical. It is true that they fell to my gun, but the credit is to the Père Mary. He is learned in the ways of all wild creatures, and, as I will explain later on, is perhaps the only inhabitant who could have traced such animals at such a time. Speaking for myself the photograph is a fair representation. I was part of a combination, which included the Père Mary and a good dog, but beyond the actual killing of the birds and animals I

was the least important party to that federation. I only insist upon this because any sportsman can make just such a combination as he likes, and may call the result, and fairly call it, a type.

One can just take the case of this particular day. I had decided the preceding night on snipe shooting. There was a getting out of bed before daybreak (somehow inevitable in Norman shooting) and a six kilomètre drive. Almost immediately we flushed four snipe, of which I missed and lost two. All the same the snipe had not come in the night before in any quantity, and ten o'clock arrived with no advancement. Three

COCK SHOOTING

or four birds had risen very wild, and I had let off the gun at seventy or eighty yards more than once. All this time we had been traversing big stretches of country. There were plenty of plover, but I never even tried to approach them until at last I saw one alone. I had given up hope of snipe and started to stalk him. He led me over perhaps three kilomètres of country before I marked him down nicely, under the shelter of a barn. I soon arrived on the other side and sidled round the corner. Up he got at eighty yards, and in dismay and anger I let off the gun at him. To my surprise he dropped. By one of those bits of luck which are always happening in sport—one remembers them better than one's failures—he had got just one grain through the head. I picked him up and started for the Père, who had been holding the dog and searching the ditches

while I was after the plover. He had seen two duck. I looked and also thought they were duck. They were a long way off, but I judged the distance very accurately, and arrived within ten yards of where they were sitting. Up they both got, and I missed with the first barrel—Fortune's regret for her favour in giving me the plover—but with the second I got one of the two. We were now pretty near home and lunch time. There seemed nothing further to be done, and yet I was unwilling to waste the afternoon. The Père was as always serviceable, however, and told me of a number of different granaries he knew of where there was the possibility of a *martre*.

A PARTY OF FOX-HUNTERS

After something to eat we started off, and as the result of visiting perhaps half a dozen farms made up the bag to what it is in the photograph. In the course of the day we had, driving and on foot, covered between thirty and forty miles. The work had been hard, but the result was a real compensation—such a result, in fact, as can only be paid for by youth, keenness and energy.

There is a great gap between Normandy and the shires in the matter of fox-hunting—so much so that one feels quite nervous about admitting one's complicity in attempts at gunning the animal. I must say that until I actually had the opportunity of committing vulpicide I had a vague feeling of the sort myself. All the same I do not anticipate reprobation from any but the road hunter: the genuine straight-riding sportsman,

will understand that the fox is a good sporting animal in more senses than one, and will appreciate my point of view. Personally I am quite partial to the Norman method, for on one of the only two occasions on which I went fox-hunting in Normandy I shot a fox. On the other occasion, by the way, an unfortunate thing happened. The fox fell in with a badger, who tore down the stopping of the earth, whereupon both entered, and were, for that day at all events, lost to the guns.

I have already described the boar hunt in these pages, and the fox hunt is conducted on somewhat similar lines. That is to say, the animal is driven out of a wood by dogs, and up to a

VÆ VICTIS

line of shooters, numbering anything from thirty onwards. All the earths have been stopped at eleven or twelve o'clock of the preceding night. This is done by means of an iron grille made specially for the purpose. The result is that the fox returns home in the morning to find the door shut, and has to run for it ; but his cunning is so human that about once out of three times he gets away without being seen. On the other hand, a great help to the fox is the fact that the hunt is conducted in the half light of the early morning. The gunner is always more or less stiff with cold, perhaps soaked a little with rain ; his eye is not at its keenest, and, even if it were, the heavy shadows of the woods would count against him. The fox is a past master in the art of gliding inaudibly and invisibly through the undergrowth, and in any case the gunner has

always the bad feeling that the chances against him are anything from thirty to one upwards.

I well remember my own first experience. I had risen at four o'clock, and after dressing had walked down to a *café*, where arrangements had been made the night before, and where a lavish Norman breakfast awaited. After a hearty meal —one's appetite is good when one is doing this sort of thing every day—we started off on a ten kilomètres drive. Just as the day was breaking we reached the rendezvous, a small farm right away in the country ; everybody else arrived within a few minutes of the same time, and after a coffee apiece we

AFTER THE HUNT—DISCUSSING RESULTS

went to our posts. The scene was a pine wood with very heavy undergrowth, and I was placed in an angle of it. I had a view of a small track to my right, and to my left there was a bank separating the wood from a field. I hid myself as well as possible behind a big pine and started to wait. I waited a long time before the dogs began. Another long time, and while they were still far away there suddenly appeared in front of me a fox. I say 'appeared,' because he came like a stage effect ; there was no noise or disturbance of any sort. A moment before I had been feeling like a criminal at the idea of shooting foxes, but on the sight of him I thirsted for his blood. Alas ! I was able to do nothing ; I had borrowed a gun fitted with the abominable strap of the French chasseur. The leather just rapped against the iron, and it was enough—the fox had gone

as mysteriously as he had come. He had come out along the bank, and after taking the straps off my gun I started to watch for his reappearance in the same place. I had waited patiently, when out of the very corner of my eye I detected some faint movement up in the wood. Indescribably dim and ghostly he looked as he flitted through the undergrowth. He had made a small *détour* to avoid me. He could not make a large one on account of a chasseur higher up who was smoking. As it was his path led him right across the track which lay on my right. I could only see him at intervals. He was coming along very slowly and daintily, and I trained my gun along the track:

A ROACH SWIM

just as he appeared I fired, and with a queer feeling I realised that I had shot a fox. He had dropped quite dead with four buckshot distributed between his head and heart.

In order to abide by the title of this article one ought to mention the roach fishing. As far as my experience has gone nearly all the main rivers of Normandy teem with these fish. The name for them is *meunier* (miller), because they most frequent the still waters at the top of a mill. They are very much fished for, and I should say are very difficult to catch. I caught some myself, but it was under the direction of the Père Mary, who is as much of an expert with coarse fish as he is with trout or salmon. Wary as they are they are taken in large quantities by the real experts, and a fish of two or three pounds and a creel of twenty to thirty pounds is nothing out of the

way, provided it is a bright clear day. The best bait is a tiny mud-eel, locally called the *septœil*. The most scientific name I could get for it was from a chemist. He called it a lamprillon, but whether that means lamprey or not I cannot say. This little eel is found in small streams and is threaded on to the hook as is a worm, though oddly enough the trout will never touch it. Another bait, and an almost equally good one, is bread. French bread is much more spongy than English, and when squeezed on to a triangle will hold very well in the water. I went out on two or three occasions to watch the Père. I did not intend fishing myself, as I never much enjoy killing uneatable things in the way of fin or feather—I just went to amuse myself by talking to the old gentleman and watching him catch the fish. Once it happened to be a very good day, and I took the rod from him for a while, and though I was neither particularly keen nor skilful I landed two fish, and the bigger one weighed very nearly two and three quarter pounds.

To *martre* shooting, as I have already said, I was introduced by the Père Mary. I daresay most male readers have been wondering what on earth the *martre* is. He is one of the valuable fur-bearing animals, though his precise name in the London fur trade I do not know. Parisian furriers classify three kinds of sable: the *martre zibellyne* (Russian sable), the *martre de Norvege* and the *martre de Canada*. The *martre* which one shoots in Normandy is the *martre de Canada*—presumably the Canadian sable. These sables are found in greater or lesser quantities all over Normandy. Wherever you find an isolated farm yielding plenty of poultry and eggs you are fairly sure of finding a *martre* in some neighbouring granary. You seldom have any difficulty in getting the permission of the farmers to search their granaries, as they are unable to kill the animals themselves, and they are delighted to have them killed, for one little sable will do as much destruction as a full grown fox. This beautiful little creature, so soft and graceful when he is made up in a muff or a necklet, has in the highest degree the quality of bloodthirstiness. Whereas a fox will run off with a pheasant or a fowl and make an honest meal of it, the sable will simply suck the blood (perhaps capriciously leaving the bird half dead), and then pass on to the next. During the day he lives in the hay—never in straw, oats, or anything of the sort—always in the hay. At night after everyone has gone to bed and when everything is still he comes out and passes the

time till daylight among the fowls, tame rabbits, or such other tit-bits as the farmer has to offer him. The Normans never stack their hay but always store it in their granaries, where it is tied up in small square bundles weighing about fifteen pounds a bundle. A preliminary courtesy is to get the permission of the farmer, but the first serious difficulty is to find out if there is a sable at all in any of his buildings, and if so in which of them. The ordinary Norman can only tell this when the snow is deep and he can trace the footprints of the animal. With the Père it is different, for I believe he has in him the blood of the father of all poachers. I cannot disclose his method, for he

COMING HOME

showed it me in confidence, and even if I could disclose it I doubt if anyone else could copy it. In any case he can find out almost for certain whether there is a *martre* in the building or not. Even when this is done the great difficulty of all is to get the animal out, for his cleverness is unmatchable, and the local substitute for 'cunning as a fox' is '*fin comme une martre*.' The *martre* always prepares for emergencies by selecting a building close to a hedge and always makes his 'run' so that it gives on to the hedge. Jumping for the hedge is, however, the last card in his hand. Before doing that he always tries to compose his nerves and crouch up in some small hole under the eaves. This is the best time to shoot him—if you can get a chance—for there is less likelihood of spoiling his skin. Meanwhile the Père is playing the part of the ferret inside—displacing

the bundles of hay and passing from end to end of the building.

I often wish that I could reproduce in English some of the Père's quaint and confidential expositions of his methods. To me most of these methods are quite useless, but to him they are beyond price, and his disclosure of them to me is his grand token of affection. I know that to no one else but his wife or child would he speak so freely. Most of them I could not in honour give away, even if I remembered them; and in any case when robbed of the charm of his droll *patois* they would fall flat. I will all the same attempt his own description of his ways with the *martre*, though it makes me feel like being 'where angels fear to tread.' Here I break no confidence, for no one could plagiarise him. A translation would run roughly as follows:—'*Monsieur comprend bien l'affaire!* I imitate the cry of the *martre* when in his agony. From within the granary I push cries of the most abominable character. The *martre* hears. He says, "It is my comrade who is taken in a snare. He suffers horribly! I have very badly chosen my apartment. *C'est déjà grand temps que je démenage!*" He leaps from the building. The chasseur awaits him outside. F—f—lang! A blow of gun, and all is over.'

When I call the old gentleman a poacher I do not mean to class him with the thieving lout who is haled before the justice of the peace. On the contrary, he is a strictly law-abiding citizen, and no member of the republic would be more horrified at the thought of a *procès*. I may vaguely indicate my true meaning by saying that he is the sort of man who would prefer to fire at a sitting bird. In other words, he has the real original sporting instinct—the instinct of our savage and semi-savage ancestors who hunted literally 'for the pot,' and had to put all their wits and intelligence into the doing of it.

In conclusion, it is only just that I should say a few words about the drawbacks of this delightful little quarter of the globe. With regard to the shooting being free, it resembles all shooting worthy of being so called in being indirectly rather expensive. The Norman, again, is like the Australian and the Irishman in being intensely suspicious of foreigners—more especially of English people. If he takes to you he has not his peer for kindness and hospitality. Out of pure goodness of heart he will do things for you which no other person on earth would think of doing—not even the Irishman or Australian aforesaid. Unless he takes to you he will display an extraordinary ingenuity, and go to infinite pains to hinder and hamper you all he knows how.

THINGS THEY DO BETTER IN FRANCE

BY G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL

A NEW way of artificially increasing the number of partridges on the estate of Baron Rothschild in France has attracted considerable attention for the past four years or so.

In England partridges were a good deal reared by hand in the sixties. Lord Ducie in Oxfordshire had for several years from 500 to 1000 tame birds reared; and the way the eggs for this purpose were obtained was by exchange for pheasants' eggs, except, of course, where the eggs were picked up out of the clover fields at mowing time. In those days the scythe was used, and a good many nests could be seen by the mowers and left with a bunch of grass round them; to eggs so left the old birds would generally return, but she was not always allowed to resume incubation in peace and quietness, for rooks are very cunning birds indeed, and it did not take long to educate them into the belief that wherever they saw an isolated bunch of mowing grass in a field of aftermath there were eggs not far off. So far they were right, and as the curse of that country's game preservation is the habit of partridges and pheasants to select the clover fields for family purposes, the black thieves defeated the best intentions on the part of farmers and labourers and gamekeepers alike. These partridges were

not reared on the proverbial ants' egg diet. I well remember being struck with that fact. The keeper of the estate told me that his reason for giving no ants' eggs was that the birds that had them would eat nothing else, and that it was quite impossible to find enough of this dainty food for so many birds. Meal of kinds formed the staple food, and the partridges did well upon it. The plan adopted of placing the coops was quite different from that in the pheasant-rearing fields. The rides and grass headlands of the corn fields were used for pens placed from 100 to 200 yards apart, and the birds must have been healthy, and have enjoyed their meal dinners, otherwise they would not at the keeper's whistle have risen from out of the middle of the fields and flown to the call, as I saw them fly time after time.

At that period I was, as a boy, trying to rear a couple of hundred birds on a croquet lawn ; but I was an amateur in every sense of the word, and my birds would eat nothing but ants' eggs. They would not even touch the ants themselves. But they did well. About that time I obtained from a dealer 200 partridges' eggs that were said to come out of pens. Whether this really was so there is reason to doubt ; but I believe it to have been correct, because I can find no other explanation of the undoubted fact that the eggs were only about two thirds of the weight of the wild eggs that were daily being picked up. These small eggs hatched all right, but the birds did not live ; not even a plentiful supply of ants' eggs would do for them ; they pined and died in the midst of health and plenty.

The new method of partridge preservation has for its object the prevention of the well-known habit of young partridges of many broods leaving their barn-door foster parents and crowding together, to form one great wild pack, possessed of no knowledge of latitude or longitude in the shooting season. Once up, such packs never knew where to fly and when to stop, and I think that this is the reason that the practice of rearing partridges by hand has been discontinued almost everywhere ; that is to say, nobody does it now who can, by any other means, get eggs properly incubated by wild birds. The French method has for one of its objects the abolition of the foster parent. The barn-door fowl was a splendid mother up to a certain point of time ; but no sooner could the young partridges provide for themselves than the maternal instinct forsook the old hen, who began to lay again in the coop, and scared away

her foster family, unused as it was to the loud demonstration of such boisterous joy as the laying of a white egg causes in the domesticated poultry. No possible foster mother exists in this country, as far as is known to the writer, that will not give up the care of her brood earlier than the partridge mother does; for the latter does not forsake her brood until February, when the whole covey pairs. Doubtless this gave rise to the wish to see whether partridges in confinement might not be made use of, and the plan adopted was to keep the birds in two wired pens, cocks on one side of a network partition, and hens upon the other. This was done in order to observe and preserve the natural pairing of the birds; by marking them with various coloured ribbons this was easy; and when accurate knowledge of this had been gained, the birds were taken away and placed in small pens, each holding only one paired couple. There they made their nest and deposited their eggs. They sat upon and hatched them; and as soon as this was accomplished, the old and young were let go free to search for food where and when they might.

Some of those who have tried the plan in England have found that previous pairing by natural choice is not necessary, others have found that it is so. May not the discrepancy arise from the different times at which the pairs were caged? I can well understand that if the birds were coupled after they had paired naturally, and their affections were severed by compulsion, that they would not pair again, and would not lay eggs; whereas if coupled before St. Valentine's day, when most partridges show distinct preferences for the first time, any cock and hen would agree to keep house together, except perhaps the old birds.

Up to the point of letting out the newly-hatched covey there seems to be no difficulty, but the evidence of the young birds doing well afterwards is sadly wanting in this country. In fact, of all those who have tried the plan nobody has given any satisfactory account of an improved stock of partridges resulting therefrom; and yet in France it is said to have been very beneficial.

It has struck me that my old experience with purchased partridges' eggs may supply a suggestion of the cause of the failure. May not the cause of the smallness of my purchased eggs still be in operation; and is it not likely that, as a partridge in nature has no corn diet in the spring, she will not produce healthy eggs when fed upon corn in the pens?

I often have wondered what induced pairs of partridges in the spring to wander away from the fields up into the moorlands, and how it happens that these pairs almost invariably breed big broods. The question arises: Is it instinct or appetite that leads them several miles from their own proper homes? Is it a prophetic instinct that tells them that here, or there, they will find a supply of the right insects for their chicks, at the right time; or is it hunger that finds out the places where the right insects exist at the time of the migration for the old birds, as well as for the young when they appear? I think the prophetic instinct theory will not hold water; and if that is so, insect life is probably as necessary to the old partridges in spring as it is in summer to their chicks. May not this fact, if it be fact, account for the failure of the rearing of the pen-hatched partridges, even by their own mothers?

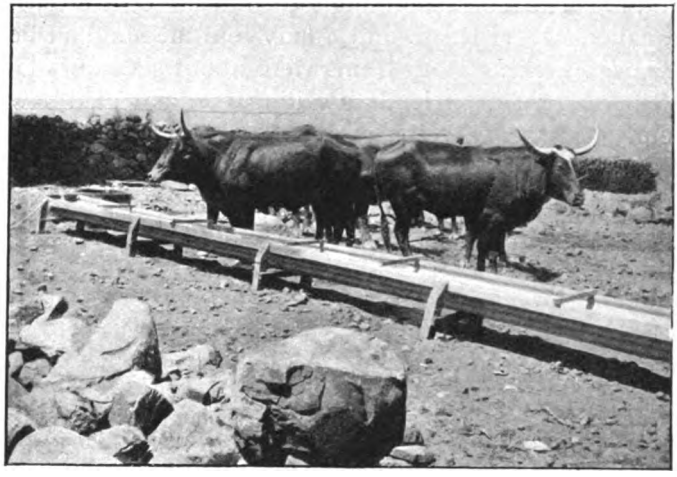
But there is another view that would equally well account for such failures. The partridges in pens are naturally hand-reared birds, which can have had no practice in finding their own living; for they will have been, in all cases, either never allowed to go wild, or else they will have been caught up before October frosts began to make a partridge's existence a life of care; that is, before the stubbles have been gleaned of the last fallen grain, these birds will have become artificially cared for, and they will never have known a wild insect and green vegetable subsistence such as their brothers of the fields have to know or perish. This implies that the corn-fed parents are not only to change to an unknown diet themselves, but suddenly to become clever enough to provide for their ten or fifteen chicks as well. Surely this is a very tall order.

But there is another possible reason for failure too, and one that should be easily removed. It is the habit of most gamekeepers to have their pheasant-pens as near home as may be; their rearing fields for pheasants will be selected also as near to their own cottages as can be, and it is not a very great stretch of imagination to suppose that the majority of experimental partridge-pens have been placed in a similar position. The result of this is that when the young chicks have been let out of the hatching pens they have gone out upon ground which has been constantly searched over by poultry for every form of insect life, until a perfect clearance has been made. It has often been pointed out that land will only support a certain proportion of game, and it is usually admitted that when pheasants are heavily preserved the partridge crop

suffers. As pheasants can do very well on corn food (when they are obliged to), it might be thought that when at liberty they will neglect the natural products of vegetation, and leave alone the insects. This is far from being the case ; one has only to watch them to see how thoroughly they hunt every inch of ground. They have enormous capacity for eating, and it would not be any use turning out a covey of young partridges to find their own living on a field which had but lately done duty as a rearing field for pheasants. It is probable that every insect would be gone and the partridges would starve. It cannot be supposed that fields on which the keepers' poultry have had the run would be one bit more helpful to the young covey. I am indeed doubtful whether it would be wise to let out a second covey on the same ground on which a first brood had found plenty of insect food. Watch the slow progress that a wild partridge and her chicks make ; she hardly covers four feet a minute, and her chicks find plenty of insects to feed ten to twenty mouths in that slow progress. If they did not, it might be that expended energy in searching would outrun the vitality that the small quantity of food found produced, and in that case exhaustion would quickly follow, and death would overtake the lagging birds. It appears probable that there must not only be insects on the ground, but that they must be so plentiful as to save the delicate little creatures from undue exertion in finding enough of them.

Photo. W. A. Rouch.

THE WATER JUMP.



OXEN IN THE KRAAL

SPORT IN THE KAROO

BY ARTHUR WARNFORD

IT was in January 1899 that I found myself landing at Cape Town, on my way to join some friends who were up in the 'Karoo,' as the great flat plains in the centre of Cape Colony are called. At Cape Town that abominable dust-blowing, but sometimes thought health-giving, blast known as a 'north-easter' was in full vigour, and as the Table cloth was pouring in sheets of fast moving cloud over the edge of Table Mountain betokening a continuance of the same, I decided to cut short my visit, and saying good-bye to my friends and acquaintances of the voyage, started up country.

The journey north through the Hex River Pass, thanks to 'war' and other correspondents, is too well known now to need description, so it suffices to say that after travelling for the best part of three days and two nights over dry and dusty plains, shut in by brown and bare mountains, the train drew up at a small platform—my destination.

At the time I write of, a few months before the war, this 'express,' which crawled along at an average speed of twenty miles per hour, was the *only* up train for passengers in twenty-

four hours. The corresponding down train crossed us at a station called Albert Road, and a lady told me she had been in it for *nearly a week*. Both trains were about six hours late.

But here were my friends awaiting me, and glad I was to see them.

'You had better get something to eat at the Royal Hotel, and we will be "inspanned" by the time you are ready.'

So off I went to this 'first class' hotel. The owner had built it himself and *forgotten to put in the stairs!* Finding a ladder to one's bedroom window an inconvenient method of going to bed every night, he had been constrained by his 'guests' to 'put in' some stairs, with most curious results to the interior of the house which were far from adding to its beauty.

However, five o'clock saw the dogcart and four horses being skilfully driven by my friend Gordon through the little town *en route* for the 'farm.' It did not take us long to get clear of the few houses comprising the village, and soon we were bowling along the dry and rocky road that led to the open velt. For miles we passed over the brown and stony ground, only relieved here and there by an equally brown and prickly thorn bush. In the distance rose a chain of mountains standing up clear and distinct in the still evening air. On a slope of these mountains was situated my friend's house, a farm or shooting box called Rietfontein. The fontein or spring which gave its name to the place, rose in the side of the hill behind the house. The track over which we were driving was by courtesy called a road, but it consisted merely of two wheel marks across the velt, with a few of the largest boulders removed, and its surface hardened by frequent use. It was necessary to cling on pretty tight to preserve one's balance and seat, for an extra big stone or a deep rut was met with every few yards, and my sides were sore with the jolting long before the journey's end. The four horses, consisting of two fair-sized bays as wheelers, and a couple of fine Basuto ponies as leaders, took us along at a steady pace. It was more for the 'sport' of the thing than otherwise that my friend drove his dogcart 'four-in-hand,' but the track was sandy and heavy-going in places, and with the sun sinking fast making it necessary to press on, the extra pair of horses came in handy. Just as the sun went down behind the hills, we turned off the main road, and making our way up a steep and stony track, that differed very little from the boulder-strewn mountain side, we

saw the signs of life once more. Our approach, heralded by much barking of dogs, had been noticed by our friends from the 'stoep' or verandah, and entering the house, I was soon receiving a warm welcome.

Before going further I will introduce the members of our small party. First comes our host, Mr. Vivian, an Englishman of considerable wealth, to whom the place belonged. Mr. Gordon, whose name I have already mentioned, was a young

A DUTCH FARM STEADING
Photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen

Scotchman, whose love for an open-air life had induced him to settle down as manager of the farm. Two young ladies, Grace and Hilda Muirison, nieces of Mr. Vivian, on a visit to Rietfontein, a Captain Wallis and myself.

Next morning on turning out early, for my late sea voyage had engendered in me habits of early rising, I took a stroll round the farm to get my bearings and to enjoy the fresh morning air that is so delightful up in the mountains before the sun's powerful rays exert their strength and raise the temperature to oven heat.

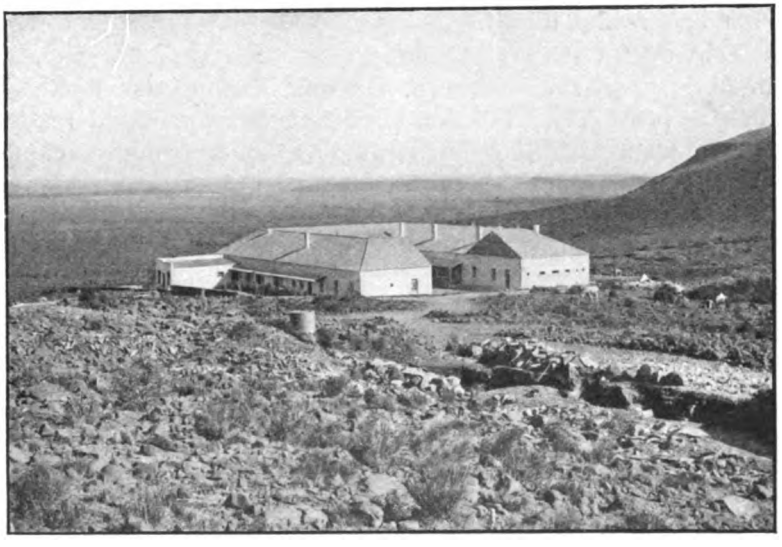
Climbing up above the house, I turned to take a good look at my surroundings. The house was built on the lower slopes

of the mountain, and consisted of a large square building with a broad 'stoep,' or verandah, extending along the lower side, with the two principal rooms opening on to it. The stoep, which was raised some ten feet above the ground by reason of the slope on which the house was built, commanded a magnificent view. As far as the eye could reach ran the open velt, with a range of hills in the dim distance. On some days, such is the clearness of the atmosphere, hills one hundred miles away could be distinctly seen without any aid from a glass. At the back of the house towered the gaunt, stony heights of the Nieuvelt Bergen range, running up to several thousand feet.

Separated from the house by about a hundred yards was the stable—a capital stone and wood built structure, capable of holding about a dozen horses. The regular plan adopted here was to turn out the horses to wander freely over the velt. When wanted for use, one of the black 'boys,' as the Kaffir servants are called, would search the slopes of the mountains and drive them in, when, after a good feed of hard stuff, they were ready for riding or driving. Before a long day's hunting, it was necessary to keep them in and feed them well for a day or two, as the pasturage is very poor—only a few blades of grass and stunted bushes of Karoo plant, on which, however, the goats seem to flourish. Of goats, we had two large flocks, which were driven into a kraal near the house to be milked every morning and evening. The black 'boys' lived in a small shanty near the stable. A fine chicken run completed the establishment.

After some days' rest and idle amusement, such as practising with our rifles and riding the different horses, of which there were fourteen, we decided on a day's hunting. To get the horses into condition for this, we made several short expeditions in search of 'pauw,' a large bustard that is uncommonly good eating. A gun is of little use in bringing them to bag, as they carry a lot of shot and are difficult to get near, so a light rifle with a small bore is generally used. The method we adopted was to ride about two hundred yards apart, with a couple of greyhounds in between us. By this means we covered a great deal of ground and secured several velt hares, which make capital soup. We seldom shot many pauw, but generally managed to bring back a few 'koorhaan,' another species of bustard, but smaller than the pauw. Steinbuck were to be found sometimes on the lower slopes of the mountains. They are a small yellow buck, which derive their name either from

the stony ground which they haunt, or the stone-like colour of their skin. By turning them from the mountains into the open it was sometimes possible to course them with the greyhounds; but, as a rule, they evaded pursuit by dodging like a hare amid the stones and boulders with which the ground was strewn. In spite of all the shooting that goes on, a fair amount of game still remains in the colony; and, thanks to the recently enforced game laws, the springbuck are rapidly increasing in numbers.



OUR HOME ON THE VELDT

To shoot some of these beautiful buck was the object of our day's hunting.

After careful preparations the night before, we rose betimes, and, making a light breakfast, were soon in the saddle. It had been previously decided that Mr. Vivian should take one shooting cart and Captain Wallis the other, whilst Mr. Gordon and myself 'rode off' the buck. A shooting cart is an open two-wheeled conveyance, something like a rough dogcart, but very strongly built, and with two gigantic C springs. It will only hold two, the driver and the man who shoots. It is drawn by a pair of horses, and requires considerable skill and nerve to handle, as the driver must stick at nothing; boulders, water-courses, sluits, banks, anything and everything, must be taken at full speed, as the pace is necessary to get anywhere near the springbuck. Drive your dogcart at a good pace across a

ploughed field and take the ditch at the end, and you will have some idea of what a shooting cart has to stand every few minutes. The horses get thoroughly excited, and seem to know, as a 'hunter' does at home, that there is sport going. The great difficulty is to avoid being thrown out over one of the wheels. You may be watching some buck, and calculating whether it is not time to stop and jump out for a shot, when bump!—the two horses have jumped a sluit, cart and all, and unless your 'boy' has shouted a warning, the probability is you are nearly pitched out, rifle and all.

Leaving the carts to follow a track across the velt, we cantered slowly on for five or six miles, saving our horses as much as possible. At last we reached our appointed rendezvous, Spitzkop, a little rising ground or kopje, forming a capital landmark on the flat velt. Here was a rough kraal and a mud hut, where a couple of Kaffirs, employed in looking after the sheep of a neighbouring Dutch farmer, kept themselves dry and warm at night. Hastily dismounting, we 'outspanned' and gave the horses as long a rest as we could, for the heat had become excessive. Meanwhile, the carts had joined us and 'outspanned,' so after a rest, we proceeded to enjoy a light lunch together with some soda water, which the ladies had most thoughtfully stowed away in one of the carts. The luxury of a long drink after a ride over the dusty velt in a broiling sun was not to be despised.

Lunch over, we made our way to the top of the kopje to try with our field glasses and a stalking telescope to find some buck. But at first nothing met the eye but mile upon mile of brown and stony velt, with patches of thorn bushes here and there, and a solitary 'dust-devil' hanging in the air like a column of smoke. Scattered about among the thorn bushes were a few trees just bursting into leaf, the effect of a recent thunderstorm. In the distance was a spur of the Nieuvelt Bergen standing up clear and blue in the dry air. Sweeping the ground carefully with my glass, my attention was attracted by a peculiar mirage; the hot and quivering air took the appearance of brown smoke continually rising from the ground, and in the midst of this grotesque forms like giraffes moved and danced. Suddenly the mirage vanished, revealing a small 'clump' of springbuck peacefully grazing a mile or two away. This was a good omen, so returning to the hut we inspanned, and whilst the two carts made a detour to avoid an unusually large sluit, we saddled up quickly and rejoined them. My

friend Gordon then rode off to the left, making for a point about five miles away. I struck off to the right in similar fashion, leaving the two carts to keep a central course about a mile apart from each other. After riding for some time and losing sight of the carts, a buck jumped up about five hundred yards off, and, having looked at me for a while, hesitated which way to go. Now was the critical moment. This buck was probably a sentinel, and whichever way he ran the rest of the herd would follow. Wheeling to the right, I gallopped madly to ride them off. Once these buck are started they gallop like the wind, and the great difficulty is so to drive them that they will pass within shot of the carts. Let them start in the

THE KITCHEN BUILT IN A WALL

wrong direction, and they are soon out of sight and lost for good. But this time my luck was in the ascendant, and after one or two suspicious glances he went off slowly in the direction of the carts. The movements of the sentinel had aroused the suspicions of the rest of the herd, and soon I had the satisfaction of seeing them all galloping after the leader. Before long the sharp crack of a rifle rang out in the clear air, and I knew some one had got in a shot. Slipping off my horse and standing under the shelter of a tree, I got out my glasses and watched carefully. Two or three more buck had now risen, and were looking anxiously in the direction of the vanished herd. Presently, out of the distant thorn trees, came a buck; then another, and another. Halting every few minutes, and turning round, they scanned the ground behind them. Standing quietly under

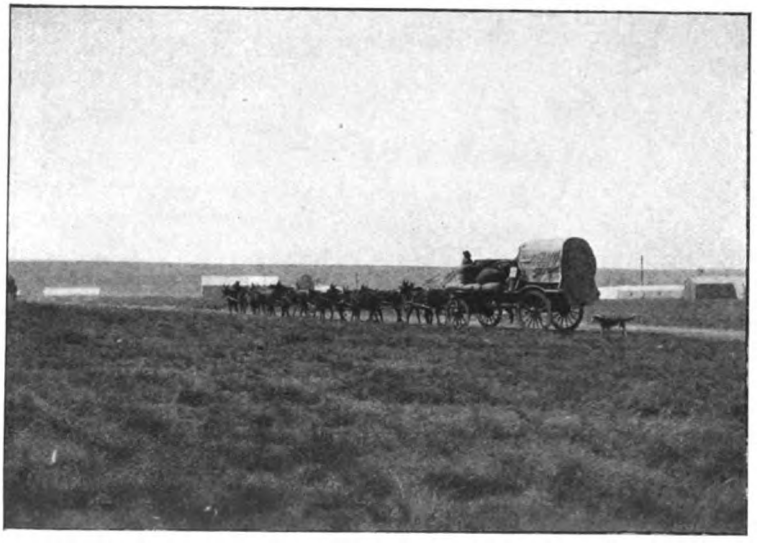
the tree I was not at first observed. Evidently one of the carts had galloped within range again, for once more there came the sharp, whip-like crack of the (sporting) Lee-Metford, and the whole herd with gigantic bounds—whence their name, springbuck—came full tilt towards me.

Hastily mounting, I endeavoured to turn them back across the line of the carts, but most of them passed in front of me far ahead and were soon lost to sight. Realising that I had best get some idea of the whereabouts of both carts before making a fresh cast, I cantered slowly in their direction. It is very necessary to do this, for often a wounded buck must be followed by a cart, perhaps three or four miles, before the final shot brings it down. I have known a buck with one leg smashed to get clean away after a hard chase of five miles or more.

But in the meanwhile Gordon had not been idle. Finding a herd of buck some ten miles away on the left, he had gradually worked round them, and finally sent them in the right direction towards an open piece of the velt. Fortunately both carts saw the herd, and galloping for all they were worth managed to arrive at the edge of the open space as the herd dashed across some four hundred yards away. To hit an animal as small as a springbuck, travelling at tremendous speed, and at such a distance is no easy thing. As I drew near I saw the carts stop and the two occupants jump out and drop on one knee, then crack! crack! and one buck was down. Halting, and watching through my glasses I saw one buck take an enormous spring, jumping some eight or nine feet up in the air and covering some twenty feet of ground. As he came down he twisted his hind quarters like a cat as if trying to avoid the bullet, which must have whizzed close to him. It was really a beautiful sight to watch the ease and grace with which the deer were springing over the ground; and realising that no efforts on my part could turn them I gave myself up to the enjoyment of watching their movements. We one day managed to measure the length of a springbuck's jump by the spoor and found it was twenty-five feet. When it is remembered that a springbuck is very little larger than a roedeer the extent of their jumping powers can be realised. The herd were soon lost to view, but presently a large brown object with a white top appeared on my right, flitting in and out of the trees and looking like an elephant. Knowing that the mirage was distorting something I watched carefully, and after a few minutes the object dropped to natural size and transformed itself into Gordon with his large white

'squash' hat on. Riding to meet him, I heard that he had been some fifteen to twenty miles and only seen the one herd which had been successfully driven across the guns.

While we were talking a low rumble made us both turn round. Over the mountains hung a black thunder cloud, and my friend looked anxious. 'If that storm makes up,' he said, 'it will be best to rejoin the carts and move homewards.' The storms are often of great violence and the floods of rain rapidly



INSPANNED

turn the larger sluits into a raging torrent, impassable for men or horses.

Separating again we made a fresh cast to try and discover some more buck. Riding slowly amongst the trees and thorn-bushes, I kept a vigilant look out, but without sighting any more deer. Some 'aasvogels,' or African vultures, rose reluctantly from the carcase of a dead buck, which they had nearly picked clean, while not far off a pair of secretary birds were stalking about on the look out for snakes. Meanwhile the storm had advanced and was growing in size every minute. Remembering Gordon's advice I made for the carts, and by a piece of luck discovered them both, resting their horses under shelter of some trees.

After a hurried consultation, we decided to make for home. Seeing no signs of Gordon, we fired a shot to let him know our

whereabouts, and waiting no longer set off at a steady gallop. It was our endeavour to cross three broad and deep sluits, which lay between ourselves and home, before the storm broke. A bright flash, followed by a loud peal of thunder, warned us that we had no time to lose. Gradually the storm came over us, and after passing the first sluit in safety a cold blast of wind, followed by a terrific storm of hail, rendered all attempts to press on useless. The horses refused to face it, and turning their

A DEEP SLUIT
Photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen

backs to the wind and their heads down they stood perfectly still while the thunder roared overhead and the hailstones as big as pigeons' eggs cut our shoulders and backs like volleys of stones. Presently the worst was over, and hastily urging our horses on we waded across the next sluit. One other, the largest, remained. Could we reach it before the water running down from the hills made it too deep to cross? We galloped on in the pouring rain for over a mile and found the sluit a rushing yellow-brown torrent and rising fast. Knowing that if the horses are carried off their feet it may mean drowning for man and beast, we hesitated. But a fresh storm of hail and rain swept

over us, and realising that we were caught between two sluits, so that it must be now or never, unless we wished to remain out on the velt all night, we decided to make the attempt to cross. Urging his horses on with whip and voice, Mr. Vivian and his boy plunged into the torrent. Half swimming, half scrambling along the bottom, the two horses struggled across and emerged in triumph on the other side. The other cart was not so fortunate. One of the horses stumbled on a boulder, and dragging the other horse off his legs they floundered about in mid-stream with the strong current rapidly carrying them off to where some thick bushes and a steep bank would effectually have prevented them from scrambling out. Seeing their critical position, the driver of Mr. Vivian's cart threw the reins to his master and rushing waist deep into the foaming torrent seized the nearest horse by the head and plying his whip mercilessly and hauling for all he was worth, the cart struggled across. And now it was my turn. Starting a bit higher up stream, I plunged boldly in and the impetus helped to assist us on our way. Letting him have his head, and catching on to his mane, we swam and struggled across together to where willing hands were stretched to pull us out. Soaked to the skin, we were glad to gallop at a good pace homewards, where we found the ladies in a state of great anxiety on our behalf.

As the day wore on the storm increased in fury, the rain falling in torrents and the lightning being incessant. Poor Gordon made no appearance, which made us anxious for his safety ; but realising that until the floods had subsided we could do nothing to help him, and knowing also that he was accustomed to the velt, we hoped he would pull through all right. At seven o'clock next morning he rode in, having had a narrow escape of drowning through trying to cross a sluit. Turning back, he had spent the night in the Kaffir's hut at Spitzkop. He said that the lightning was terrible, zigzaging all over the ground around him.

Our bag, I should mention, consisted of three buck, one with a very good head.

Twice a week we organised a big day's hunting, with varying luck, sometimes securing as many as six buck, but more often having to be content with a couple. Occasionally a neighbouring Dutch farmer would join us, and being a capital shot, as well as a thoroughly good fellow, we were glad of his company.

It was with many regrets that I bade my friends good-bye and returned to England.

LACROSSE IN ENGLAND

BY W. STEPNEY RAWSON

SOME three years ago the writer drew attention in the *Badminton Magazine* to some of the salient points of the game of lacrosse, claiming for it a very high position as a game both physically and mentally, and pointed out how necessary it was to the progress of the game for cricket clubs to recognise the fact that their grounds would not in any way suffer by lacrosse being played upon them in the winter, owing to the players being obliged by the rules to wear the lightest of rubber shoes, which cannot injure the turf.

Since the date of that article two events have occurred in the lacrosse world which have materially altered the position of the game in England. The first is the recognition by the authorities at Lord's of the small effect produced on a cricket ground by the players' shoes; and as a result matches have taken place for two seasons on the practice ground at Lord's originally known as 'The Nursery,' while in the present season a large number of matches will be played upon a portion of this ground specially set apart for the game.

The second event is that forming the special subject of this article; and while not intending to go into any detailed account of the tour of the Toronto Lacrosse Club in England and Ireland, the writer proposes to give an outline of the visit, and to dwell rather upon the results which it has had upon the position of lacrosse in this country.

It may be remembered that about fifteen years ago a team from

the same club at Toronto came over here, and although they met with a most cordial reception from lacrosse players, there were no in those days English teams capable of extending the visitors, so that it cannot be said that their tour produced much greater effect than to show us on this side how very much remained to be learned. Since that time one of the most brilliant of the Canadian team, Mr. J. W. Drynan, has lived for two years in England, and joining the West London Lacrosse Club did much to develop the best type of play, both in his own club and among lacrosse players in the South. The steady improvement both in the numbers playing, and in the style of game adopted by English devotees, led the more enthusiastic spirits on this side to try and induce the Toronto Club once more to pay us a visit, so that the comparative progress in each country might again be seen. It was only natural that the services of Mr. Drynan should have been enlisted; and he, knowing by experience the spirit in which the game is played on this side, had no difficulty in laying before the officials of his old club the conditions which were likely to ensure the success of a trip.

The first projected visit in 1901 fell through, owing to the national sorrow caused by the death of Queen Victoria. During the subsequent twelve months, Canada, together with other colonies too numerous to particularise, had shown such loyalty and devotion to the Mother Country that independently of all question of sport a warm welcome was assured to any representatives of the Dominion. Details of the tour had been left in the hands of Mr. F. Sachs, the Hon. Secretary of the South of England Lacrosse Association, who, as captain of the club of which Mr. Drynan had been a member, was able to settle with him many preliminary details in an eminently satisfactory manner. Great progress was made by the visit to this country in November 1901 of Mr. F. W. Rutter, the President of the Toronto Athletic Association, of which the Lacrosse Club forms a part. Born in England, Mr. Rutter had no difficulty in seeing at once, after a chat with our authorities, the good which would be done for the game and the enthusiastic support which English players were prepared to give. On his return to Canada he was easily able to select a team from a list of applicants of more than three times the requisite number. By a happy chance the Prince of Wales had witnessed a game of lacrosse at Montreal while on his tour round the world, and graciously consented to be present at one of the matches in England. The authorities at Lord's at once fell in with the suggestion that two important matches should take place there; and in addition the Duke of Argyll, President of the S.E.L.A., and an ex-Governor

of Canada, took the warmest interest in the details of the visit, more especially in the match in which a team under the title of 'The Duke of Argyll's' opposed the Torontos.

Looking back now, one cannot fail to recognise the interesting way in which the visitors were opposed to teams of constantly increased strength, so that their capabilities were brought more into prominence on each successive occasion with a skilfully managed *crescendo*, and the danger of an anti-climax was entirely avoided. It was tacitly agreed that as the Torontos came over as a club team, and not as a Canadian team representing the whole body of Canadian players, the title of Canada *v.* England should be avoided in the list of fixtures. But it is only fair to say that in one or two matches they were opposed to the best team this country could put into the field, and, as is well known, they did not fail to win every match in which they played. In two matches, one at Oxford and another at Manchester, there were moments in which it seemed possible that our combinations might snatch a victory, but only in the latter can it be said that we were somewhat unlucky to lose.

The principal matches of the tour were against the southern counties, the South of England, and the Duke of Argyll's team in London, an English team at Oxford, and mixed teams at Cambridge and Bristol; the northern counties, the North of England, the Stockport Club (Champions of England for several seasons), and an English team under the title of 'A. N. Hornby's' at Manchester, the North of Ireland, and a mixed team under the title of 'Lord Londonderry's' at Belfast. Playing an average of three matches a week for six weeks was hard work, and unless the men had kept in good condition they must have shown signs of staleness towards the close. These signs were never perceptible, and great credit is due to their manager Mr. J. W. Macdonald, and to Mr. F. Killer, Vice-President of the Toronto Club (who had previous experience of a football trip in this country), for the able way in which the players were handled.

Three matches of the tour single themselves out as likely to leave the most permanent marks in the history of the game in England. Foremost in importance must be put the match at Lord's, at which King Edward VII. was present—the first occasion on which an English monarch had honoured that illustrious ground. With him were numerous members of the Royal Family, including the Prince and Princess of Wales; whilst among the spectators appeared ex-Governors of Canada, and representatives of the Dominion, the President and committee of the Marylebone

Club, leading exponents of all types of English sport, the total exceeding eight thousand, few of whom could have failed to realise that lacrosse, played as on that occasion, was worthy to rank with the best of our national games. The ground was enclosed by a net about three feet high, which proved to be an excellent arrangement, and kept the play confined within a reasonable area, much to its advantage.

It was gratifying to hear the opinion of Lord Harris at the banquet following the match at the Hotel Cecil, that till that day he had no conception what a fine game lacrosse was, and that schools might well adopt the game in the early months of the year, when it is necessary to spare grounds required later on for cricket. If this dictum were the sole outcome of the visit, the journey would have been more than justified. But an equally gratifying result was experienced as a consequence of the match at Oxford. It is a curious fact that about twenty years ago the game was taken up at Cambridge, and flourished to the extent that the University team won the Southern flag competition. With the loss of a ground on Parker's Piece, the club found a difficulty in obtaining a suitable substitute, and for some years the 'Varsity has not taken any prominent position in southern lacrosse. It was felt that if a club were formed at Oxford the interest in the game would revive at Cambridge, and this would undoubtedly arouse further interest in schools whose best players would have an opportunity of getting a place in their 'Varsity team. A match was therefore arranged at Oxford, in which the Torontos opposed a mixed team composed of six players from the South and an equal number from the North. Mr. C. N. Jackson, of Hertford College, who has been associated for a quarter of a century with athletics of all kinds at Oxford, but more especially with running, entered heartily into the idea, and the new football ground proved an admirable venue for the game.

Although cricket and tennis were in full swing about 2000 spectators were present, and from a critical point of view the game was one which fully brought out the best features of lacrosse. When the English team drew level at five games all with three rapidly gained goals, it was seen how quickly fortune may fluctuate in the course of a fast game; and though the Canadians ultimately drew out and won by a handsome margin the opinion was unanimous that such a game was worth playing, and moreover could only be well played by all-round athletes. As a result an Oxford University Lacrosse Club has been organised; and with a fair sprinkling of Canadians, and others who have already learned to use a crosse, present at the 'Varsity, there will be no difficulty in getting

together a nucleus of a team which by the end of the present season may meet Cambridge at Lord's, and so make a beginning of a series of meetings which in a few years should provide the finest lacrosse to be seen in England.

The third and best match, from the lacrosse point of view, was the meeting at Manchester of the Torontos with an English team, under the title of 'A. N. Hornby's team.' It is needless to say that Mr. Hornby was not only a celebrated cricketer, but also a very fine Rugby football player, and therefore is more than ordinarily capable of judging the merits of the game which was entirely new to him. The writer had ample opportunity of eliciting his opinion during the progress of the match, and Mr. Hornby's only regret seemed to be that he had not had a chance of playing it in his younger days. In this match we were distinctly unlucky in losing the assistance of A. Mason just before half-time, when the score was two games all; and though a fresh player was allowed to come on in his place, instead of withdrawing a player to equalise numbers according to the rules, the void could not be filled and we lost by a small margin. The crowd at Manchester, where lacrosse is very popular and its points thoroughly well recognised, will long remember the struggle, which called out all the resources of the Torontos who confessed that at one part of the game they by no means fancied their chances of winning.

Enough has been said about the principal matches of the tour and the important results which have accrued to the future well-being of the game in this country. A few words, however, may not be amiss with regard to the distinctive features of the Canadian style. One thing has always struck us in England as characterising Canadians, and showing itself very clearly in their play. This is the nervous, flashing nature of their work. It contrasts very strongly with the slower and more imperturbable style of English play. It is attractive in the highest degree to the spectator, but naturally it also requires a very high standard of dexterity in crosse handling. We are finding now that, by the adoption of the Canadian type of crosse, catching is made very much easier, and this is essential to the style of play they have adopted. It is not sufficient that the ball be received on the crosse; it must be rapidly in a position to be delivered where required. With the old type of crosse this necessitated incessant practice, and many players never acquired it after years of play. It now will be acquired rapidly, much to the benefit of the game and the players.

It has been said that the Canadians appeared to be in a continual state of unrest, but in another respect the contrast with

English play was still more marked. With them the only calm, collected player was he on whose crosse the ball lay—all his fellow-players were buzzing about like bees, to the manifest discomfort of those who had to mark them. In the English game exactly the reverse too often occurred. The man with the ball made gigantic exertions, while his fellow-players frequently became mere spectators until he lost the ball or it came actually to them. The natural result was that the thrower, if a Canadian, steadied himself for his throw and very seldom failed to find a crosse with the ball. Still more seldom did the crosse fail to hold it when it came. The English player, on the other hand, was generally going at top speed at the moment of passing the ball, and too often it was absolutely impossible for his fellow-player to reach it; so that the most likely-looking combinations generally broke down at the supreme moment owing to faulty passing. There was undoubtedly a directness in the English attack which was very attractive, and it sometimes seemed that the Canadians wasted time with their fan-shaped formation round the goal as centre, executing short bewildering passes to each other till by the negligence of a defence man an opening was left, and the opponent was free to dash in on goal. The Canadian attack was confessedly a strong one, and eminently representative of the latest developments of attack play. This being the case we must give their methods careful consideration. There is no doubt that their style of play makes more demands upon the physique and condition of the players. Only young men could keep up such a pace for any length of time. But the fact must be borne in mind that the odds are in favour of the side which has the ball in one of its players crosses, and therefore no pains should be spared to ensure that the ball be passed within reach of the crosse for which it is intended.

Even in practising, it was always very noticeable that the Canadians moved rapidly when about to take a pass, but before giving one there was a moment's pause, as if to steady the throw. Of course, there were instances of the 'give and take' type of play, where the pass was effected at full speed, but this was only occasionally seen. A strong point in favour of the quick passing game of the visitors is that the chances of being hit are reduced to a minimum. There were cases in which some of our players adopted the old-fashioned dodging tactics, and it hardly required the eye of an expert to see that such play would meet with scant courtesy on the other side. What referee would take upon himself to say whether a blow delivered at a player going at full speed

and dodging at the moment of meeting an opponent was aimed fairly at the crosse or unfairly at the player? It may be that the Canadian attack game is the outcome of a more lax interpretation of the rules regarding rough play. It was a matter of general comment that the games in this country were singularly free from any suspicion of roughness; but few, except those with experience of matches in Canada, were aware of the admirable self-restraint exercised by the visitors on many occasions when our players adopted a style of play quite out of date on the other side, and likely to lay the player open to serious injury.

I have written chiefly of the attack play of the Canadians, but their defence was no less characteristic by reason of the delightful accuracy of the passing. Long throws up the field were unknown. Every pass was aimed at a crosse, and nearly always found it. Goal-keeper being a free man it is always theoretically possible to work the ball up from goal; but we too seldom succeed in doing it, because the execution is too often faulty, and therefore defence prefer to clear as far as centre with a single throw; but certainty is sacrificed by passes of such length, and the Canadian method is the truer game.

It will be seen by what has been said that the game played by the Torontos demands assiduous practice, great physical adroitness and first-rate condition. They were as a matter of fact young men of about the same age as a 'Varsity football team, and, as the writer had ample opportunity of observing, led a most temperate and even abstemious life. We may confidently look forward to our University teams to produce just such a type of play, for with the opportunity of frequent practice and constant exercise, coupled with rational training, there should be no difficulty in acquiring the necessary dexterity, after which a judicious blending of Canadian and English styles will evolve a class of play which may be trusted to hold its own with the best that Canada can produce. No capable judge can deny that the game is worthy of the best efforts that we can spend upon it, and for years to come we shall always have exponents on the other side who will be only too anxious to uphold the honour of their national game.

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A PRETTY HATCH OUT—THE RESULT OF FIVE INCUBATORS

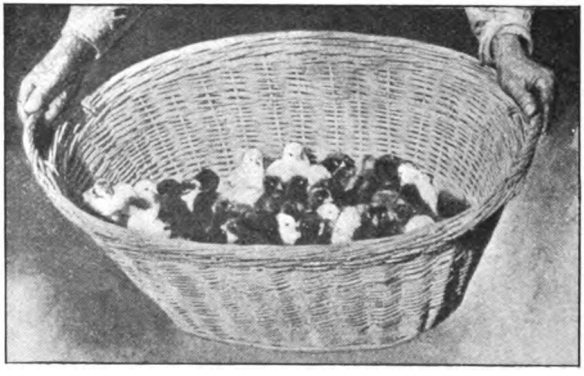
JUGGLING WITH BIRTHRIGHT

BY HERBERT RUSSELL

WE are most of us familiar with the time-honoured joke contained in the question as to which came into the world first : the hen or the egg. But whilst this point is likely to remain amongst those problems of "the immovable post and irresistable shot" order, there is another condition of modern poultry life which it is to be feared must greatly disturb every self-respecting hen. I refer to the ever-growing restriction placed upon her broody privileges. For time was, and not long ago either, when the moping hen was invariably plumped down on to a sitting of eggs ; now, more commonly than not, she is soused with a bucket of water, and returned draggled and forlorn to her run, with an admonition promptly to resume laying.

Of course, it is the incubator which is responsible for this cataclysm among the matrons of the feathered world. The artificial hatching machine is one of the very rare things in which man can claim actually to have improved upon the working of Nature's own methods. Let me explain : I use the word 'improve' not because I mean to imply that an incubator can hatch eggs better than a hen, but because it is so very much more trustworthy. All of us who keep fowls—and what half-acre man does not ?—must admit that at her best the broody hen is but a fickle creature. Let me tell you a little experience which, I think, pretty well illustrates this quality in the fowl : it happened in my own garden not many weeks ago, so that I can vouch for its truthfulness.

I had a dear old brown Dorking which fell into the most melancholy fit of broodiness. No more bristle-tailed and dejected-looking object ever moped all day long on top of a china nest-egg. The poor old hen's lamentable demeanour appealed to my sympathy ; and, opportunity offering, I resolved to humour her. Having a sitting of rather valuable eggs by me, which I had contemplated putting into an incubator, I thought I would let the Dorking hatch them. So, in the cosy hollow of a hay-lined cheese-box I arranged the thirteen eggs, and in the seclusion of an empty stable stall I introduced the yearning brown hen to the nest. She settled down upon them at once, literally wallowing among her own fretful feathers, and



NO MOTHER—CHICKS JUST OUT OF INCUBATOR

clucking with contentment ; and in this happy frame of mind I left her.

On the following morning I walked up the garden, designing to turn her off and feed her in the ordinary course. An ominous sound of cackling fell upon my ears as I lifted the latch of the door. No sooner did I step inside than the brown Dorking flapped her wings in a demonstrative kind of way, and airily tripped off the cheese box, setting up her throat in a perfect paroxysm of what sounded remarkably like derisive merriment. With a profound feeling of misgiving I walked to the box and looked in. Judge of my astonishment on beholding *fourteen* eggs disposed in a neat circle upon the hay at the bottom !

Luckily for that dear old brown Dorking she was too tough even for the culinary process known as devilling, and so I let her go upon her way, mentally vowing that for the future the

most abjectly broody hen should not divert one single egg from the incubator with which I usually hatched.

Undoubtedly the incubator, so far as its application to the poultry world is concerned (and it is only with this aspect of the subject that I am dealing), has had to live down a lot of prejudice. It must be confessed that there does seem something uncanny in the idea of being able to produce life by a mere mechanical process. But, by degrees, as the utility of the method demonstrated itself, so did it grow in favour; familiarly overcame the sense of mystery, together with the perception of how simple it all was; and to-day there is hardly a poultry breeder, either in this country or the United States,

NONE THE WORSE FOR BEING ARTIFICIALLY HATCHED

who does not hatch his birds by artificial means. The notion that a chicken which is produced by an incubator is less robust, or indeed in any way inferior to one hatched under the hen, has been so absolutely disproved by long and universal experience, that it only exists at all now amongst people who are ignorant of the subject.

Those who follow the pursuit of artificial incubation—a very large community indeed, be it said—whether for pleasure or for profit, frequently find themselves perplexed by many little points of difficulty which, like Columbus' explanation of the egg-on-end puzzle, are really capable of the very simplest solution.

As the so-styled 'Incubator Expert' (I do not for one moment arrogate the high-sounding distinction to myself!) of several of the poultry journals, I naturally receive a considerable amount of correspondence upon various matters relating to

this subject during the course of a season. From the character of the questions put to me I am tolerably well able to gauge the nature of the chief difficulties which beset the inexperienced votaries of artificial incubation. And it has occurred to me that a short chat upon this matter might prove of interest to those concerned in artificial hatching.

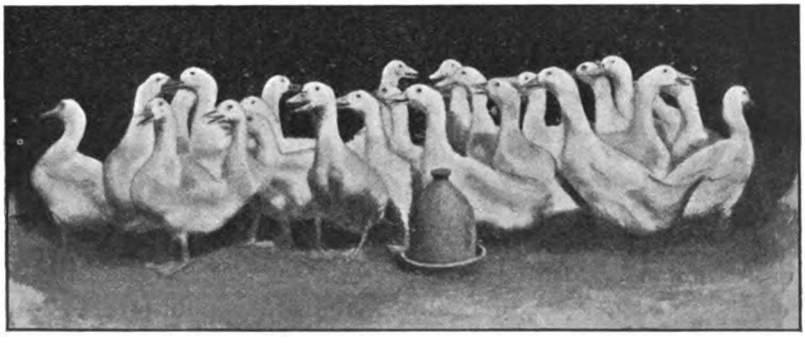
At the outset I should like to differentiate between the real points of difficulty, let these be as simple as they may, and the purely imaginary ones. However elementary a question may be, I cheerfully hasten to respond to it when it is apparent that the person who asks it simply does so out of failure properly to comprehend the point it contains. But it is very difficult to have sympathy with those folks who write merely to give vent to a puerile grievance: whose piteous complaints serve no other purpose than to accentuate the stupidity of the persons who feel under the necessity of making them at all. Let me illustrate my meaning by an example. I recently received a letter from a clergyman's wife in the North of England, who filled about a quarter of a ream of note paper, on a moderate computation, in bewailing her misfortune over the dismal failure of her hatch, winding up with the remark that she supposed, after all, it was perhaps due to her having been away from home for three days, during which time the incubator was absolutely neglected; but, all the same, didn't I think it very annoying?

In truth, a very great deal is laid to the charge of the incubator, when results are disappointing for which it is no more fair nor reasonable to hold the machine responsible than the hens which laid the eggs that have failed to hatch. Nay, far less so maybe, for weak fertility is certainly the most prolific cause of that *bête noire* of the incubator world, termed 'dead in shell.' But I suppose it is the old story: when a man is disappointed he looks about him for some reason, outside of his own carelessness and neglect, upon which he can thrust all responsibility for his failure. In the case of artificial hatching it is so much more consistent with one's self-complacency to dub the incubator a 'rotter,' because it has only produced twenty chickens out of a hundred eggs, than to reproach one's self with not really having given the machine the ghost of a fair chance.

There can be little question that, *ab initio*, the matter which causes the amateur at artificial hatching the greatest amount of perplexity lies in the direction of selecting an incubator. He naturally wants the best, and that is just where the rub comes in.

For which is the best? If he turns to the poultry journals, and scans their columns, he will find the announcements of a score of makers, each one claiming results, testimonials, and the like, entirely eclipsing those which can possibly be possessed by any other. The wide divergence in prices, taken in conjunction with the fact that the manufacturers of the low-figured machines are quite as assertive of their superior merits as are those of the most costly, makes it very doubtful how far this usual criterion can be accepted as a standard of merit.

Whilst I manifestly cannot take upon myself the task of specific recommendations, at the same time I may be permitted to say a few words upon the subject of the best type of incubator, without any invidious suggestion. Just at the present



INCUBATOR-BRED DUCKS KNOW WHEN IT IS MEAL TIME

epoch, when the Americans are striving to dominate the markets of the world with their produce, there is a considerable effort going on to revive the atmospheric incubator in this country. I call it a revival, because the atmospheric incubator is by no means a new thing, as many seem to suppose: it has been well tried on this side of the Atlantic, and found distinctly inferior in the average of its performances to the hot-water pattern which at least four-fifths of our manufacturers now adhere to.

In America the standard pattern is the atmospheric incubator. The warmth necessary to germination, in this type, is conveyed by heating the interior body of air, instead of by radiation from a tank of water as in the other principle. I make no doubt that in the United States the atmospheric machine is as successful—in any case it could not possibly be more so—as the hot-water pattern would be, and therefore the Yankees are justified in claiming all merit for it. But this does not alter the fact that

it is not so uniformly satisfactory in England as the hydro-thermostatic incubator, nor can it ever prove so, for one very good reason.

The whole thing lies in a point which it appears to me the advocates of the atmospheric machine either fail to understand, or else deliberately ignore: an incubator to prove successful must conform as nearly as possible to the climatic conditions amid which it is to be worked. Mere heat alone will not hatch eggs. One of the most important adjuncts to this primary cause is an adequate supply of moisture. When the atmosphere holds this naturally in solution, the incubator will get on capitally without any provision being made in this direction: otherwise the shortcoming has to be atoned for by artificial methods.

Now in our climate meteorologists will tell us that the atmosphere only carries a degree of humidity under normal conditions which falls far short of the requirements of artificial hatching. Contradictory as it may appear, the summer is the period when the air holds the greatest amount of latent moisture, and this chances to be the season when hatching is not carried on. In America it is quite otherwise. Although over so vast an expanse of territory there must naturally exist a great many varieties of climate, yet the average degree of moisture carried in the atmosphere throughout the United States is considerably higher than it is in Great Britain.

For this reason it is that the incubator in these islands has to be provided with the means of generating artificial moisture. Now it has been proved by long trials that in no form can the atmospheric incubator be adapted to supplying its own humidity in a satisfactory manner; whereas the hydro-thermostatic machine readily lends itself in this direction. The best possible proof of the truth of this lies in the fact that a good atmospheric incubator will usually yield as high an average of results as a good hot-water machine between the months of May and September; but test them in the winter and early spring, which really covers the period of the hatching season, and the difference will be manifest enough.

I have dwelt somewhat lengthily upon this point, even at the risk of being a trifle tedious, because I am pretty sure that it is a matter which perplexes many novices. I write entirely without prejudice against the American incubator, and simply out of the fruits of long experience and observation. The Yankee machine undoubtedly fulfils its functions satisfactorily

in the land across the Atlantic, but it has never yet succeeded in doing so here. It seems to me that the Americans recognise the chief weakness of their type, which I have indicated, by claiming as they mostly do that their machines can dispense with artificial moisture altogether. Results, however, prove otherwise.

The issue of all this is summed up in the advice to stick to the hot-water machine for poultry hatching in this country. It is as cheap to purchase, as convenient to work, and, with the certainty of proving more uniformly fruitful, has everything in its favour, and nothing against it. Passing on in my discursive

TWENTY-FIRST DAY, READY TO COME OUT- SHELL REMOVED

survey of the subject, I come now to another point which I find exercises a great number of people, and this is the question of size. Where artificial hatching is carried on upon anything like a large scale, there commonly exists the not unnatural inference that the biggest incubator is necessarily by far the most economical. But beyond certain limits this is decidedly not the case.

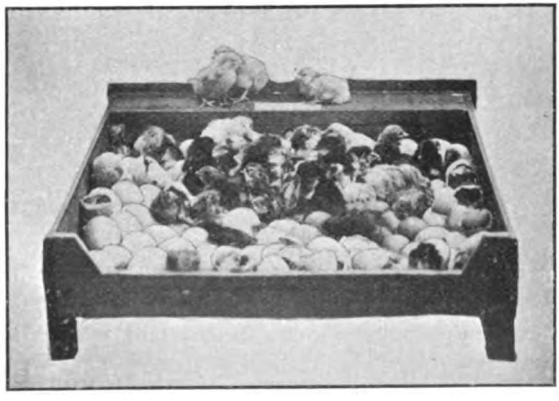
It is true that, in the first place, capital expenditure is very materially lessened when one large incubator is purchased instead of several small ones ; and furthermore the cost of oil consumption is considerably diminished when one lamp can be made to do the same amount of work as a number. But there

is one drawback with very large incubators which quite neutralises the economy that is effected in the initial cost of them. Beyond a certain size, every trifling increase in the dimensions of an incubator results in an appreciable falling off in the percentage of each hatch out. Let me explain myself more clearly before passing on to the ever present why. Take two incubators of precisely similar type and construction; one designed to receive fifty eggs, the other five hundred. Out of the fifty-egg machine you will probably get forty-five chickens; out of the five hundred-egg incubator, you would be uncommonly lucky if you got four hundred and twenty-five chicks. So that, on balance, you lose ten chickens out of every hundred by employing one big incubator to do the work of ten smaller ones: put the value of these roughly at sixpence apiece, and there is a loss of twenty-five shillings upon every hatch to offset against the initial economy.

The reason for this is not far to seek. It has been found impossible evenly to distribute the heat radiating from the tank over the whole interior of the machine; and even in the comparatively small sizes there will be a difference of as much as from two to three degrees between the heat of the centre of the hatching chamber and that of the corners. Be it understood that the ideal condition of artificial germination lies in the maintenance of a perfectly uniform temperature at the exact correct point. This it is impossible to effect in the incubator, nor does a slight divergence greatly signify. But in very big machines the variations become much exaggerated, with the following result: whilst the thermometer is registering a temperature of about 103° in the centre of the egg drawer, where the bulb of it rests, all the eggs in the corners and close to the sides are subject to a heat of several degrees less—too low, in fact, to do the work of germination properly. The consequence of which is that a very large proportion of dead embryo, fully developed in their shells, is revealed at every hatch out. The leading makers have recognised how far this is the case by abandoning the practice of making very large incubators. Coming to the question of which size is the best and most serviceable for all-round utility, I should certainly give preference to the machine of one hundred egg-capacity. Whilst it is quite large enough for all practical purposes, it is not so big as to make the variation of temperature in different parts of its interior a matter of much moment.

A propos of this question of size, I come to another point

wherein many amateurs go wrong in working their incubators. This is in the direction of overcrowding the hatching chamber of the machine. The operator should refrain from packing into the drawer as many eggs as he can possibly wedge into it without breaking the shells. It does not by any means follow that because an incubator is advertised as of one hundred-egg capacity that it should have that number crammed into it to bring it up to normal working condition. Maybe it will be found that the drawer will not receive so many eggs by several. There is considerable divergence in the dimensions of machines offered by various makers who advertise them as one hundred-egg incubators, the reason being probably that there is no par-



NINETY-SIX HATCHED OUT OF A POSSIBLE HUNDRED

ticular standard by which to determine the size of an egg. After all, it is rather a matter of exercising judgment than of working by rule. The eggs should be laid lightly in the bottom of the drawer, disregarding the temptation to pack in just one more simply because there is room for it by making a tight fit. It should be borne in mind that free ventilation is an absolute necessity of hatching, and that the embryo actually begins to respire when the egg has been but a few days in the incubator. Again, it is necessary to turn the eggs regularly twice a day during the process of hatching, and it is difficult to effect this when they are wedged between the walls of the drawer.

Another matter upon which I find a very great degree of misconception exists is the question of the correct temperature at which to maintain an incubator whilst the course of hatching

is going on. Overheating is one of the most fruitful sources of disappointment, since it has the effect of causing a large proportion of deaths in the shell; underheating, on the other hand, if carried to any appreciable extent, is almost equally vexatious in its results, although, be it said, it is better to err on this side of the happy medium. Nor can any deductions upon this subject be drawn from studying the natural process of hatching. A hen will frequently be generating a degree of warmth whilst sitting upon eggs which, if artificially applied, would speedily cook the germs of vitality; but then the effect of this is neutralised by other conditions which do not apply in an incubator. As the outcome of long and careful observation, it has been established that with an atmospheric temperature of between 55° and 65° the best heat at which to work an incubator is 103° F. for the first week, and 104° F. for the remainder of the period. Modifications of this average are rendered necessary by climatic conditions: thus, for every 10° fall in the temperature of the outer air, below 60°, the heat of the incubator should be allowed to rise one degree, and *vice versâ* to a corresponding extent when the weather is very warm.

Comparatively trifling as these matters may seem, yet it is just the proper observance of them which makes all the difference between success and failure in artificial hatching. Whilst punctual attention to the incubator is a most desirable feature, there is no necessity for the novice to be unduly discouraged by those trifling mishaps which are liable to occur in spite of the most diligent watchfulness. For example, in my own experience I have had the lamp of my incubator go out, and the temperature of the egg-drawer fall below 90° before I discovered it. This was during the second week of development, at a comparatively critical period, and naturally I concluded that the whole hatch would be ruined. More by way of experiment than out of any expectation of success, I continued to work the machine right up to "pipping" time; when to my astonishment there came forth sixty-eight strong and hearty chicks out of ninety-six eggs. I mention this incident, not by way of an incentive to people to let their incubator lamps go out if they can possibly prevent it, but in order to encourage them not to be unduly depressed over such little casualties. For I make no doubt that the majority of folks, in the face of such an experience as I have recounted, would have deemed it worthless to go on with the hatch, looking upon all

the eggs as spoilt, and regarding any further attempt to bring the chicks as a mere waste of time and money.

I have already mentioned the subject of 'dead in shell.' Of all the correspondence I get in the course of a twelvemonth in my 'incubator expert' rôle, I should reckon that at least two-thirds of it takes the form of inquiries as to the reasons of this very disappointing feature of artificial hatching. I might generalise my answers to all of these by briefly replying 'nobody knows.' There is no gainsaying the fact that the proportion of'

HATCHING OUT

'dead in shell' found in an incubator is in excess of that met with in eggs upon which the hen has sat, although I would point out one fact which seems to accentuate this: if one 'dead in shell' is found in the results of a sitting, but trifling heed is paid to it; whereas the finding of eight in the drawer of an incubator causes considerable disappointment, although the ratio is really identical.

I have said just now that nobody knows the causes of death in the shell, but there are, of course, certain qualifications to add to this general statement. The most fruitful source of the trouble undoubtedly lies in the weak fertility of the eggs, due to bad mating on the part of the hens which have produced them.

The germ is there, and will develop right up to the point at which it should come forth; but at this critical period its strength proves inadequate to the effort of emancipation, and it expires a fully formed chick. Again, a carelessly worked or faulty incubator will be responsible for a goodly proportion of 'dead in shell.' Overheating, the concussion caused by violent noises, draught, lack of moisture, are all well-defined contributory causes. But still the fact remains that, taking all possible reasons into account, a vast proportion of the cases of 'dead in shell' can never be explained. As I have said, we must blame the incubator for being more of a delinquent in this way than the sitting hen. But then I think this score on the wrong side may be reckoned as more than balanced by the fact that sitting hens usually succeed in killing a certain proportion of their young, whereas an incubator never offends in this respect.

Considerable trouble to those who employ the incubator frequently arises from very small causes. The chief difficulty in dealing with these lies mainly in not being able readily to trace them. For example, I am confident that a very large degree of disappointment is to be attributed directly to the faulty performance of the regulator capsule, by which the temperature of the hatching chamber is automatically controlled. Scientifically made, the form of regulator which is governed by the expansion and contraction of a capsule is without doubt the most satisfactory and sensitive in the world. But then the trouble is, especially with cheap incubators, that the capsules are often far from being scientifically made, and as a result their performances are correspondingly bad. The entire secret lies in the preparation of the liquid with which the little metal vessels are charged. This can only be obtained to boil at the exact requisite point by a tedious process of fractional distillation. The incubator industry, as a whole, is not in the hands of a class of men who are qualified to undertake chemical work of this character: the result is that they fill their capsules with pure ether, in consequence of which expansion takes place at a point many degrees below the temperature at which the incubator ought to be maintained. The obvious effect of this is to render correct regulation not merely a matter of difficulty but frequently of sheer impossibility.

Therefore, I would advise all who find that their incubator does not yield such satisfactory results as it should do to begin their investigations by testing the capsule. To do this it is only necessary to place the little metal shape in warm water,

beginning at about 85°, and gradually heating it up over a lamp or stove. Keep a thermometer in the water, and closely watch the capsule. If it does not begin to expand until between about 97° and 100° it may be regarded as satisfactory, and the origin of the trouble will have to be sought elsewhere. But if, as very frequently happens, it puffs out to its fullest capacity at about 90°, there is the secret of many a bad hatch.

Another question is the most suitable spot for the working of an incubator. In the first place a firm and level bearing is necessary, and a situation as free as possible from vibration and noise. For this reason a stone floor suggests itself, and this would be excellent could it be found in an apartment which conformed in all other directions to the various requirements; but as a rule it is only underground places, such as cellars, which possess stone floors, and in these the essential quality of abundant ventilation is usually lacking. An apartment within doors is preferable to an outhouse, particularly in the winter, as it is so much less liable to extreme variations of temperature. In fact, to sum up this question: a room should be selected which will be quiet (that is to say free from banging doors and pounding on the floor overhead); will be airy without being too draughty; and which will enable the incubator to be placed so that the sun cannot stream full upon it, or that it shall not be with its back close against a fireplace in use in an adjoining room.

Of course, in offering these hints I have more particularly in my mind that very large community who practise artificial hatching upon a limited scale. In the case of the poultry breeder who uses incubators to keep his yards replenished my remarks would scarcely apply, nor is it very probable that he would stand much in need of advice. The subject of poultry farming is becoming a prominent one amongst the agricultural classes of this country. They are beginning to regard it as fraught with considerable possibilities, in view of the fact that our imports under this head amount to about £6,000,000 per annum. They are asking themselves why fowl produce at home should not be able successfully to compete with that of foreign rivals, seeing that the latter are handicapped by the cost of freight? Without touching upon this question, I may point out that the artificial incubator has done much to revolutionise poultry farming in this country, and is rapidly transformg what was long regarded as a hopeless pursuit into a vocation which can be made to furnish a very tolerable livelihood.

THE COLOURED PICTURES

'GONE Away,' by J. F. Herring, is a picture which, so far as we know, has never before been published, and is a sort of companion to the 'Full Cry,' which is to be given away next month, in a larger size and reproduced in sixteen colours, as stated on another page. The 'Water Jump' is a familiar steeplechasing incident, being, in fact, one of the regulation fences, and perhaps the most open to criticism of any. Some people find fault with what is called the 'open ditch'; but with regard to this jump it is only necessary that horses should be sufficiently schooled, and the fact that it is got over without accident hundreds of times every season by animals without a sound leg to gallop on and unsaleable at £50, surely proves that it is not the very desperate obstacle its detractors and critics of the National Hunt Committee are accustomed to suggest. The water jump, however, at least twelve feet wide, guarded by a fence not exceeding two feet in height, is a trap; horses, seeing some eighteen inches of hedge before them, often do not condescend really to jump, and come down in consequence. No description is needed of the Skating Scene. The horse illustrated this month is 'Skyscraper,' not the best filly of her year, for according to the handicappers, who seem to have reason on their side, Caravel, Baroness La Flèche and Quintessence are her superiors, and Smilax precisely equal to her; but an interest attaches to Skyscraper as the daughter of Velasquez (or Ayrshire) and Chelàndry; for the first named horse and the mare were, it need scarcely be remarked, stable companions who distinguished themselves in Lord Rosebery's colours in 1896 and the two following years. In 1897, Velasquez was second, Chelàndry third for the Jockey Club Stakes, and at Newmarket, oddly enough, they occupied precisely the same positions the year following. It is very seldom the Brocklesby winners hold their own in good company throughout the year, but Skyscraper is one of the few exceptions.

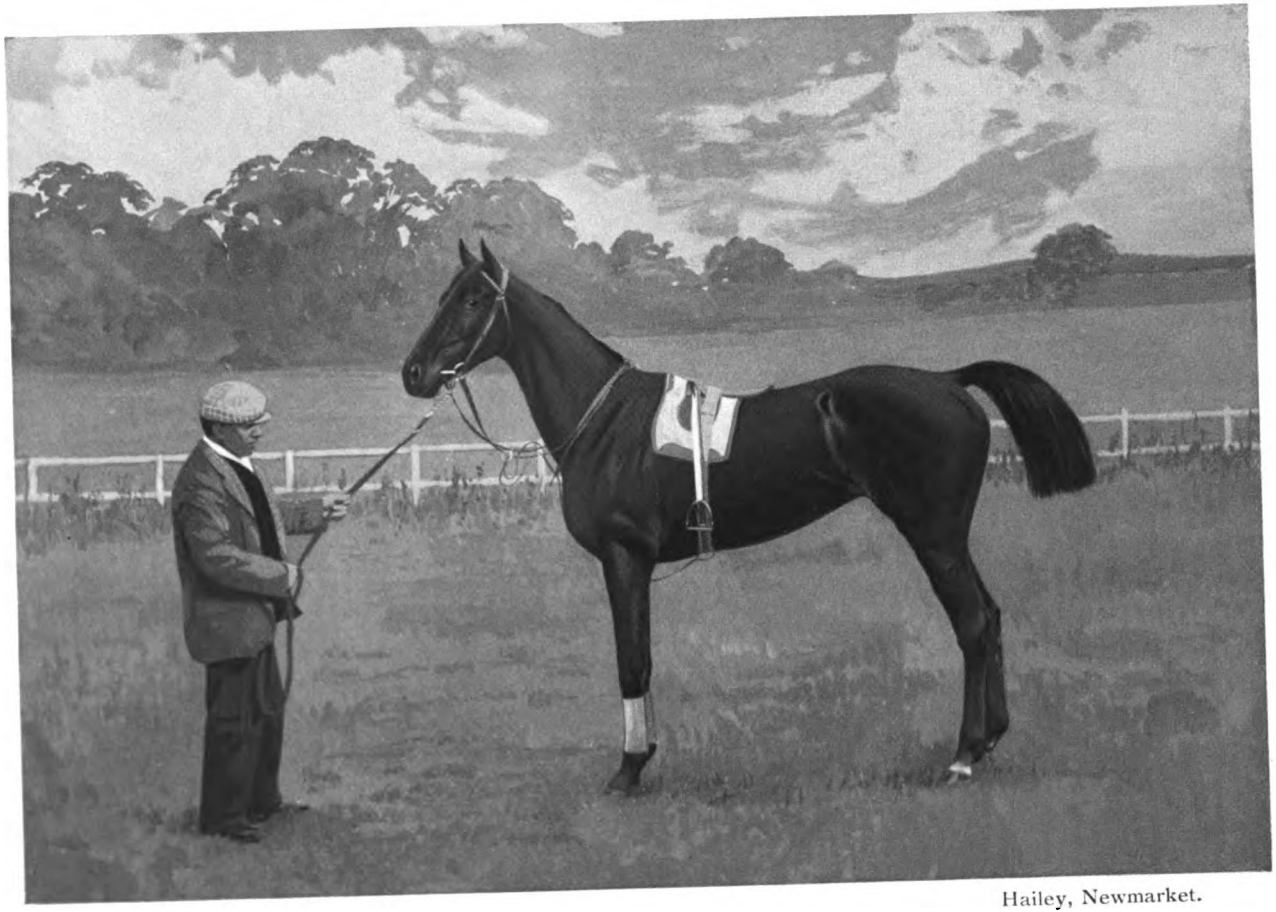


Photo. Hailey, Newmarket.

SKYSCRAPER.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Several other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

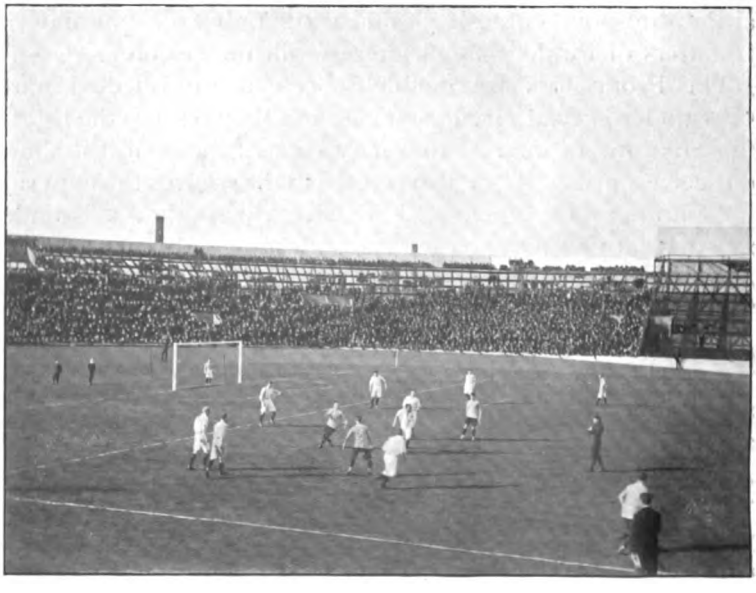
The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE OCTOBER COMPETITION

The Prize in the October competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington; Mr. Leslie H. Wilson, Harrow; Miss E. Haymes, Holdgate, Much Wenlock; Mr. E. B. Carleton, Warrington; Mr. C. H. Armstrong, Dublin; Mr. M. C. Livingstone-Learmouth, Bringagee, N.S.W.; Mr. John Day, Leicester; Mr. H. J. Alletson, Ewloe Wood, Flintshire; Mr. Cyril B. Andrews, Broadstairs; and Mr. W. C. W. Hawkes, Lackaroo, co. Cork. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

MEET OF THE RIPLEY AND KNAPHILL HARRIERS AT WOKING

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington



FINAL FOR THE SCOTTISH CUP 1899, QUEEN'S PARK *v.* CELTIC

Photograph by Mr. Leslie H. Wilson, Harrow

DARTMOOR OTTER HOUNDS

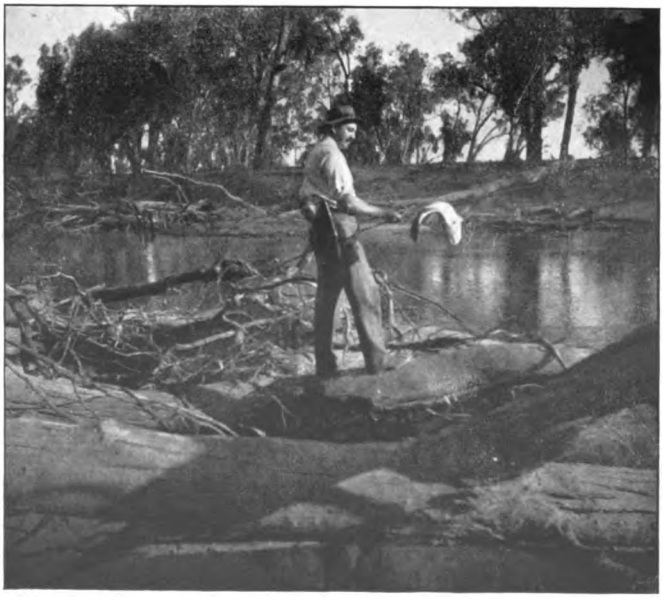
Photograph by Miss E. Haymes, Holdgate, Much Wenlock

FINISH OF A DONGOLA RACE AT OXFORD

Photograph by Mr. E. B. Carleton, Warrington

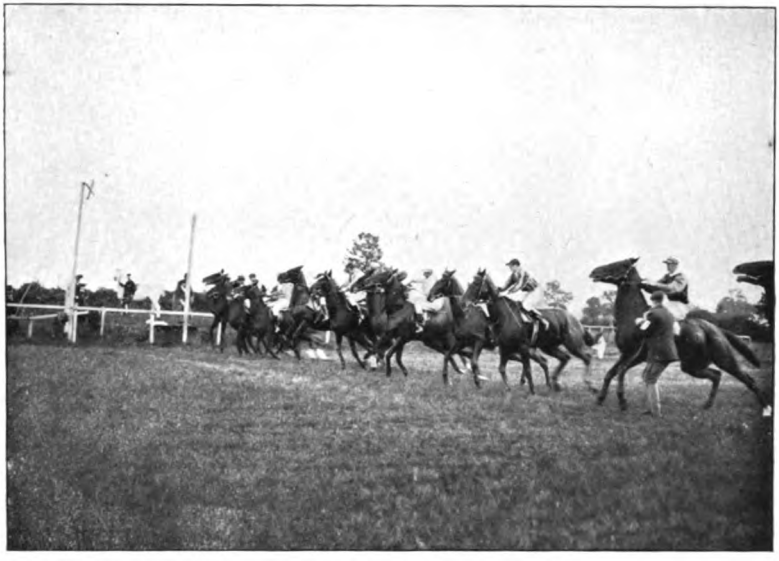
SAILING PUNTS RACING AT WARGRAVE ON THE THAMES

Photograph by Mr. O. H. Armstrong, Dublin



FISH-SPEARING IN NEW SOUTH WALES

Photograph by Mr. M. C. Livingstone-Learmouth, Bringagee, N.S.W.

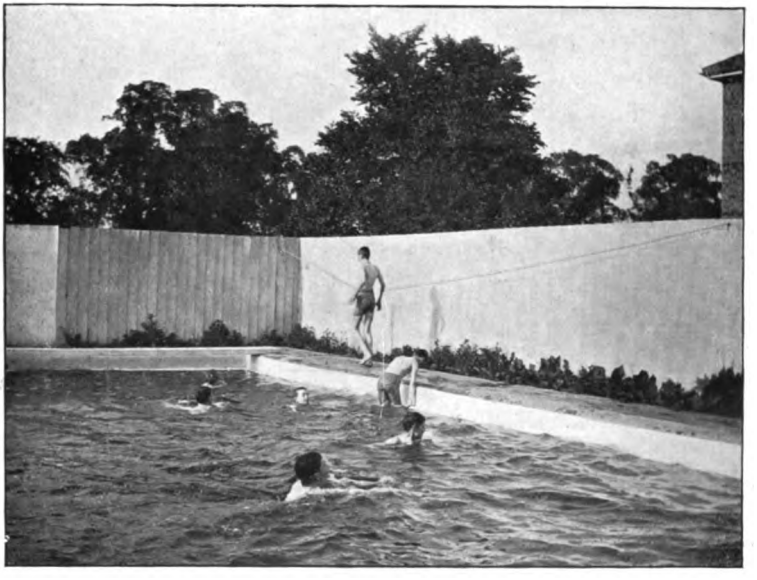


A START AT LEICESTER

Photograph by Mr. John Day, Leicester

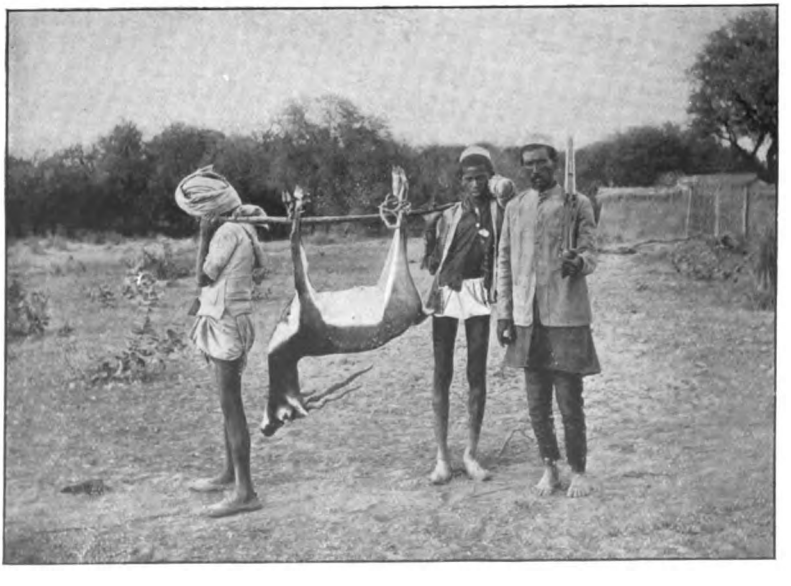
HAWKESTONE OTTER HOUNDS IN THE VALE OF CLWYD

Photograph by Mr. H. J. Alletson, Ewloe Wood, Flintshire



BATHING AT TEMPLE GROVE SCHOOL, EAST SHEEN

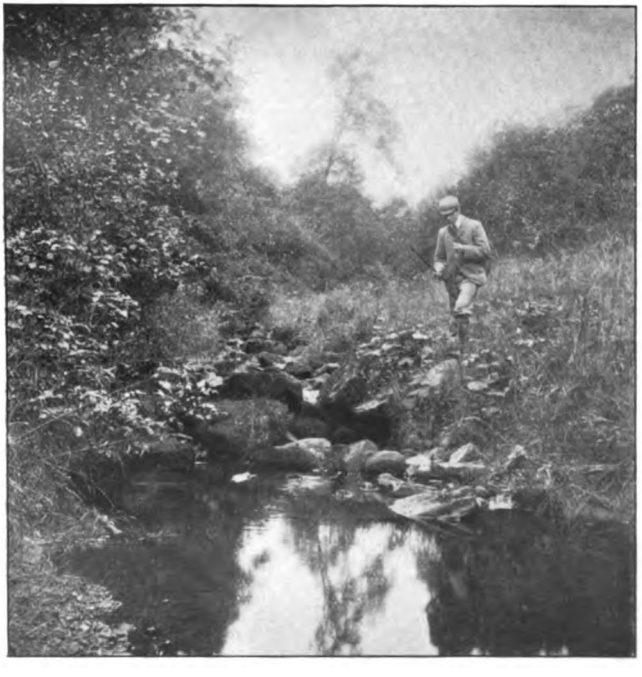
Photograph by Mr. Cyril B. Andrews, Broadstairs



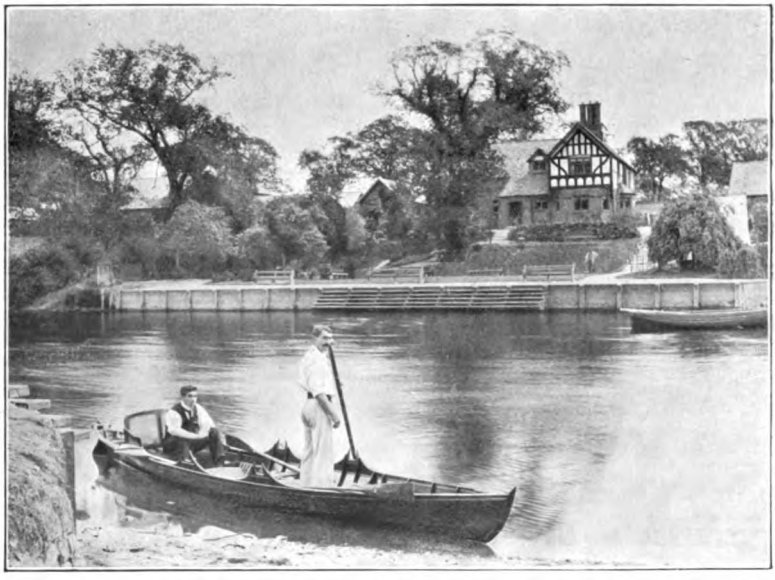
BLACK BUCK SHOOTING IN INDIA

Photograph by Mr. W. C. W. Hawkes, Lackaroo, co. Cork

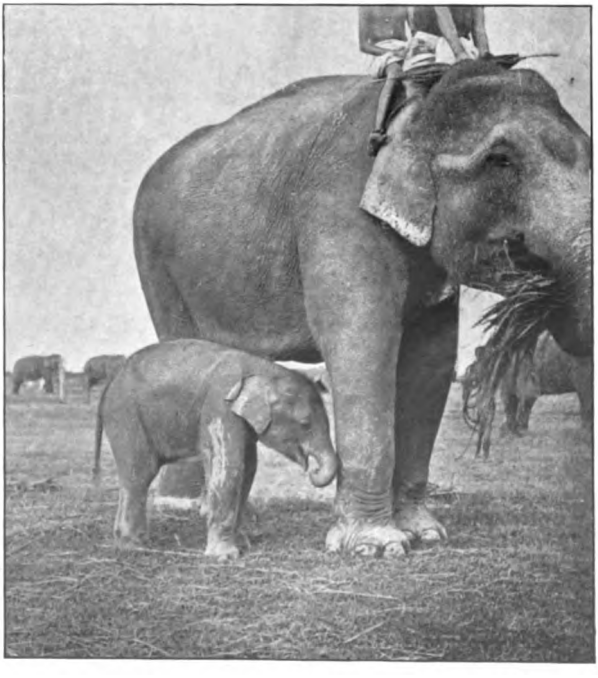
WAITING FOR THE GUNS AFTER LUNCH ON BEN ARMINE, SUTHERLANDSHIRE
Photograph by Mr. J. F. L. Evans, Solihull



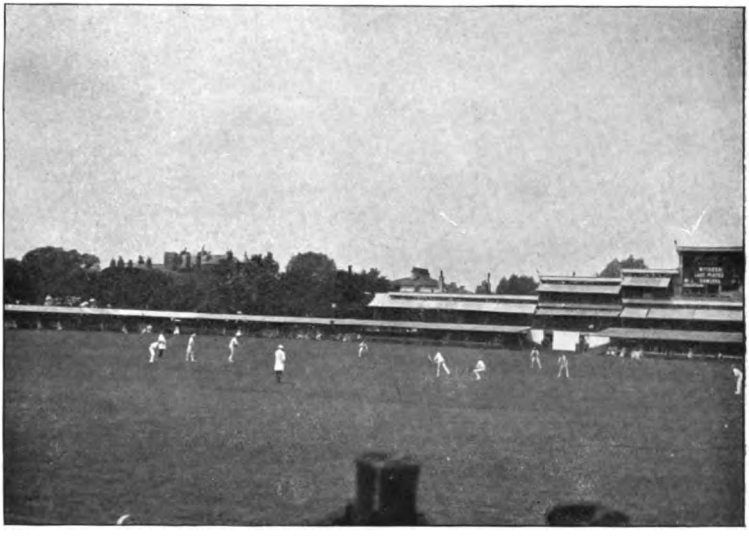
TROUT FISHING IN STAINTONDALE, YORKSHIRE
Photograph by Miss Ethel Farren, Cambridge



BOATING ON THE DEE, ECCLESTON FERRY, CHESHIRE
Photograph by Mr. J. Maxwell, Aigburth, Liverpool



BABY ELEPHANT TWO MONTHS OLD
Photograph by Captain K. B. Cameron, 93rd Highlanders, Dacca, Benga.



ETON *v.* HARROW AT LORD'S, JULY 1902
Photograph by Miss Eva Weir, Ardnaveigh, Antrim

SWORD-FISH CAUGHT AT THE COCOS-KEELING ISLANDS—LENGTH 8 FEET 9 INCHES
Photograph by Mr. C. Campbell Clarke, Cocos-Keeling Islands

HEADING THE COVERT

Photograph by Miss Cana Bacon, Kincraig, Invergordon, N.B.

A SPORTING PARTY

Photograph by Miss Mabel Robson, Newton, Northumberland

H.R.H. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT SHOOTING WITH THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, OCTOBER 1902

Photograph by Mrs. R. W. Cruickshank, Eynsham, Oxon

MR. J. H. SWINEY'S CHAMPION RED SETTER

Photograph by Miss L. E. Bland, Tobarcooran, Belfast

GOATSKIN RAFT ON THE RIVER INDUS, BALTISTAN

Photograph by Captain G. E. Bolster, R.F.A., Adderbury, Banbury

CENTRAL INDIAN BISON

Photograph by Mrs. A. M. Caccia, Pachmarhi, C. P. India

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

SOME very important changes are to be made in this Magazine next year, leading off with the January Number. To begin with, the size of the publication will be increased, and various new features introduced. A change is likewise to be made with regard to the coloured pictures. The 'three-colour process' which has been used during the past two years often gives excellent results, as readers are well aware; there is no disguising the fact, however, that sometimes results are unsatisfactory. We will not endeavour to pretend, for instance, that Ard Patrick is a purple horse, as he was represented in the last number—that was one of the accidents to which the process is liable. Instead of three colours, we propose to reproduce oil paintings by another process which employs sixteen or seventeen colours, and obtains reproductions that are really nothing short of marvellous in their fidelity. One large picture, which will be a veritable work of art, 14 inches by 9 inches, will be given in place of the four smaller ones. It may be added that the change is vastly in favour of the purchaser, the cost and value of the one picture being far greater than of the four three-colour plates. We may confess to a little anxiety as to whether in every case these plates will reach the subscriber in perfect condition, without creases or folds. This is a matter to which we are devoting the most earnest thought and care, considering methods and possibilities, brown paper cylinders and so on, and we believe that we have conquered the difficulties. We hope to give away for nothing a picture well worth half a guinea. If the difficulties of successful distribution are unsurmountable, the increased size of the Magazine will ensure better results than can be obtained with the present size and shape, and we may revert to a couple of pictures—by the 16-colour not the 3-colour process—in the body of the publication. The January plate will be a reproduction of a painting by J. F.

Herring, 'Full Cry.' During the rest of the year some of the coloured plates will be from old pictures, and others from paintings which have been, and are being, specially executed for us.

In last month's issue I wrote a note in praise of William the Third, little dreaming that before the end of the year there would be reason to entertain a doubt as to his being the really good horse he appeared to be at Ascot, to say nothing of Doncaster. His failure at Newmarket was the more disappointing as the race-going world had long been in want of an equine idol, and he seemed likely to fill the vacancy. It is, perhaps, premature to depose him, for the colt could not have been himself at Newmarket, though the odd thing is that John Porter had no suspicion of the fact. I was riding about with the famous Kingsclere trainer on the Wednesday morning of the Houghton week, and remarked to him that William's performance against King's Courier in the Limekiln Stakes was rather a scramble. I had watched that race from a position close to the rails, about a hundred yards from the winning post, and Mornington Cannon's face, as well as his riding, showed me plainly his apprehension that he was beaten. Porter, however, laughed derisively at the idea that his favourite could fail in the Jockey Club Cup. 'You'll see what sort of a scramble it will be,' he said, 'when William is running over his own course with his friend Mannlicher to lead him!' There have been notable upsets in racing, but I never knew one more startling than the defeat of William the Third. Osboch was in the Cesarewitch with 9 stone, and no one seemed to think that he was harshly treated. Black Sand had 8 st. 2 lb. Now at Ascot, in the Alexandra Plate, William the Third gave Osboch 10 lb., and beat him in the easiest of canters by half a dozen lengths. He certainly won with another 10 lb in hand at the lowest computation. Had William been in the Cesarewitch, he would, on the Ascot running, have been called upon to give Black Sand 2 st. 4 lb.—the figures may seem extravagant, but I am showing how they are reached. In the Limekiln Stakes, however, Black Sand was actually giving William the Third 3 lb. He gave him also at least a 4 lb. beating; so that the running was close on 3 stone wrong, judging by what we saw at Ascot, and by the handicappers' estimates of Osboch and the winner of the Cesarewitch. It is said that Black Sand is to go forthwith to the Stud, and if so it is a pity, for if he and William the Third went to the post for the Ascot Cup, with Sceptre fit and well, a couple of the best French horses, and two or three from English

stables who may make reputations before next summer, the race would be one of the most exciting imaginable.

I propose, in the January Number, to give a review of the flat-racing season just passed, and shall not dwell at length on the subject here. Rock Sand will doubtless be the winter favourite for the Derby, for in the Dewhurst Plate the colt made the best of amends for his Middle Park Plate defeat; and though it is true that Sainfoin has never before had even a moderately good animal to his credit—unless, indeed, Marconi be accepted as such—Rock Sand's performances speak for themselves. The only thing to be said against him is that he is somewhat lacking in scope, and so set and furnished that there does not seem to be quite the average room for improvement. Flotsam will have his supporters, and the Middle Park running will furnish them with arguments on his behalf, as also it will provide his opponents with an argument against, in the position of Greatorex, who was only beaten a very short head. It is, perhaps, a little odd that a son of Carbine should not stay, and possibly Greatorex may develop stamina; but it was his lack of staying power that lost him the Middle Park Plate. Mornington Cannon assured me that he was first away, had no sort of excuse, and failed simply because the six furlongs were too far for his horse; and Mead's running, to say nothing of his uncertain disposition, scarcely suggests an Epsom victory. It is a little odd, by the way, to glance back at last year's Free Handicap; Duke of Westminster 9 st. came first, followed by Csardas and Sterling Balm 8 st. 10 lb., with Rising Glass just a stone behind them. Sceptre was set to carry 8 st. 6 lb.

It is curious to contrast the ideas of weight entertained by our forefathers with those which are at present adopted on the Turf. I have before me the scale which governed these matters in 1768, and it must appear extremely surprising to contemporary owners and trainers. Nothing is said about the time of year, nor about the distances, for which the weights are calculated, and of course there is a vast difference between what horses are called upon to do in the matter of giving weight in the Spring and in the Autumn, over 5 furlongs and over 3 miles. Most of the races in days of yore, however, were long ones. At the present time, taking August as the middle of the year, and 3 miles as the distance, three-year-olds carry 7 st. 9 lb., four-year-olds 9 st.,

five, six and aged horses, 9 st. 5 lb. In my old table, three-year-olds are not even mentioned; four-year-olds carried 7 st., five-year-olds 8 st. 5 lb., six-year-olds 9 st. 3 lb., aged horses 9 st. 10 lb. A five-year-old, it will be seen, received no less than 1 st. 5 lb. from an aged horse, and one would certainly suppose that the older animals must have had a very bad time of it! In 1825, the weights were revised, and assuredly they must have needed revision badly. At this period, four-year-olds carried 7 st. 11 lb., five-year-olds 8 st. 8 lb., six 8 st. 13 lb., and aged horses 1 lb. more. It may be, and probably is, the case, that the modern thoroughbred comes to maturity a good deal earlier than animals did in the middle of the eighteenth century; but it seems difficult to believe that aged horses could ever have given four-year-olds 3 st. all but 4 lb.

If an Anti-gambling League had existed early in the last century it would have had a rather busy time, for men betted on every conceivable sport and pastime. Nearly every cricket match of which record exists was for 500 or sometimes 1000 guineas a side. At every cock-fight there was a great deal of wagering; people backed horses as they do now, (except, as it appears, usually for much larger sums than are now betted,) and very often odds were laid and taken about the result of a day's shooting. In an old Magazine devoted to sport, published in 1825, I find an account of what took place at Hatfield on September 1 in that year. The then Lord Salisbury betted Sir John Sebright that he would name four gentlemen who would kill 100 brace of partridges in a day. It was specially stipulated that each of them was to use one gun only, and this must have been rather an important proviso; for considering how long it took to load the gun it would have been a great convenience to have a second weapon charged by an attendant. Lord Salisbury named four friends, Sir Charles Cuyler, the Hon. Mr. De Roos, Mr. H. E. Ratcliffe, and Mr. Sam Whitbread, M.P. Sir Charles started at six o'clock in the morning, and by a quarter past seven had killed twenty-four brace—remarkably good sport. Mr. Whitbread took up the running, and in an hour and a half added 11½ brace to the bag. Sir Charles then went on again, and this bygone old gunner must have been a good man, for in an hour and twenty minutes he secured 27½ brace more. Mr. Whitbread succeeded, and in an hour and a half got 14 brace. Mr. Ratcliffe then made his start. He was only at work for half an hour, and luck must have aided his skill, for he got 8 brace; a performance practically equalled by Mr. De

Roos, who shot for one hour and added 16 brace to the bag. Mr. Ratcliffe went on again, and his score was 10 brace in an hour precisely. Lord Salisbury, it will be seen, won his bet very easily indeed, his friends having accumulated 111 brace in eight hours.

It is, I think, interesting to have these accounts of what our forefathers did with their guns in days long before driving was invented, and here is another account of a bet made by a Mr. Montgomery in the same year. (I have shot a good deal in many places for many years, and, except an occasional sweepstake about the first woodcock, never remember to have heard a single bet.) Mr. Montgomery, however, undertook to kill 60 head of game with a double-barrelled gun in eight hours, to "hunt" and himself pick up everything he shot. He started on the Oxfordshire Hills, westward of Henley-on-Thames, and in three hours had bagged eighteen hares, nine pheasants and eight partridges—thirty-three head, rather more than half the total he had to compile. After a rest he went on again, and when he had arrived at Playhatch, three miles from Reading, he had got eight more hares, thirteen more pheasants and half a dozen partridges, two head more than he needed. The time it took him is not given, nor does it say how many times he missed, a detail which is added to some of these accounts and is of special interest, though it may be remarked that the form was usually very good.

Considering the fierce light that beats upon the Turf, the activity of touts, the discrimination of a few of the best writers on racing, and the indication of probable results afforded by the 'market,' it cannot be said that favourites for the great races this year have been selected with much success. Sceptre was favourite for the Lincolnshire Handicap at 11 to 4, and was beaten by the 100 to 8 St. Maclou. Shannon Lass started for the Grand National at 20 to 1, Drumcree and Inquisitor, who shared favouritism with Barsac, being nowhere. The favourites were beaten in the Earl Spencer Plate and the Northamptonshire Stakes. There were four better favourites than Congratulation for the Great Metropolitan, four also better than First Principal for the City and Suburban, where the winner started on equal terms with four other animals. For the Two Thousand Guineas, Sceptre shared favouritism with Duke of Westminster, Ard Patrick and Port Blair being practically on the same mark, though in the One Thousand Guineas Sceptre, 2 to 1 on, was

successful. Carabine was third favourite for the Chester Cup and Royal George fourth favourite, on even terms with another horse, for the Kempton Park Jubilee. Minstead, who started at even money for the Newmarket Stakes, could get no nearer than fourth. There were seven better favourites than, and two equal with, Rambling Katie for the Manchester Cup. Sceptre and Pekin were preferred to Ard Patrick for the Derby, though in the Oaks the favourite, Sceptre, won. Four were preferred to Scullion and two supposed to have an equal chance with her in the Ascot Stakes, and in the Hunt Cup Fighting Furley and Csardas were chosen by backers before The Solicitor, who started on the same mark with St. Maclou. The Wokingham was a fiasco, secured by the 100 to 7 chance, His Lordship. In the Princess of Wales' Stakes, Veles started at 100 to 8 in a field of six, and in the Eclipse, Cheers, the winner, is recorded as at 20 to 1 offered. Only one animal started at a longer price than Glasalt in the Liverpool Summer Cup. In the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, O'Donovan Rossa and Watershed were better favourites than Mauvezin. Templemore was fifth favourite for the Goodwood Plate, and sixth favourite for the Great Yorkshire Handicap. Sceptre was barely preferred to St. Brendan for the St. Leger, 100 to 30 and 4 to 1, with Cheers 5 to 1; and 10 to 1 was offered against Gladwin for the Portland Plate. Six horses were chosen before Mormon in the Prince Edward Handicap. Le Blizon and Watershed and perhaps Mountain Daisy came before Orchid in the Great Eastern. Glenapp was quite an outsider for the Newmarket October Handicap. Dundonald was third favourite behind Volodyovski and Game Hen for the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton. Templemore was indiscreetly taken in preference to Rising Glass for the Jockey Club Stakes. Elba and Carabine were favourites for Black Sand's Cesarewitch. Ballantrae was favourite for the Cambridgeshire, and her victory it will be seen was a notable exception to the rule. As I write I learn that the Liverpool Cup has fallen to Throwaway, 33 to 1. Truly 1902 has been a most melancholy year for followers of favourites!

A correspondent writes to ask me what a 'pony' is—not the pony of the betting ring: he refers to the animal. The dictionaries which he has consulted tell him no more than that 'a pony' is 'a little horse,' and he wants to know where the pony ends and the horse begins? The term is, of course, very loosely used. At Newmarket, where one might expect accurate defini-

tions, the trainers seem to call all sorts of animals ponies. 'I will send round your pony at eight o'clock' is a familiar phrase to me, and in two cases it has always portended the arrival of an animal of quite 14–2. I have searched for authorities for some time past, and only accidentally came upon one the other day—which accounts for the delay in answering my correspondent. A pony, I find it stated, is strictly applicable to an animal under 13 hands; above 13 and up to 13-3 the creature should be known as a galloway, and over 13-3 it becomes a horse. This, however, is certainly not the modern interpretation, though when the phraseology was altered I do not know. According to the Hurlingham Rules of Polo, 'the height of ponies shall not exceed 14 hands 2 inches,' and such an animal, according to my old time authority, would be quite a full-sized horse! One cannot, of course, go against the Hurlingham nomenclature, but I should be inclined to say that in general parlance anything under 14 hands is a pony. I am glad my correspondent did not ask for an exact definition of a 'cob,' for I could do no better than suggest that a thick-set pony from about 13-3 to 14-2 would come under this head—the term 'cobby,' at any rate, has a significance of its own.

One of the most remarkable sights to be seen in England is surely a cricket crowd at Lord's. In the Pavilion one naturally expects knowledge and enthusiasm, because men would not have joined the club had they not been lovers of cricket; but what always astonishes me in strolling round the grounds is the keenness and extraordinary information of the outsiders. The great majority of them seem to know the whole history of every player, and to be a walking, or rather a sitting, record of his achievements, successes and failures; and they are, moreover, for the most part wonderfully sound judges of the game. I have no idea why it is, but whereas one hears the most arrant nonsense constantly talked by men who are in the habit of regularly going racing, the crowd at Lord's consists, as a rule, of really sound critics. This being so, it seems probable that Mr. W. J. Ford's lately published book, 'A History of the Cambridge University Cricket Club,' will find many other readers besides the men to whom it specially appeals. A great deal of it is taken up with scores; but these are far from dull matters in the eyes of the enthusiast, and the author—or compiler—heads the record of each match with a few explanatory lines which add considerable interest to the account. The first portion of the book is made up

of history interspersed with anecdote, and many quaint facts are given. Some time ago I published an article about Mr. Jenner-Fust, the oldest living cricketer, written by his grandson, and upon this veteran's recollections Mr. Ford has drawn. In the thirties, Mr. Jenner-Fust and his contemporaries often played cricket in white beaver hats, but dropped the practice, he says, because rude people called them 'post-boys.' Knee-breeches and thin gauze silk stockings were generally worn. Pads had not been heard of, and gloves were practically unknown, though the old cricketer states that when the ball was wet he occasionally put on a kid glove.

In the early sixties we are told that Mr. F. G. Inge, having hurt his right hand, used when batting to protect it by slipping a single-stick basket over the handle of his bat; and this was objected to, on one occasion, because he would not agree that he could be caught off it. It is very entertaining to read about some of these old cricketers whose deeds Mr. Ford has practically rescued from oblivion. One would have liked to see Mr. Daniel play. He was 'a very lively cricketer,' Mr. Ford says, and it seems probable. 'When I give 'im one 'e don't know what to do with, sir, 'e 'its to leg for four,' Grundy the bowler, observed—a most excellent practice, surely! Mr. Booth, too, is another worthy who should not be forgotten. He once caught out Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, having to run from 10 to 15 yards and just snatching the ball left-handed on the ropes; but this seems to have been no more than was generally expected of him, for one observer merely remarked on seeing the feat, ''Ow could 'e miss it? 'E's got 'ands like a 'ip-bath!' Mr. Ford considers Mr. Thornton the hardest hitter that ever lived, though I do not quite see what means there are of comparison between him, Mr. Jessop, and one or two more? Many men who have distinguished themselves at other sports figure in this book, including Lord Walsingham, who was a capital batsman and one of the finest fields of his day; Mr. J. M. Richardson, who rode the winners of the Grand National in 1873 and 1874, and others. I have only room for a line to acknowledge the new issue of that most serviceable volume, 'Hunting Directory' (Vinton and Co. New Bridge Street, E.C.).